

THE *Per. Pub.*
L O V E R,

Written in Imitation of the TATLER;

By MARMADUKE MYRTLE, GENT.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

THE R E A D E R.

BOTH BY THE AUTHOR OF

THE TATLER AND SPECTATOR.

A NEW EDITION,

With NOTES and ILLUSTRATIONS.

"Phyllida amo ante alias, nam me discedere flevit."

VIRG. Ecl. iii. 78.

"Phyllis o'er every other nymph I prize,

"Oh, how she took her leave with weeping eyes!"

WARTON.

L O N D O N,

PRINTED BY AND FOR J. NICHOLS.

M,DCC,LXXXIX.

THE O.V.D.

Written in London Wm. Taylor;
By MARY WHEATLEY, Esq.
to which is added

THE R.H.A.D.E.R.

BORN BY THE ORDER OF



THE R.H.A.D.E.R.

A NEW EDITION

WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

By the same Author
As before
And with many new Additions
and Corrections
By the same Author
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and Corrections

LONDON

Printed by Wm. Taylor, at the
Printers Office, in St. Dunstons Church-yard

T H E
L O V E R,

Written in Imitation of the **TATLER.**

By **MARMADUKE MYRTLE, GENT.**

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P R E F A C E.

THE Editor respectfully offers to the Public, a new, correct, and improved edition of *The LOVER*; and *The READER* *, compleat in themselves, but of additional value and importance, considered as *parts* in the series of inestimable Papers; whereof STEELE, eminently distinguished by his philanthropy, the felicity of his genius, and his accomplishments as a fine gentleman, was for a course of years the very meritorious publisher or author, to the equal delight and emolument of his countrymen.

This amiable gentleman lived in a period commonly considered as the AUGUSTAN age of England, and sufficiently fortunate in great men

* See in p. 285, a *distinct Preface* to this Work.

vi PREFACE TO THE LOVER.

and good writers. The pestiferous arts and influence of party spirit that raged beyond example for some of its last years, makes it difficult even now to see men and things in their true light; but STEELE is exalted both in his private and public character, by rigorous enquiry and examination; inasmuch, that there appears to have been no man in his time better qualified to conduct the well chosen mode of entertainment and instruction which he adopted, improved, and pursued with the best views, and for the most laudable purposes. The very contrivance and trial of such a patriotic plan of extensive entertainment and utility, argue unquestionably much ingenuity and merit; but STEELE, persevered for years in his spirited undertaking with indefatigable industry, under all discouragements, and happily succeeded to a degree of honour and usefulness, never equalled by any that came before him, nor yet surpassed by the ablest diurnal writers who with the benefit of his example, have laboured to excell him. At this moment it certainly may be said with truth and impartiality, that no writer of any age, in any country, ever contributed so much, or so eminently, to the intellectual improvement, and moral refinement of his contemporaries and posterity.

By

P R E F A C E

T O

T H E R E A D E R.

THE READER was published in opposition to "*The Examiner*." *The LOVER* and *The READER*, first published together as the *TATLER*, *SPECTATOR*, and *GUARDIAN*, in half sheets, were soon collected into one volume in 12^{mo}. and a small number of them were printed in 8^{vo}. upon royal and demy paper to compleat *sets* of the Author's Works. They are now republished with care and illustrations, in the same forms and with the same view. This step a consideration of the elegance and usefulness of STEELE's writings and publications prompted, and will abundantly justify. With a more particular

particular design, Steele assumed a very general title for his Paper that gave him a great latitude in the choice of his subjects, and left him at liberty, to treat with propriety of any topic the productions of the press might supply or suggest for entertainment, correction, or instruction, in whatever way he judged requisite, or expedient. The chief scope and design of this work, will best be discovered by a general account of the paper above-mentioned, to which it was directly opposed. For this purpose it may be sufficient to quote some passages from a more full and particular account given in the notes on the TATLER, to which the curious are referred for farther satisfaction, and especially to the notes on The TATLER, in 6 Vols. cr. 8^{vo}. Edit. of 1786, N^o 210, and N^o 229.

“ The Paper, intituled The Examiner, was an
 “ engine of State *ad captandum vulgus*, in the
 “ four last inglorious years of the reign of
 “ Queen Anne. It was employed occasionally,
 “ most commonly once, sometimes twice a
 “ week, to display the wisdom and blazon the
 “ integrity of her ministers during that period;
 “ to contrast their skill and virtues, with the
 “ ignorance and vices of their predecessors; to
 “ whitewash or blacken characters; to state or
 “ mis-state facts; to varnish men and things,
 “ as simulation and dissimulation thought proper,
 “ and

“and just as the nature and exigencies of their
 “weak and wicked administration required.
 “As it was directed to a variety of purposes,
 “it was played-off by a variety of hands, who
 “from the highest to the lowest, were venal
 “prostitutes who did as they were desired to do,
 “and all wrought, to borrow the elegant words
 “of one of their principals, like “Scrub hang-
 “dog instruments of mischief and under-spur-
 “leathers,” rather *fortiter in re* than *suaviter in*
 “*modo.*”

Some *Lucubrations* in the TATLER of a political nature, of which Steele was the author, or at least the publisher, exceedingly offended the ministry above-mentioned, and gave birth to the Examiner. The animadversions in it, on STEELE and his politics, are penned with so much asperity and so little wit, that now that personal malice is passed, they counteract the ends of their original publication.

This work in its early infancy was committed to the care and conduct of Dr. SWIFT, who, as he declares in a confidential letter to Mrs: Johnson, with the assistance of *under-spur-leathers*, penned and published the papers by the encouragement and direction of the great men, *who assured him* that they were all true. See SWIFT's “Works,” Vol. XXII. p. 120, ed. cr. 8^{vo}. 1769. Of this ill-employed clergyman,

and all concerned with him in this ignominious service, it may be truly said, as Swift himself says, that for the value of sixpence, a woman from Billingsgate, prompted by the great men, who were the directors, might have done the business better than the best of them. SWIFT in his journal letters to Mrs. Johnson, has given the history of the Examiner very particularly; the curious may have recourse to that source for farther information, or save themselves the trouble by consulting the fair impartial statement of SWIFT's own account in the notes on the TATLER, to the numbers above-mentioned. See TATLER in 6 Vols. cr. 8^{vo}. N^o 210, and N^o 229, *ut supra*

PREFACE TO THE LOVER. vii

By comparing the dates of this beneficent man's publications, it appears that "The LOVER" in the order of them, succeeded immediately in point of time to the first volume of "*The ENGLISHMAN*."

It is certain that ADDISON assisted his friend STEELE in *The LOVER*. N^o 10, is ascribed to this auxiliary on good authority; who was probably consulted and concerned in the next number, and merely for merriment might give an *oblique stroke* now and then at the *Harleys* and *Foleys* in the subsequent Papers. If there were any other other writers concerned in this work, besides ADDISON, their names and contributions have not yet come to the knowledge of its present Editor. Dr. Johnson says; it may be doubted whether ADDISON ever filled up *his* original delineation [of the character of Sir Roger de Coverly], and takes occasion to make ingenious remarks on that character, into the consideration of which this is not the place to enter

Let it suffice to observe here, that the character of Sir ROGER was originally not of ADDISON's, but of STEELE's delineation; as evidently appears from STEELE's signature to the Paper that contains the original sketch of it, corroborated by the unsuspicious testimony of Mr. Tickell, who ascribes that Number * to STEELE,

* SPECTATOR, No 2.

and

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and makes an apology for his re-printing it in his edition of ADDISON's "Works." It is indeed true that ADDISON wrought upon STEELE's ingenious *delineation* of Sir Roger's character; and even Mr. Tickell and Mr. Budgell exercised at times, not unhappily, their ingenuity in the same way, and tried their imitative powers, and less skillful hands at *filling it up*.

It is more to the purpose here to observe, adopting the Doctor's idea, that it may well be doubted whether STEELE ever filled up his *original delineation* of *The LOVER*, though he has portrayed many parts of it delightfully, touching and re-touching them with exquisite delicacy, and the most masterly execution. Nevertheless, for reasons omitted or unobserved, it seems to be even beyond a doubt that STEELE with all the assistance that ADDISON afforded, or could afford him, was incapable of *filling up* his own *original delineation* of the *fine-fancied* CHARACTER, from which Sir ROGER's was but an offspring, being merely a second exhibition of STEELE's *delineation* of a LOVER, in a form rather varied than new, and under a different name. Some years before, STEELE had originally introduced into the very first Paper of his TATLER, his inimitable character of a LOVER, under the name of CYNTHIO, where in the most glowing colours, with his
very

very delicate pencil, he has admirably drawn some of the most engaging features and finer lineaments of a delightful and interesting picture, that he doubtless entertained thoughts of finishing, in the same exquisite style and fine colouring. Had STEELE been more at his ease, and in greater leisure, happier in domestic life and pecuniary circumstances, it is very probable we might have now had his glorious conception, a master-piece in its kind, equally precious for originality of design, and felicity of execution. The case appears to have been, that discouraged by embarrassing circumstances, distracted by multiplicity of business, diverted by dissipation, and despairing perhaps of being able to fill up his own *original delineation*, he fairly dismissed CYNTHIO from his work and the world, giving a melancholy account of his exit, pretty early in the course of the TATLER *.

The *delineation* of a LOVER, the model as he conceived of judicious ambition, correct Love, and elegant desire, appears to have been the favourite idea of STEELE. It was probably familiar to him as being a very accomplished gentleman, of great gaiety of real genius, and boundless benevolence. On resuming the Censorship of his

* See TAT. with Notes in 6 Vols. N° 1. N° 5; N° 22; and Notes; and the account of CYNTHIO's death, &c. N° 85, *Ibidem*.
country,

R PREFACE TO THE LOVER.

country, and commencing SPECTATOR, the first character he introduced into his work, for the entertainment and instruction of his countrymen, and the melioration of their taste and manners, was Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY, who was no other than his CYNTHIO farther advanced in life, somewhat deranged by his LOVE, dignified, embellished and rendered more generally interesting, by a variety of additional beauties and new peculiarities. When his favourite character, of which he certainly had the most delicate and discriminated idea, was violated and mangled by intermedlers in the course of that work, he was killed, it is said, to prevent his being murdered *. It may, therefore, be very well supposed, that the idea and title of "*The Lover*," originated in STEELE's desire to fill up his own original delineation, in the accomplishment of which he had hitherto been variously obstructed. On this not improbable supposition, *Marmaduke MYRTLE*, Gent. is only another name for the Admirable LOVER, who made his first appearance so advantageously in the TATLER, and figured afterwards so pleasingly in the SPECTATOR, under the diversified appellations of Cynthio, and Sir Roger De Coverley.

* The obnoxious Paper in the SPECT. relative to Sir ROGER, ascribed at random to STEELE, by Dr. Johnson, was most probably written by Mr. T. Tickell. See SPECT. with Notes 8vo. N^o 410. final Note, on the ambiguous Signature T, and N^o 324. *ad finem*.

PREFACE TO THE LOVER. xi

In aid of this argument, it deserves notice, that in the process of "*The Lover*," for whatever reason, with an intention no doubt, to make more use of him, STEELE recalled his original CYNTHIO to life, and introduces him with additional beauty in N^o 38. having paved the way for his introduction in the preceding Paper.

A gentleman of STEELE's elegant taste and fine accomplishments, eminent as he was for intellectual excellence and refined sentiments, had but to turn his eyes inward to trace the principal outlines of his original delineation. Certainly he copied the most admirable traits, and the most charming beauties of his LOVER from his own heart. Such as are conversant in his writings and publications, can entertain no doubt on this head. Those who are not, besides turning to the references at the bottoms of these pages, may find abundant evidence, which may be rendered still more convincing and satisfactory, by attending to STEELE's Papers in the TAT. SPECT. &c. *passim* & *ubique*.

The letter of CYNTHIO, when stripped of his super-refinements and lowered to a common-sized LOVER, TAT. N^o 35, was actually written and sent by STEELE himself, to Mrs. Mary Scurlock afterwards Lady Steele, as appears
from

xii PREFACE TO THE LOVER.

from the autograph in the British Museum*. But it seems it was usual for STEELE, in the course of his publications, &c. to compliment his friends with his own features. Of the probability of this there are very many instances, and among others, an amiable young nobleman was supposed to have sitted to STEELE for his fine picture of "*The LOVER.*" Such as are curious to know more on this subject, are referred to the Edition of the TAT. with notes in six Vols. cr. 8^{vo}. 1786; *Notes on CYNTHIO. passim*, and particularly to N^o 85, and *Note*.

* See STEELE's "Letters," Vol. I. Lett. II. p. 2. and *Notes*.

THE

TO Sir SAMUEL GARTH*.

SIR,

AS soon as I thought of making the LOVER a present to one of my friends, I resolved, without farther distracting my choice, to send it TO THE BEST-NATURED MAN†. You are so universally known for this character, that an epistle so directed would find its way to you without your name; and I believe nobody but you yourself would deliver such a superscription to any other person.

* SAMUEL GARTH, M. D. the celebrated author of "The Dispensary."—The first edition of this admirable poem came out in 1694; and went through three impressions in a few months. This extraordinary encouragement put him upon making several improvements in it; and in 1706 he published a fourth edition, with several additions. Major PACK observes, that "The Dispensary had lost and gained in every edition; almost every thing that Sir SAMUEL left out being a robbery from the publick, whilst every thing that he added was an embellishment to his poem." On the accession of King GEORGE I. he had the honour of being knighted with the Duke of MARLBOROUGH's sword. He died Jan. 18, 1718-19.

† "Well-natur'd GARTH inflam'd with early praise."

Says Pope in his "Epistle to Arbuthnot;" and in his "Farewell to London," calls him

"The best good Christian, though he knows it not."

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This propensity is the nearest a-kin to love ; and good-nature is the worthiest affection of the mind, as love is the noblest passion of it : while the latter is wholly employed in endeavouring

The same sentiment Pope expresses afterward in prose : " The best-natured of men, Sir Samuel Garth, has left me in the truest concern for his loss. His death was very heroical, and yet unaffected enough to have made a Saint or a Philosopher famous : but ill tongues, and worse hearts, have branded even his last moments, as wrongfully as they did his life, with irreligion. You must have heard many tales on this subject; but if ever there was a good Christian, without knowing himself to be so, it was Dr. Garth." Pope's Works, vol. VI. p. 90.— Pope afterwards declared himself convinced that Garth died in the communion of the church of Rome, having been " privately reconciled." Dr. Johnson's Life of Garth.

The Doctor remarks on the preceding testimonial of Garth's Christianity, " that POPE seems not able to deny, what he is angry to hear, and loth to confess."

The following curious passage from a late publication deserves notice. " ADDISON had given Bishop Berkeley an account of their common friend Dr. Garth's behaviour in his last illness, which was equally unpleasing to both those excellent advocates for revealed religion " When Addison talked seriously to Garth about preparing for his approaching dissolution, the Doctor said, *Surely I have good reason not to believe those trifles, since Dr. Halley, who has dealt so much in demonstration, has assured me, that the doctrines of Christianity are incomprehensible, and the religion itself an imposture.* Bishop Berkeley took arms against this redoubtable dealer in demonstration ; and addressed " *The Analyst*" to him, with a view of shewing, that mysteries in faith were unjustly objected to, by mathematicians, who admitted much greater mysteries and even falsehoods in science, of which he endeavoured to prove that *Fluxions* furnished an eminent example. " *Memoirs of G. Berkeley, D. D.*" 2d Edit. 8vo 1784, p. 30, &c. See also TATLER with notes, Vol. III. No 79, p. 30, & seq.

to make happy one single object, the other diffuses its benevolence to all the world.

As this is your natural bent, I cannot but congratulate to you the singular felicity that your profession is so agreeable to your temper. For what condition is more desirable than a constant impulse to relieve the distressed, and a capacity to administer that relief? When the sick man hangs his eye on that of his physician, how pleasing must it be to speak comfort to his anguish, to raise in him the first motions of hope, to lead him into a persuasion that he shall return to the company of his friends, the care of his family, and all the blessings of being?

The manner in which you practise this heavenly faculty of aiding human life, is according to the liberality of science, and demonstrates that your heart is more set upon doing good than growing rich.

The pitiful artifices which empiricks are guilty of, to drain cash out of valetudinarians, are the abhorrence of your generous mind; and it is as common with GARTH to supply indigent patients with money for food, as to receive it from wealthy ones for physick. How much more amiable, Sir, would the generosity which is already applauded by all that know you, appear to those whose gratitude you every day refuse, if they knew that you resist their presents lest

4 DEDICATION TO

you should supply those whose wants you know, by taking from those with whose necessities you are unacquainted !

The families you frequent receive you as their friend and well-wisher, whose concern in their behalf is as great as that of those who are related to them by the ties of blood and the sanctions of affinity. This tenderness interrupts the satisfactions of conversation, to which you are so happily turned; but we forgive you that our mirth is often insipid to you, while you sit absent to what passes amongst us from your care of such as languish in sickness. We are sensible their distresses, instead of being removed by company, return more strongly to your imagination by comparison of their condition to the jollities of health.

But I forget I am writing a dedication; and in an address of this kind, it is more usual to celebrate mens great talents, than those virtues to which such talents ought to be subservient; yet where the bent of a man's spirit is taken up in the application of his whole force to serve the world in his profession, it would be frivolous not to entertain him rather with thanks for what he is, than applauses for what he is capable of being. Besides, Sir, there is no room for saying any thing to you, as you are a man of wit, and a great poet; all that can be spoken that is
worthy

worthy an ingenuous spirit, in the celebration of such faculties, has been incomparably said by yourself to others, or by others to you : you have never been excelled in this kind but by those who have written in praise of you : I will not pretend to be your rival even with such an advantage over you ; but, assuring you, in Mr. CODRINGTON's words †, that I do not know whether my love or admiration is greater, I remain, Sir,

Your most faithful friend,

and most obliged, humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

† " Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy :

" Thou art all beauty, or all blindness I."

CODRINGTON to Dr. Garth, before *The Dispensary*.

2 SIR SAMUEL GARTH.

worthy an ingenious spirit in the celebration
of such festivities has been incomparably said
by yourself to others or by others to you: you
have never been excelled in this kind but by
those who have written in praise of you: I will
not pretend to be your rival even with such an
advantage over you, but, assuring you, in Mr.
Corrington's words †, that I do not know
whether my love or admiration is greater, I re-
main Sir,

Your most faithful friend,

and most obliged humble servant,

ROBERT STEELE

† "Thou art no friend, or I no friend can say:
"Thou art all friend, or all no friend."
Corrington to Dr. G. in 1702.

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T H E
L O V E R,

Written in imitation of the TATLER,

By MARMADUKE MYRTLE, *Gent.*

N^o 1. Thursday, February 25, 1714.

Virginibus puerisque canto.

Hor. 3 Od. i. 4.

Virgins and blooming youths, attend my lyre !

B. BOOTH.

THERE have been many and laudable endeavours of late years, by sundry Authors, under different characters, and of different inclinations and capacities, to improve the world, by half-sheet advertisements, in learning, wit, and politicks ; but these works have not attentively enough regarded the softer affections of the mind, which, being properly raised and

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awakened,

awakened, make way for the operation of all good arts.

After mature deliberation with myself upon this subject, I have thought, that, if I could trace the passion or affection of love through all its joys and inquietudes, through all the stages and circumstances of life, in both sexes, with strict respect to virtue and innocence, I should, by a just representation and history of that one passion, steal into the bosom of my reader, and build upon it all the sentiments and resolutions which incline and qualify us for every thing that is truly excellent, great and noble.

All you, therefore, who are in the dawn of life, as to conversation with a faithless and artful world, attend to one who has passed through almost all the mazes of it, and is familiarly acquainted with whatever can befall you in the pursuit of love: if you diligently observe me, I will teach you to avoid the temptations of lawless desire, which leads to shame and sorrow; and carry you into the paths of love, which will conduct you to honour and happiness. This passion is the source of our being; and, as it is so, it is also the support of it; for all the adventures which they meet with, who swerve from love, carry them so far out of the way of their true being, which cannot pleasingly pass

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on when it has deviated from the rules of honourable passion.

My purpose, therefore, under this title, is to write of such things only which ought to please all men, even as men; and I shall never hope for prevailing under this character of LOVER from my force in the reason offered, but as that reason makes for the happiness and satisfaction of the person to whom I address. My reader is to be my mistress; and I shall always endeavour to turn my thoughts so as that there shall be nothing in my writings too severe to be spoken before one unacquainted with learning, or too light to be dwelt upon before one who is either fixed already in the paths of virtue, or desirous to walk in them for the future.

My assistants, in this work, are persons whose conduct of life has turned upon the incidents which have occurred to them from this agreeable or lamentable passion, as they respectively are apt to call it, from the impression it has left upon their imaginations, and which mingles in all their words and actions.

It cannot be supposed the gentlemen can be called by their real names in so public a manner as this is. But the hero of my story, now in the full bloom of life, and seen every day in all the places of resort, shall bear the name of one of our British rivers, which
washes

washes his estate. As I design this Paper shall be a picture of familiar life, I shall avoid words derived from learned languages, or ending in foreign terminations: I shall shun also names significant of the person's character of whom I talk; a trick used by play-wrights, which I have long thought no better a device than that of under-writing the name of an animal on a post, which the painter conceived too delicately drawn to be known by common eyes, or by his delineation of its limbs.

Mr. SEVERN is now in the twenty-fifth year of his age, a gentleman of great modesty and courage, which are the radical virtues which lay the solid foundation for a good character and behaviour both in publick and private. I will not, at this time, make the reader any further acquainted with him than from this particular, that he extreamly affects the conversation of people of merit who are advanced in years, and treats every woman of condition, who is past being entertained on the foot of homage to her beauty, so respectfully, that in his company she can never give herself the compunction of having lost any thing which made her agreeable. This natural goodness has gained him many hearts, which have agreeable persons to give with them: I mean, mothers

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thers have a fondness for him; and wish that fondness could be gratified by his passion to their daughters. Were you to visit him in a morning, you would certainly find some awkward thing of business, some old steward, or distant retainer to a great family, who has a proposal to make to him, not (you may be sure) coming from the person who sent him, but only in general to know whether he is engaged.

Mr. SEVERN has at this time patterns sent him of all the young women in Town; and I, who am of his council in these matters, have read his particulars of women brought him, not from professed undertakers that way, but from those who are under no necessity of selling immediately, but such who have daughters a good way under twenty, that can stay for a market, and send in their account of the lady in general terms only: as, that she is so old, so tall, worth so much down, and has two bachelor uncles (one a rich merchant) that will never marry; her maiden-aunt loves her mightily, and has very fine jewels, and the like. I have observed in these accounts, when the fortune is not suitable, they subjoin a postscript, she is very handsome; if she is rich and defective as to charms, they add, she is very good.

But

But I was going to say, that Mr. SEVERN, having the good sense to affect the conversation of those elder than himself, passes some time at a club, which (with himself) consists of five; whom we shall name as follows.

Mr. OSWALD, a widower, who has within these few months buried a most agreeable woman, who was his beloved wife, and is indulged by this company to speak of her in the terms she deserved of him, with allowance to mingle family-tales concerning the merit of his children, and the ways and methods he designs to take, to support a painful and lonely being after the loss of this companion, which tempered all his sorrows, and gave new sense and spirit to his satisfactions.

Mr. MULLET, a gentleman, who in the most plentiful fortune seems to taste very little of life, because he has lost a lady whom he passionately loved, and by whom he had no children; he is the last of a great house, and, though he wants not many months of fifty, is much sought by ladies as bright as any of the sex; but, as he is no fool, but is sensible they compare his years with their own, and have a mind to marry him, because they have a mind to bury him; he is as froward, exceptious and humourous as e'er a beauty of them

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them all : I, who am intimate with MULLET as well as SEVERN, know that many of the same women have been offered to him of fifty, in case of losing him of five and twenty ; and some perhaps in hopes of having them both : for they prudently judge, that when MULLET is dead, it may then be time enough for SEVERN to marry ; and a lady's maid can observe that many an unlikelier thing has come to pass, than this view of marriage between her young mistress and both those gentlemen.

Mr. JOHNSON is a gentleman happy in the conversation of an excellent wife, by whom he has a numerous offspring ; and the manner of subjecting his desires to his circumstances, which are not too plentiful, may give occasion in my future discourses to draw many incidents of domestic life, which may be as agreeable to the rest of the young men of this nation, as they are to the well disposed Mr. SEVERN.

The fourth man of this little assembly is Mr. WILDGOOSE, an old batchelor, who has lived to the 53d year of his age, after being disappointed in love at his 23d. That torment of mind frets out in little dissatisfactions and uneasinesses against every thing else, without administering remedy to the ail itself, which still festers in his heart, and would be insupportable, were it not cooled by the society of the others above.

abovementioned. A poor old maid is one, who has long been the object of ridicule, her humours and particularities afford much matter to the facetious; but the old batchelor has ten times more of the splenetic and ridiculous, as he is conversant in larger scenes of life, and has more opportunities to diffuse his folly, and consequently can vex and delight people in more views, than an ancient virgin of the other sex.

The fifth and last of his company, is my dear self, who oblige the world with this work. But as it has been frequently observed, that the fine gentleman of a play has always something in him which is of near alliance to the real character of the author, I shall not pretend to be wholly above that pleasure; but shall in the next Paper principally talk of myself, and satisfy my readers how well I am qualified to be the secretary of love. I had ordered my book-feller to adorn the head of my paper with little pretty broken arrows, fans thrown away, and other ensigns armorial of the isle of *Paphos*, for the embellishment of my work; but as I am a young author, and pretend to no more than a happy imitation of one who went before me, he would not be at that charge; when I failed there, I desired him only to let the Paper be gilded; but he said that was a new thing, and

it would be taken to be written *by a person of quality*, which, I know not for what reason, the *bibliopoles* are also very averse to, and I was denied my second request. However, this did not discourage me, and I was resolved to come out; not without some particular hopes, that if I had not so many admirers, I might possibly have more customers than my predecessor, whom I profess to imitate; for there are many more who can feel what will touch the heart, than receive what would improve the head.

I therefore design to be the comfort and consolation of all persons in a languishing condition, and will receive the complaints of all the faithful sighers in city, town, or country; firmly believing, that, as bad as the world is, there are as constant ones within the cities of London and Westminster, as ever wandered in the plains of *Arcadia*.

I shall in my next Paper (as much as I can spare of it, from talking of myself) tell the world how to communicate their thoughts to me, which will very properly come in with the description of my apartment, and the furniture of it; together with the account of my person, which shall make up the second Paper or chapter, and shall be placed before the *Errata* of this. I have nothing further to say now, but am willing to make an end of this
leaf

leaf as quaintly as possible, being the first; and therefore would have it go off like an act in a play, with a couplet; but the spirit of that will be wholly in the power of the reader, who must quicken his voice hereabouts, like an actor at his *Exit*, helping an empty verse with lively hand, foot, and voice, at once; and if he is reading to ladies, say briskly, that, with regard to the greatest part of mankind,

“ Foreign is every character beside;
 “ But that of LOVER every man has try’d.”

N^o 2. Saturday, February 27, 1714.

—“ *Mentis gratissimus error.* HOR. 2 Ep. ii. 140.
 “ The sweet delusion of the mind.”

W. DUNCOMBE.

I Cannot tell how many years, months, hours, days, or minutes, have passed away since I first saw Mrs. ANN PAGE; but certain I am, that they have run by me, without my being much concerned in what was transacted in the world around me all that while. Mrs. PAGE, being a gentlewoman on whom I have ever doated to distraction, has made me very particular in my behaviour upon all the occurrences

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on this earth, and negligent of those things in which others terminate all their care and study; infomuch, that I am very sensible it is only because I am harmless, that the busy world does not lock me up; for if they will not own themselves mad, they must conclude I am, when they see me cold to the pursuits of riches, wealth, and power; and when people have been speaking of great persons and illustrious actions, I close the whole with something about Mrs. PAGE, they are apt to think my head turned, as well as I do that theirs is. However, I find consolation in the simplicity of my distress (which has banished all other cares), and am reconciled to it. But however I may be looked upon by the silly crowds, who are toiling for more than they want, I am, without doubt, in myself, the most innocent of all creatures; and a squirrel in a chain, whose teeth are cut out, is not more incapable of doing mischief. Mrs. ANN PAGE had such a turn with her neck, when I, thinking no harm, first looked upon her, that I was soon after in a fever, and had like to have left a world (which I ever since despised) and been at rest. But as Mrs. ANN's parents complied with her own passion for a gentleman of much greater worth and fortune than myself, all that was left for me was to lament or get rid of my passion by all the diversions and entertainments

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tertainments I could. But I thank *Mrs. ANNE** (I am still calling her by her maiden name) she has always been civil to me, and permitted me to stand god-father at the baptism of one of her sons.

This would appear a very humble favour to a man of ungoverned desire; but as for me, as soon as I found *Mrs. ANNE* was engaged, I could not think of her with hope any longer, any other ways than that I should ever be ready to express the passion I had for her, by civilities to any thing that had the most remote relation to her. But, alas! I am going on as if every body living was acquainted with *Mrs. ANNE PAGE* and myself, when there is indeed no occasion of mentioning either; but to inform the reader, that it is from the experience of a patient, I am become a physician in love. I have been in it thirty years, just as long as the learned *SYDENHAM* had the gout; and though I cannot pretend to make cures, I can, like him, put you in a good regimen when you are down in a fit. As I was saying, this affection of mine left behind it a scorn of every thing else; and having an aversion to business, I have

* That young women were, at this time, usually styled *Mrs.* has been repeatedly shewn in the *TATLER*. It may be new to observe, that it appears from the register-books of *St. Bride's*, London, that early in the last century children were so denominated when their names were recorded in baptism. See *TAT.* with *Notes*, Vol. I. N^o 10, and N^o 13.

passed my time very much in observation upon the force and influence this passion has had upon other men, and the different turns it has given each respective generation, from the cultivation or abuse of it. You'll say I fell into very unhappy days for a lover of my complexion, who can be satisfied with distant goodwill from the person beloved, and am contented that her circumstances can allow me only her esteem, when I acquaint you that my most vigorous years were passed away in the reign of the amorous Charles the Second. The licences of that court did not only make that love, which the vulgar call romantic, the object of jest and ridicule, but even common decency and modesty were almost abandoned as formal and unnatural. The writers for the stage fell in with the court, and the theatre diffused the malignity into the minds of the nobility and gentry, by which means the degeneracy spread itself through the whole people, and shame itself was almost lost: naked Innocence, that most charming of beauties, was confronted by that most hideous of monsters, barefaced Wickedness.

This made me place all my happiness in hours of retirement; and as great distresses often turn to advantages, I impute it to the wickedness of the age, that I am a great master of the bass-viol.

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With this instrument I have passed many a heavy hour, and laid up treasures of knowledge, drawn from contemplation, on what I had seen every day in the world, during the intervals from musick and reading, which took up the principal part of my time. My purpose, at present, is to be a Knight-errant with the pen, since that order of men, who were so with their swords, are quite laughed out of the world. My business is to kill monsters, and to relieve virgins; but as it has been the custom, time out of mind, for knights, who take upon them such laudable and hazardous labours, to have a castle, a mote round it, and all other conveniencies within themselves, it has luckily happened, that the spacious and magnificent apartment, which the ingenious Mr. POWELL * lately possessed in Covent-Garden, has lately been relinquished by him, upon some importunate words and menaces given him by a gentleman who has the sovereignty of it, by virtue of some enchanted rolls of parchment which convey that mansion unto the said chief commander, vulgarly called a landlord. By this means, you are to understand, that the apartment, wherein the little kings and queens lately diverted so many of our nobility and

* For the story of this man, and this transaction, see the *Notes* on the *new* TATLER. *passim*.

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gentry, is now mine. This spacious gallery, for such I have made it for my musings and wanderings of thought, I have dignified with the name of "The Lover's Lodge," where, under fancied skies, and painted clouds, left by Mr. POWELL, I sit and read the true histories of famous knights and beautiful damsels, which the ignorant call romances. To make my walk more gloomy, and adapted both for melody and sadness, there lies before me, at present, a death's head, my bass-viol, and the history of "Grand Cyrus." I cannot tell by what chance I have also some ridiculous writers in my study, for I have an aversion for comicks, and those they call pleasant fellows, for they are insensible of Love. Those creatures get into a familiarity with ladies, without respect on either side; and consequently can neither see what is amiable, or be the objects of Love. I wonder how these buffoons came into my head. But I was going to intimate, that the notions of gallantry are turned topsie-turvey, and the knight-errantry of this profligate age is destroying as many women as they can. It is notorious, that a young man of condition does no more than is expected from him, if, before he thinks of settling himself in the world, he is the ruin of half a dozen females, whose fortunes are unequal to that which his laborious an-
cestors,

cestors, whether successful in virtue or iniquity, have left him.

Thus I every day see innocents abused, scorned, betrayed, and neglected by brutes, who have no sense of any thing but what indulges their appetites; and can no longer suffer the more charming and accomplished part of the species to want a friend and advocate. I shall enquire, in due time, and make every anti-hero in Great-Britain give me an account why one woman is not as much as ought to fall to his share; and shall shew every abandoned wanderer, that with all his blustering, his restless following every female he sees, is much more ridiculous, than my constant, imaginary attendance on my fair-one, without ever seeing her at all.

But the main purpose of this chapter I had like to have slipped over, to wit, the more exact account of my bower. As it is not natural for a man in love to sleep all night, but to be a great admirer of walking, I am at the charge of four tapers burning all night, and take my itinerations, with much gloomy satisfaction, from one end to the other of my long room, my field-bed being too small to interrupt my passage, though placed in the middle of my apartment. No one who has not been polite
enough

enough to have visited Mr. POWELL's theatre, can have a notion how I am accommodated; but if you will suppose a single man had Westminster-hall for his bed-chamber, and lay in a truckle-bed in the midst of it, it will give you a pretty good idea of the posture in which I dream (but with honour and chastity) of the incomparable Mrs. PAGE.

My predecessors in knight-errantry, who were, as I above observed, men of the sword, had their lodgings adorned with burnished arms round the cornices, limbs of dried giants over their heads and all about the moat of their castle, where they walked by moon-light; but as I am a pen-champion and live in town, and have quite another sort of people to deal with, to wit, the criticks, beaus, and rakes of Covent-garden, I have nothing but stand-dishes, pens and ink, and paper, on little tables at equal distance, that no thought may be lost as I am musing. I am forced to comply, more than my inclinations and high passions would otherwise permit, and tell the world how to correspond with me, after their own method, in the common way: I am to signify, therefore, that I am more accessible than any other knights ever were before me, and in plain terms, that there is a coffee-house under my apartment;

may further, that a letter directed, "To M^r.
 " MADUKE MYRTLE at the Lover's Lodge to be
 " left at Shanley's coffee-house, Covent-gar-
 " den," will find the gentlest of mortals, your
 most enamoured, humble servant.

N^o 3. Tuesday, March 2, 1714.

" Young nobles, to my laws attention lend ;
 " And all you vulgar of my school, attend."

CONGREVE, *Art of Love*.

Lover's Lodge, March 2.

NOW I have told all the world my name
 and place of abode, it is impossible for
 me to enjoy the studious retirement I promised
 myself in this place. For most of the people
 of wit and quality, who frequented these lodg-
 ings in Mr. POWELL's time, have been here ;
 and I having a silly creature of a footman who
 never lived but with private gentlemen, and
 cannot stedfastly lye, they all see by his coun-
 tenance he does not speak truth when he denies
 me, and will break in upon me. It is an un-
 speakable pleasure that so many beauteous
 ladies have made me compliments upon my
 design to favour and defend the sex against all

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pretenders without merit, and those who have merit, and use it only to deceive and betray. The principal fair-ones of the town, and the most eminent toasts, have signed an address of thanks to me, and in the body of it laid before me some grievances, among which the greatest are the evil practices of a sett of persons whom they call in their presentation THE LOVERS VAGABOND. There has been indeed, ever since I knew this town, one man of condition or other, who has been at the head, and, giving example to this sort of companions, been the model for the fashion. It would be a vain thing to pretend to property in a country where thieves were tolerated; and it is as much so to talk of honour and decency when the prevailing humour runs directly against them. THE LOVERS VAGABOND are an order of modern adventurers, who seem to be the exact opposite to that venerable and chaste fraternity which were formerly called Knights-errant. As a knight-errant professed the practice and protection of all virtues, particularly chastity, a LOVER VAGABOND tramples upon all rights domestic, civil, human, and divine, to come at his own gratification in the corruption of innocent women. There are sometimes persons of good accomplishments and faculties who com-
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mence secretly **LOVERS VAGABOND**; but though amorous stealths have been imputed by some historians to the wisest and greatest of mankind, yet none but superficial men have ever publicly entered into the list of the vagabond. A **LOVER VAGABOND**, considering him in his utmost perfection and accomplishment, is but a seeming man. He usually has a command of insignificant words accompanied with easy action, which passes among the fillier part of the fair for eloquence and fine breeding. He has a mien of condescension, from the knowledge that his carriage is not absurd, which he pursues to the utmost impudence. He can cover any behaviour, or cloath any idea with words that to an unskilful ear shall bear nothing of offence. He has all the sufficiency which little learning, and general notices of things, give to giddy heads, and is wholly exempt from that diffidence which almost always accompanies great sense and great virtue in the presence of those whom they admire. But the **LOVER VAGABOND** loving no woman so much as to be distressed for the loss of her, his manner is generally easy and jaunty, and it must be from very good sense and experience in life, that he does not appear amiable. It happens unfortunately for him, though much to the advantage of those whom
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I have taken under my care, that the chief of this order, at present, among us in Great-Britain, is but a speculative debauchée. He has the language, the air, the tender glance; he can hang upon a look, has most exactly the sudden veneration of face when he is caught ogling one whose pardon he would beg for gazing; he has the exultation at leading off a lady to her coach; can let drop an indifferent thing, or call her servants with a loudness and a certain gay insolence well enough; nay, he will hold her hand too fast for a man that leads her, and is indifferent to her, and yet come to that gripe with such slow degrees, that she cannot say he squeezed her hand; but for any thing further he has no inclination. This chieftain, however, I fear, will give me more plague and disturbance than any one man with whom I am to engage, or rather whom I am to circumvent. He is busy in all places; an ample fortune and vigour of life enable him to carry on a shew of great devastation where-ever he comes. But I give him hereby fair warning to turn his thoughts to new entertainments, upon pain of having it discovered, that she is still a virgin upon whom he made his last settlement. The secret, that he is more innocent than he seems, is preserved by great charge and expence on humble retainers and servants of

of his pleasures. But some of the women, who are above the age of novices, have found him out, and have in a private gang given him the nick-name of the BLITE, for that they find themselves blasted by him, though they are not sensible of his touch. It was the other day said at a visit, "Mr. such a one," naming the BLITE, "had ruined a certain young lady." "No," said a sensible female, "if she says so, I am sure she wrongs him. He may," continued she, with an air of a disappointed woman, between rage and laughter, "hire ruffians to abuse her; but many a woman has come out of the BLITE's hands even safer than she wished. I know one to whom, at parting, with a thousand poetical repetitions, and pressing her hands, he vowed he would tell nobody; but the flirt, throwing out of his arms, answered pertly, I don't make you the same promise."

Though I shall from time to time display the LOVERS VAGABOND in their proper colours, I here publish an act of indemnity to all females who took them for fine fellows 'till my writings appeared, that is to say (for in a public act we must be very clear), I shall not look back to any thing that happened before Thursday the 25th of February last past,
that

that being the first day of my appearance in publick.

I expect, therefore, to find, that on that day all vagrant desires took their leave of the cities of London and Westminster.

In order to recover simplicity of manners without the loss of true gaiety of life, I shall take upon me the office of ARBITER ELEGANTIORUM. I cannot easily put those two Latin into two as expressive English words; but my meaning is, to set up for a judge of elegant pleasures, and I shall dare to assert, in the first place (to shew both the discerning and severity of a just judge), that the greatest elegance of delights consists in the innocence of them; I expect, therefore, a seat to be kept for me at all balls, and a ticket sent, that by myself, or a subordinate officer of mine, I may know what is done and said at all assemblies of diversion. I shall take care to substitute none, where I cannot be myself present, who are not fit for the best-bred society; in the choice of such deputies, I shall have particular regard to their being accomplished in the little usages of ordinary and common life, as well as in noble and liberal arts.

I have many youths, who, in the intermediate seasons between the terms at the universities,
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are under my discipline, after being perfect masters of the Greek and Roman eloquence, to learn of me ordinary things, such as coming in, and going out of a room. Mr. SEVERN himself, whom I now make the pattern of good-breeding, and my top fine gentleman, was with me twice a day for six months upon his first coming to town, before he could leave the room with any tolerable grace; when he had a mind to be going, he never could move without bringing in the words, "Well, Sir, I find I interrupt you;" or, "Well, I fear you have other business;" or, "Well, I must be going;" hereupon I made him give me a certain sum of money down in hand, under the penalty of forfeiting twenty shillings every time upon going away he pronounced the particle *well*. I will not say how much it cost him before he could get well out of the room. Some silly particle or other, as it were to tack the taking leave with the rest of the discourse, is a common error of young men of good education.

Though I have already declared I shall not use words of foreign termination, I cannot help it if my correspondents do it. A gentleman therefore who subscribes ARONCES, and writes to me concerning some regulations to be made among

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among a sett of country dancers, must be more particular in his account. His general complaint is, that the men, who are at the expence of the ball, bring people of different characters together; and the libertine and innocent are huddled, to the danger of the latter, and encouragement of the former. I have frequently observed this kind of enormity, and must desire ARONCES to give me an exact relation of the airs and glances of the whole company, and particularly how Mrs. GATTY fits, when it happens that she is to pass by the LOVER VAGABOND, who, I find, is got into that company by the favour of his cousin JENNY. For I design to have a very strict eye upon these diversions, and it shall not suffice, that, according to the author of "The Rape of the Lock," all faults are laid upon SYLPHS; when I make my Enquiry, as the same author has it,

"What guards the purity of melting maids.
 "In courtly balls and midnight masquerades,
 "Safe from the treacherous friend and daring spark,
 "The glance by day, and whisper in the dark?
 "When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
 "When musick softens, and when dancing fires?"

*** This day were advertized, 1. "The Persian Tales;" 2. "The Cid, or the Heroic Daughter;" 3. "Pope's Rape of the Lock;" 4. "The present Constitution and the Protestant Succession vindicated."

N^o 4. Thursday, March 4, 1714.

The dancer joining with the tuneful throng,
 Adds decent motion to the sprightly song.
 This step denotes the careful Lover, this
 The hardy Warrior, or the drunken Swift.
 His pliant limbs in various figures move,
 And different gestures different passions prove.
 Strange Art! that flows in silent eloquence,
 That to the pleas'd spectator can dispense
 Words without sound, and, without speaking,
 sense.

WEAVER'S * History of Dancing.

THE great work which I have begun for the service of the more polite part of this nation, cannot be supposed to be carried on by the invention and industry of a single person only: it is, therefore, necessary I invite all other ingenious persons to assist me. Considering my title is THE LOVER, and that a good air and mien is (in one who pretends to please the fair) as useful as skill in all or any of the arts and sciences, I am mightily pleased to observe, that

* See TATLER, with notes, and SPECTATOR *passim*.

the art of dancing is, of late, come to take rank in the learned world, by being communicated in letters and characters, as all other parts of knowledge have for some ages been. I shall desire all those of the faculty of dancing, to write me, from time to time, all the new steps they take in the improvement of the science *. I this morning read, with unspeakable delight, in "The Evening Post," the following advertisement :

" On Tuesday last was published,

" The BRETAGNE, a French dance, by Mr. PE-COUR, and writ by Mr. SIRIS; engraven in characters and figures, for the use of masters, price 2s. 6d. Note, Mr. SIRIS's Ball Dances are likewise printed, and his original Art of Dancing by Characters and Figures. All sold by J. Walsh at the Harp and Hautboy in Catherine-street in the Strand."

Take this dance in its full extent and variety, it is the best I ever read; and though Mr. SIRIS, out of modesty, may pretend that he has only translated it, I cannot but believe, from the style, that he himself writ it; and if I know any thing of writing, he certainly penned the last *coupée*. This admirable piece is full of instruction: you see it is called the BRE-

* See TATLER with Notes, Edit. 1786, in 6 Vols. Vol. III. N^o 88, p. 147, and note.

TAGNE, that is to say, *the* BRITAIN. It is intended for a festival entertainment (like Mr. BAYES's grand dance), that, upon occasion of the peace with France and Spain, the whole nation should learn a new dance together. Some of the best-experienced persons in French dancing are to practise it at the great room in York-buildings, where, it seems, the Master of the Revels lives. He, as it is usual, carries a white wand in his hand, and at a motion made with it to the musick, the dance is to begin. I am credibly informed, that out of respect, and for distinction-sake, he has ordered, that the first Person who shall be taken out is to be the Censor of Great-Britain. I do not think this at all unlikely, nor below the gravity of that Sage; for, it is well known, the Judges of the land dance the first day of every term; and, it is supposed by some, they are to dance next after the Censor.

Mr. SIRIS has made the beginning of this movement very difficult for any one who has not, from his natural parts, a more than ordinary qualification that way. The dance is written in the genius required by Mr. WEAVER in his "History of Dancing*." "The Ancients," says that more than peripatetic philosopher, Mr. WEAVER, "were so fond of danc-

* See SPECT. Edit. 1788, with Notes; *passim*.

"ing,

ing, that PLINY has given us dancing islands, "which passage of PLINY, *Cælius Rodiginus* quotes. 'There is also an account," says he, "that in the Torthebian Lake, which is also "called the Nymphæan, there are certain "islands of the Nymphs, which move round in "a ring at the sound of the flutes, and are "therefore called the Calamine Islands, from "*calamus*, a pipe or reed; and also the Dancing "Islands, because at the sound of the symphony "they were moved by the beating of the feet "of the fingers.

I appeal to all the learned etymologists in Great Britain, whether it is possible to assign a reason for calling this grand dance "The Brittain," if the French did not think to make this a dancing island. The style of Mr. SIRIS is apparently political, as any judicious reader will find, if he peruses his *Siciliana* *, which was writ to instruct another dancing island, taught by the French. Let any man who has read MACHIAVEL, and understands dancing characters, cast an eye on Mr. SIRIS's second page. It is intituled, "The *Siciliana*, Mr. Siris's new "Dance for the year 1714." Mr. Siris, a native of France, you may be sure, sees further into the French motions for the ensuing year than

* The "*SICILIANA*," and "An Essay towards an History of Dancing," were both advertised at the end of this number of the LOVER.

we heavy Englishmen do, or he would never say it was made for that more than any other year, for all authors believe their works will last every year after they are written, to the world's end. I take it for a sly satire upon the awkward imitation of all nations which have not yet learned French dances, that the very next page to the SICILIANA is called "The Baboon's Minuet" Then after that again, to intimidate the people who won't learn from the French, he calls the next "The Dragoon's Minuet." I wish all good Protestants to be aware of this movement, for they tell me that when it is teaching, a Jesuit, in disguise, plays on the kit.

But I forget that this is too elaborate for my character. All that I have to say to the matter of Dancing is only as it regards Lovers; and as I would advise them to avoid dabbling in politics, I have explained these political Dances, that the motions we learn may never end in warlike ones, like those which were performed by the antients with clashing of swords, described by Mr. WEAVER (in the above-mentioned History) out of Claudian :

" Here too the warlike dancers bless our fight,
 " Their artful wandering, and their laws of flight,
 " An unconfus'd return, and inoffensive fight.
 " Soon as the master's blow proclaims the prize,
 " Their moving breasts in tuneful changes rise,

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" The shields salute their sides, or strait are shown
" In air with waving ; deep the targets groan,
" Struck with alternate swords, which thence re-
bound,
" And end the concert, and the sacred sound."

N^o 5. Saturday March 6, 1714.

" — My soul's far better part,
" Cease weeping, nor afflict thy tender heart :
" For what thy father to thy mother was,
" That faith to thee, that solemn vow I pass !"

CONGREVE, *Art of Love.*

AS I have fixed my stand in the very centre of Covent-garden, a place for this last century particularly famed for Wit and Love, and am near the play-house, where one is represented every night by the other, I think I ought to be particularly careful of what passes in my neighbourhood ; and, as I am a professed knight-errant, do all that lies in my power to make the charming endowment of Wit, and the prevailing passion of Love, subservient to the interests of Honour and Virtue. You are to understand, that having yesterday made an excursion from my lodge, there passed by me near St. James's the charmer of my heart. I have, ever since

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her parents first bestowed her, avoided all places by her frequented; but accident once or twice in a year brings the bright phantom into my sight, upon which there is a flutter in my bosom for many days following. When I consider that during this emotion I am highly exalted in my being, and my every sentiment improved by the effects of that passion; when I reflect that all the objects which present themselves to me, now are viewed in a different light from that in which they had appeared, had I not lately been exhilarated by her presence; in fine, when I find in myself so strong an inclination to oblige and entertain all whom I meet with, accompanied with such a readiness to receive kind impressions of those I converse with; I am more and more convinced, that this passion is in honest minds the strongest incentive that can move the soul of man to laudable accomplishments. Is a man just? let him fall in love and grow generous. Is a man good-natured? let him love and grow public-spirited. It immediately makes the good which is in him shine forth in new excellencies; and the ill vanish away without the pain of contrition, but with a sudden amendment of heart. This sort of passion, to produce such effects, must necessarily be conceived towards a modest and virtuous woman;

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When MARCIA reproves JUBA for entertaining her with Love in such a conjuncture of affairs,

affairs, wherein the common cause should take place of all other thoughts, the prince answers in this noble manner :

— Thy reproofs are just,
 Thou virtuous maid ; I'll hasten to my troops,
 And fire their languid souls with Cato's virtue.
 If e'er I lead them to the field, when all
 The war shall stand rang'd in its just array,
 And dreadful pomp ; then will I think on thee !
 O lovely maid, then will I think on thee !
 And, in the shock of charging hosts, remember
 What glorious deeds should grace the man, who hopes
 For Marcia's love.

It has been observable, that the stage in all times has had the utmost influence on the manners and affections of mankind ; and as those representations of human life have tended to promote virtue or vice, so has the age been improved or debauched. I doubt not but the frequent reflections upon marriage and innocent love, with which our theatre has long abounded, have been the great cause of our corrupt sentiments in this respect. It is not every youth that can behold the fine gentleman of the comedy represented with a good grace, leading a loose and profligate life, and condemning virtuous affection as insipid, and not be secretly emulous of what appears so amiable to a whole audience. These gay pictures strike strong and lasting impressions on the fancy and imagination

of

of youth, and are hardly to be erased in riper years, unless a commerce between virtuous and innocent lovers be painted with the same advantage, and with as lovely colours, by the most masterly hands on the theatre. I have said masterly hands, because they must be such who can run counter to our natural propensity to inordinate pleasure; little authors are very glad of applause purchased any way; loose appetites and desires are easily raised, but there is a wide difference between that reputation and applause which is obtained from our wantonness, and that which flows from a capacity of stirring such affections which, upon cool thoughts, contribute to our happiness.

But I was going to give an account of the exultation which I am in upon an accidental view of the woman whom I had long loved, with a most pure, though ardent passion; but as this is, according to my former representations of the matter, no way expedient for her to indulge me in, I must break the force of it by leading a life suitable and analogous to it, and making all the town sensible, how much they owe to her bright eyes which inspire me in the performance of my present office, in which I shall particularly take all the youth of both sexes under my care.

The

The two theatres, and all the polite coffee-houses, I shall constantly frequent, but principally the coffee-house under my lodge, BUTTON'S*, and the play-house in Covent-garden: but, as I set up for the judge of pleasures, I think it necessary to assign particular places of resort to my young gentlemen as they come to town, who cannot expect to pop in at Mr. BUTTON'S on the first day of their arrival in town. I recommend it, therefore, to young men to frequent SHANLEY'S† some days before they take upon them to appear at BUTTON'S; I have ordered, that no one look in the face of any new-comer, and taken effectual methods that he may possess himself of any empty chair in the house without being stared at: but forasmuch as some, who may have been in town for some months together heretofore, by long absence have relapsed from the audacity they had arrived at, into their first bashfulness and rusticity, I have given them the same privilege of obscure entry for ten days. I have directed also, that books be kept of all that passes in town in all the eminent coffee-houses, that any gentleman, though just arrived out of exile from the most distant counties in Great-Britain, may

* See Dr. JOHNSON'S "Lives of English Poets," Vol. II. p. 399. Edit. 8^{vo} 1781.

† A Coffee-house in Covent-garden. See p. 24. It is mentioned in TOM BROWNE'S Works as a house of diversion for young gentlemen.

as familiarly enter into the town-talk, as if he had lodged all that time in Covent-garden; but, above all things, I have provided, that proper houses for bathing and cupping may be ready for those country gentlemen, whose too healthy visages give them an air too robust and importunate for this polite region of Lovers, who have so long avoided wind and weather, and have every day been out stripped by them in the ground they have passed over by several miles. As to the orders under which I have put my female youth at assemblies, operas, and plays, I shall declare them in a particular chapter, under the title of, "The Government of the Eye in Publick Places."

N^o 6, Tuesday, March 9, 1714.

On rows of homely turf they sat to see,
Crown'd with the wreaths of every common tree.
There, while they sit in rustic majesty,
Each lover has his mistress in his eye.

CONGREVE, *Art of Love.*

CORRESPONDENTS begin to grow numerous; and indeed I cannot but be pleased with the intelligence which one of them

them sends me, for the novelty of it. The gentleman is a very great antiquary, and tells me he has several pieces by him, which are letters from the Sabine virgins to their parents, friends, and lovers in their own country, after the famous rape which laid the foundation of the Roman people. He thinks these very proper memorials for one who writes an history under the title of LOVER. He has also answers to those letters, and pretends OVID took the design of his epistles from having had these very papers in his hands. This, you'll say, is a very great curiosity; and for that reason I have resolved to give the reader the following account, which was written by a Sabine lady to her mother, within ten days after that memorable mad wedding, and is as follows:

Dear Mother,

THIS is to acquaint you, that I am better pleased with a very good-natured husband in this little village here of Rome, than ever I was in all the state and plenty at your house. When he first seized me, I must confess, he was very rough and ungentle; but he grows much tamer every day than other, and I do not question but we shall soon be as orderly and sober a couple as you and my father. My cousin LYDIA nobody knows of

certainly,

' certainly, but the poor girl had two or three
 ' husbands in the route, and as she is very pretty,
 ' they say all contend for her still. ROMULUS
 ' has appointed a day to fix the disputed mar-
 ' riages; but it is very remarkable, that several
 ' can neither agree to live together, or to part.
 ' For if one proposes it, that is taken so mor-
 ' tally ill, that the other will insist upon stay-
 ' ing, at least till the other consents to stay; and
 ' then the party who denied demands a divorce,
 ' to be revenged of the same inclination in the
 ' other. Thus they say, they cannot consent to
 ' cohabit till they are upon an equality in hav-
 ' ing each refused the other. This, you must
 ' believe, will make a great perplexity; but
 ' ROMULUS, who expects a war, will have great
 ' regard to let none who do not like each other
 ' stay together, and makes it a maxim, that a
 ' robust race is not to be expected to descend
 ' from wranglers. Pray let me know how my
 ' Lover, who proposed himself to you, bears
 ' the loss of me. I must confess, I could not
 ' but resent his being indifferent on this oc-
 ' casion, after all the vows and protestations he
 ' made when you left us together. I don't
 ' question but he will make jests upon the po-
 ' verty of the Romans; but they threaten here,
 ' that if you are not very well contented with
 ' what has passed, they will make you a visit
 ' with

' with swords in their hands, and demand por-
 ' tions with your daughters. When I was made
 ' prize by my good man, who is remarkably
 ' valiant (for which reason they left me undif-
 ' puted in his hands), he soon took off my first
 ' terrors from my observation of that his pre-
 ' eminence, and a certain determinate behavi-
 ' our, with a dying fondness that glowed in his
 ' eyes. I told him, from what I saw other
 ' people suffer, I could not but think my lot
 ' very fortunate, that I had fallen into his hands;
 ' and begged of him he would indulge my
 ' curiosity in going with me to some eminence,
 ' and observe what befell the rest of my friends
 ' and countrywomen. He did so, and from the
 ' place we stood on, I observed what passed in
 ' all the hurlyburly, he observing to me the
 ' quality and merit of the husbands, I giving to
 ' him an account of the wives. How strangely
 ' truth will out! HISPULLA, as I saw, when they
 ' were struggling for her, has crooked legs;
 ' CHLOE laughed so violently when she was car-
 ' ried off, that I observed her lover, as pretty
 ' as she is, hardly thought it a purchase; while
 ' DICTYNNA, as homely as she is, by muffling
 ' her face and shrieking, was contended for by
 ' twenty rivals. That arch creature FLORA has
 ' escaped by offering herself: as soon as she
 ' perceived what was intended, she got upon a

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' little hillock, and cried out, "Who will have
 ' me, who will have me? here I am; come
 ' take me." This forwardness made every man
 ' think her a common woman; and the flirt is
 ' now safe under the protection of ROMULUS,
 ' as a woman not yet disposed of; but when
 ' her character and innocence is known, it is
 ' thought she will fall to the lot of MARCIUS,
 ' for his generous behaviour to THALESTRINA,
 ' who, you know, was betrothed to CINCIN-
 ' NATUS; MARCIUS and CINCINNATUS have
 ' long been mortal enemies, and met each other
 ' in skirmishes of our different nations, wherein
 ' sometimes one, sometimes the other, has been
 ' successful. This noble virgin, whose beauty
 ' and virtue distinguished her above all the Sabine
 ' youth, fell into the hands of MARCIUS. Our
 ' apartments here are not very lofty, and arbors
 ' and grottos, strewed with rushes, herbage and
 ' flowers, make up the best bridal beds among
 ' the Romans; to such an abode as this MAR-
 ' CIUS dragged the lovely THALESTRINA. This
 ' people are not polite enough, especially on
 ' this occasion, to express their passion by ci-
 ' vility and ceremonious behaviour: when THA-
 ' LESTRINA was convinced of MARCIUS's im-
 ' mediate purpose, she fell into a swoon at his
 ' feet, and with a sigh in her fall cried, Oh CIN-
 ' CINNATUS!

' MARCIUS

' MARCIUS, at the suddenness of the accident,
 ' and the name of his enemy and rival for mili-
 ' tary glory, was surprized with many different
 ' passions and resentments, which all ought to
 ' have given way to the care of THALESTRINA;
 ' but in a nation of men only, and on the first
 ' day wherein they had a woman in their com-
 ' monwealth, he was much at a loss how to be
 ' assistant to her; but as he saw life revive in
 ' her, nature and good sense dictated rather to
 ' absent himself, than be present at the many
 ' distortions of her person in coming to herself.
 ' He retired, but entered the place again when
 ' he thought she might be enough recovered
 ' to be capable of receiving what he had to
 ' say to her.

' He approached as she leaned against a tree
 ' which supported the bower, and delivered
 ' himself in these terms:

" Madam, the passion you were lately in,
 " your noble form, and the person you called
 " upon in your distress, give me to understand
 " you are THALESTRINA. I am MARCIUS, and
 " have no debate with CINCINNATUS, but on
 " account of glory; were he a stranger to me,
 " your passion for him should secure you; were
 " he my friend, you should command all in
 " my power, in spite of all the charms I see in
 " you: and as he is my enemy, I scorn to
 " wound

“wound him in a circumstance wherein he is
 “not capable of making a defence. You have
 “common humanity, and the generosity of an
 “enemy for your safeguard; I will return you
 “to CINCINNATUS; and I see, by the beautiful
 “gratitude which I now read in your face, you
 “will represent this conduct to the advantage
 “of the Romans, of whom there is not one
 “who does not sacrifice his private passions to
 “the service of his country. I assure you, I
 “I know not whether it is more beholden to
 “me this day for the offering which I make of
 “my anger, or my love.”

‘He did not put her to the pain of long ac-
 ‘knowledgments of so great a bounty as that
 ‘of her very self, but conducted her into the
 ‘presence of ROMULUS, and told him, with a
 ‘very joyous air, he had resigned a fine woman
 ‘from his bed, to purchase a brave man to his
 ‘country.

‘I know CINCINNATUS so well, that I doubt
 ‘not but he will be a friend to Rome, and in-
 ‘terpose his good offices for a peace between
 ‘us and the Sabines: I hope all will join in
 ‘the same mediation, who have children here;
 ‘for I already know not to which party my
 ‘heart would wish success, if a war should en-
 ‘sue; for I find a wife is no longer a daughter,
 ‘or any other name, which comes in competi-

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‘tion

‘tion with that relation : but hope things will
 ‘so end that I may have the pleasure to be the
 ‘faithful consort of an honest man, without in-
 ‘terfering with any other character, especially
 ‘that of, ‘Madam,

‘Your dutiful child,

‘MIRAMANTIS.’

*** This day is published, “Love in a Wood; or, the
 “Country Squire, by G. J.”

N° 7. Thursday, March 11, 1714.

— *habet & sua castra Cupido.*

OVID.

The Battle of EYES.

IT has been always my opinion, that a man
 in love should address himself to his mis-
 tress with passion and sincerity ; and that, if this
 method fails, it is in vain for him to have re-
 course to artifice or dissimulation, in which he
 will always find himself worsted, unless he be
 a much better proficient in the art than any
 man I have yet been acquainted with.

The following letter is a very natural ex-
 emplification of what I have here advanced.

I have

I have called it "The Battle of Eyes," as it brought to my mind several combats of the same nature, which I have formerly had with Mrs. ANN PAGE.

' Sweet Mr. MYRTLE,

' I HAVE for some time been forely smitten
' by Mrs. LUCY, who is a maiden lady in the
' twenty-eighth year of her age. She has so
' much of the coquette in her, that it supplies
' the place of youth, and still keeps up the girl in
' her aspect and behaviour. She has found out
' the art of making me believe that I have the
' first place in her affection; and yet so puzzles
' me by a double tongue, and an ambiguous
' look, that about once a fortnight I fancy I
' have quite lost her. I was the other night at
' the Opera, where seeing a place in the second
' row of the Queen's box kept by Mrs. Lucy's
' livery, I placed myself in the pit directly
' over against her footman, being determined to
' ogle her most passionately all that evening. I
' had not taken my stand there above a quarter
' of an hour, when *Enter* Mrs. LUCY. At her
' first coming in I expected she would have
' cast her eye upon her humble servant; but,
' instead of that, after having dropped curtsie
' after curtsie to her friends in the boxes, she
' began to deal her salutes about the pit in the

‘ same liberal manner. Although I stood in
‘ the full point of view, and, as I thought,
‘ made a better figure than any body about me,
‘ she slid her eye over me, curtsied to the right
‘ and to the left, and would not see me for
‘ the space of three minutes. I fretted in-
‘ wardly to find myself thus openly affronted
‘ on every side, and was resolved to let her
‘ know my resentments by the first opportunity.
‘ This happened soon after; for Mrs. Lucy
‘ looking upon me, as though she had but just
‘ discovered me, she began to sink in the first
‘ offer to a curtsie; upon which, instead of
‘ making her any return, I cocked my nose, and
‘ stared at the upper gallery; and immediately
‘ after raising myself on tiptoe, stretched out
‘ my neck, and bowed to a lady who sat just
‘ behind her. I found, by my coquette’s be-
‘ haviour, that she was not a little nettled at
‘ this my civility, which passed over her head.
‘ She looked as pale as ashes, fell a talking
‘ with one that sat next her, and broke out
‘ into several forced smiles and fits of laughter,
‘ which I dare say there was no manner of occa-
‘ sion for. Being resolved to push my success,
‘ I cast my eye through the whole circle of
‘ beauties, and made my bow to every one that
‘ I knew, and to several whom I never saw be-
‘ fore in my life. Things were thus come to

‘ an

an open rupture, when, the curtain rising, I was forced to face about. I had not sat down long, but my heart relented, and gave me several girds and twitches for the barbarous treatment which I had shewn to Mrs. Lucy. I longed to see the act ended, and to make reparation for what I had done. At the first rising of the audience between the acts, our eyes met; but as mine began to offer a parley, the hard-hearted slut conveyed herself behind an old lady in such a manner, that she was concealed from me for several moments. This gave me new matter of indignation; and I began to fancy I had lost her for ever. While I was in this perplexity of thought, Mrs. Lucy lifted herself up from behind the lady who shadowed her, and peeped at me over her right shoulder: nay, madam, thinks I to myself, if those are your tricks, I will give you as good as you bring; upon which I withdrew, in a great passion, behind a tall broad-shouldered fellow, who was very luckily placed before me. I here lay *incog.* for at least three seconds; *snug* was the word; but, being very uneasy in that situation, I again emerged into open candle-light, when looking for Mrs. Lucy, I could see nothing but the old woman, who screened her for the remaining part of the interlude. I was then forced

' to fit down to the second act, being very
 ' much agitated and tormented in mind. I was
 ' terribly afraid that she had discovered my un-
 ' easiness, as well knowing, that, if she caught
 ' me at such an advantage, she would use me
 ' like a dog. For this reason I was resolved to
 ' play the indifferent upon her at my next stand-
 ' ing-up. The second act, therefore, was no
 ' sooner finished, but I fastened my eye upon
 ' a young woman who sat at the further end of
 ' the boxes, whispering at the same time, to one
 ' who was near me, with an air of pleasure and
 ' admiration. I gazed upon her a long time,
 ' when stealing a glance at Mrs. Lucy, with
 ' a design to see how she took it, I found her
 ' face was turned another way, and that she
 ' was examining, from head to foot, a young
 ' well-dressed rascal who stood behind her.
 ' This cut me to the quick, and notwithstand-
 ' ing I tossed back my wig, rapped my snuff-
 ' box, displayed my handkerchief, and at last
 ' cracked a jest with an orange wench to attract
 ' her eye, she persisted in her confounded ogle,
 ' till Mrs. ROBINSON came upon the stage to
 ' my relief. I now sat down sufficiently morti-
 ' fied, and determined, at the end of the opera,
 ' to make my submission in the most humble
 ' manner. Accordingly, rising up, I put on a
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sneaking penitential look, but, to my un-
speakable confusion, found her back turned
upon me.

' I had now nothing left for it but to make
amends for all by handing her to her chair.
' I bustled through the crowd, and got to her
box-door as soon as possible, when, to my
utter confusion, the young puppy, I have been
telling you of before, bolted out upon me
with Mrs. Lucy in his hand. I could not
have started back with greater precipitaton if
' I had met a ghost. The malicious gipsy took
no notice of me, but turning aside her head
' said something to her dog of a gentleman-
' usher, with a smile that went to my heart. I
' could not sleep all night for it, and the next
' morning writ the following letter to her :

" MADAM,

" I PROTEST I meant nothing by what
" passed last night, and beg you will put the
" most candid interpretation upon my looks and
" actions; for, however my eyes may wander,
" there is none but Mrs. Lucy who has the en-
" tire possession of my heart.

" I am, Madam,

" With a passion that is not to be expressed

" either by looks, words or actions,

" Your most unalienable,

" and most humble servant,

" TOM. WHIFFLE."

‘ And now, Sir, what do you think was her
 ‘ answer ? why, to give you a true notion of her,
 ‘ and that you may guess at all her cursed tricks
 ‘ by this one—here it is :

“ Mr. WHIFFLE,

“ I AM very much surpris’d to hear you
 “ talk of any thing that pass’d between us last
 “ night, when, to the best of my remembrance,
 “ I have not seen you these three days.

“ Your servant,

L. T.”

*** Books printed with an Elzevir letter, in neat pocket
 volumes, for Jacob Tonson in the Strand. Tamerlane and Fair
 Penitent, tragedies, by N. Rowe, Esq; The tragedy of Cato
 Campaign and Rosamond, by Mr. Addison. The Distrest Mo-
 ther, a tragedy, by Mr. Philips. The Careless Husband, a
 comedy, by Mr. Cibber. The Victim, a tragedy, by Mr. John-
 son. A Collection of Poetical Miscellanies, by the best hands,
 and published by Mr. Steele. N. B. The Ambitious Step Mo-
 ther, Ulysses and Royal Convert, tragedies, written by N. Rowe,
 Esq. will in a few days be published in the same volume.

Just published, An Essay towards an History of Dancing, in
 which the whole art and its various excellencies are in some
 measure explained; containing the several sorts of Dancing
 Antique and Modern, Serious, Scenical, Grotesque, &c. with
 the use of it as an exercise, qualification, diversion, &c. Printed
 for Jacob Tonson at Shakespear’s-head, over against Catherine-
 street in the Strand.

Just published, printed on a neat Elzevir letter, in a pocket
 volume, the second edition of “ Letters of Abelard and Heloise.”
 To which is prefixed, a particular account of their lives, amours
 and misfortunes, extracted chiefly from Monsieur Bayle. Trans-
 lated from the French. Printed for J. W. and sold by W.
 Lewis in Russel-street, Covent-garden.

Saturday

N^o 8. Saturday, March 13, 1714.

Linquenda tellus & domus & placens uxor.

HOR.

IN the calculation of a man's happiness in life, there is no one circumstance which ought more carefully to be considered, than the object of one's love. As that will certainly take full possession of the heart, except it be resisted in time, it is the utmost madness to let your affections fix where you cannot expect the approbation of your reason. If a man does not take this precaution, his days will pass away with frivolous pleasures and solid vexations; his own reflections only must soften his misfortunes and afflictions; but he can have no recourse, no help from his cooler thoughts, who dare not admit his reason into his council. We cannot look back upon the pleasures which flow from loose desire, but with remorse and contrition, and therefore the mind cannot recur to them on occasions of distress, to borrow comfort; but honourable Love, though it has all the softness and tenderness which imagination can form, can be admitted under the severest affliction, and is the best instrument to break its force; but as it

it breaks the force of sorrow, it does not do it by wholly removing the affliction, but rather by diversifying it. He that is under any great calamity, loses the sense of it, as it touches himself; and his affliction, which, perhaps, would have had in it the terrors of fear and shame, is, by the neglect of his own part in the affair, turned only into pity and compassion for a tender wife who participates it. This kind of concern carries an antidote to its poison, and the merit of her regard to him has something in it so pleasing, that the soul feels a secret consolation in the happiness of being possessed of such a companion, at the same time that he thinks her participation is the greatest article of his distress. In all ages men who have differed from the sentiments of the world, when they have been precipitated by fury and party, and been sacrificed to the rage of their enemies, have in trials of this sort sunk under their distresses, or behaved themselves decently in them, according to the support which they have met with from the domestic partners of their affliction. This is an opportunity to vent the secret pangs of the heart to one whose love makes nothing ungrateful, or, to utter the sense of injuries, where that appears conscious virtue, which

which to any other audience would sound like pride and arrogance.

There are indeed very tender things to be recited from the writings of poetical authors, which express the utmost tenderness in an amorous commerce; but indeed I never read any thing which, to me, had so much nature and love, as an expression or two in the following letter; but the reader must be let into the circumstance of the matter, to have a right sense of it. The epistle was written by a gentlewoman to her husband, who was condemned to suffer death. The unfortunate catastrophe happened at Exeter in the time of the late rebellion. A gentleman, whose name was PENRUDDOCK, to whom the letter was written, was barbarously sentenced to die without the least appearance of justice. He asserted the illegality of his enemies proceedings, with a spirit worthy his innocence; and the night before his death his lady writ to him the letter which I so much admire, and is as follows:

Mrs. PENRUDDOCK's last letter to her husband.

" My dear heart,

' MY sad parting was so far from making
' me forget you, that I scarce thought upon
' myself since, but wholly upon you. Those
' dear

' dear embraces which I yet feel, and shall never
 ' lose, being the faithful testimonies of an in-
 ' dulgent husband, have charmed my soul to
 ' such a reverence of your remembrance, that,
 ' were it possible, I would, with my own blood,
 ' cement your dead limbs to life again; and
 ' (with reverence) think it no sin to rob heaven
 ' a little while longer of a martyr. Oh my
 ' dear! you must now pardon my passion, this
 ' being my last (oh fatal word) that ever you
 ' will receive from me; and know, that until
 ' the last minute that I can imagine you shall
 ' live, I will sacrifice the prayers of a Christian,
 ' and the groans of an afflicted wife. And when
 ' you are not (which sure by sympathy I shall
 ' know) I shall wish my own dissolution with
 ' you, that so we may go hand in hand to hea-
 ' ven. It is too late to tell you what I have, or
 ' rather have not done for you; how turned out
 ' of doors because I came to beg mercy; the
 ' Lord lay not your blood to their charge! I
 ' would fain discourse longer with you, but dare
 ' not; passion begins to drown my reason, and
 ' will rob me of my *devoire*, which is all I have
 ' left to serve you. Adieu, therefore, ten
 ' thousand times, my dearest dear; and since I
 ' must never see you more, take this prayer:
 ' may your faith be so strengthened, that your
 ' constancy may continue! and then, I know
 ' heaven

‘ heaven will receive you ; whither grief and
 ‘ love will in a short time (I hope) translate,

‘ My dear,

‘ Your sad, but constant wife even to

‘ love your ashes when dead,

‘ ARUNDEL PENRUDDOCK.’

‘ May the 3d, 1655, 11 o’clock at night.

‘ Your children beg your blessing, and present
 ‘ their duties to you.’

I do not know that I have ever read any thing
 so affectionate as that line, ‘ those dear embraces
 ‘ which I yet feel.’

Mr. PENRUDDOCK’s answer has an equal ten-
 derness, which I shall recite also, that the town
 may dispute whether the man or the woman ex-
 pressed themselves the more kindly, and strive to
 imitate them in less circumstances of distress; for
 from all, no couple upon earth are exempt.

Mr. PENRUDDOCK’s last letter to his lady.

“ Dearest best of creatures,

‘ I HAD taken leave of the world when I re-
 ‘ ceived yours : it did at once recall my fond-
 ‘ ness for life, and enable me to resign it. As I
 ‘ am sure I shall leave none behind me like you,
 ‘ which weakens my resolution to part from
 ‘ you, so when I reflect I am going to a place
 ‘ where there are none but such as you, I re-
 ‘ cover my courage. But fondness breaks in
 ‘ upon

' upon me; and as I would not have my tears
 ' flow to-morrow, when your husband, and
 ' the father of our dear babes, is a public
 ' spectacle; do not think meanly of me, that I
 ' give way to grief now in private, when I see
 ' my sand run so fast, and I within few hours
 ' am to leave you helpless, and exposed to the
 ' merciless and insolent, that have wrongfully
 ' put me to a shameless death, and will object
 ' that shame to my poor children. I thank you
 ' for all your goodness to me, and will endea-
 ' vour so to die, as to do nothing unworthy that
 ' virtue in which we have mutually supported
 ' each other, and for which I desire you not to
 ' repine that I am first to be rewarded: since you
 ' ever preferred me to yourself in all other
 ' things; afford me, with chearfulness, the pre-
 ' cedence in this.

' I desire your prayers in the article of death,
 ' for my own will then be offered for you and
 ' yours.

J. PENRUDDOCK *.

* Col. JOHN PENRUDDOCK was the third of three sons of
 Sir JOHN PENRUDDOCK of Compton-Chamberlain in Wilt-
 shire, who lost their lives in the service of the Crown. He ap-
 peared in arms with several of his friends for his exiled Sover-
 eign, at Salisbury, and afterwards proclaimed him at Blandford,
 but was soon overpowered, and taken by Col. UNTON CROKE,
 who promised him quarter; but, in violation of this promise, he
 was beheaded May 16, 1655. This active worthy Loyalist,
 died in a manner becoming a soldier and a Christian. Mrs.
 PENRUDDOCK's letter has several strokes in it, of the most na-
 tural, the most animated, and pathetic tenderness.

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N^o 9. Tuesday, March 16, 1714.

Quantâ laboras in Charybdi!

HOR.

UPON my opening the Lover's box this morning, I found nothing in it but the following letter, made up very nicely, and sealed with a little Cupid holding a flaming heart in each hand, and circumscribed, "Love unites us." I find, by the contents of this letter, that my correspondent will soon change his device, and perhaps make the figure of Hymen perform that part which, at present, he has assigned to Cupid.

'SIR,

'AS you are a man of experience in the
'world, I beg your advice in a matter of great
'importance to me. I have, for some time,
'been engaged in close friendship with a *fine*
'*woman*. Your knowledge of mankind will
'easily inform you of the purport of that
'phrase. In short, I have lived with her, as
'with a *she*-friend, in the utmost propriety of that
'term;

‘ term; but, at present, I am under a very great
‘ *embarrass*; for having run out most of my for-
‘ tune, in the course of my conversation with her,
‘ I find myself necessitated to go into a new way
‘ of life, and by that means to make myself
‘ whole again. A favourable opportunity pre-
‘ sents itself: a rich widow (the common re-
‘ fuge of us idle fellows) has spoke kindly of
‘ me, and I have reason to believe will very
‘ shortly put me in possession of her person and
‘ jointure. Tell me, dear Mr. MYRTLE, how
‘ I shall communicate this affair to the poor
‘ creature whom I am going to forsake. If I
‘ know her temper, she loves me so well that
‘ she would rather see me beggar’d and un-
‘ done, than in a state of wealth and ease with
‘ another woman. She will call my endeavours,
‘ to make myself happy, being false to her.
‘ Nay, I do not know but she may be fool
‘ enough to make away with herself; for the
‘ last time I talked to her, and mentioned this
‘ affair at a distance, she seemed to shew a cursed
‘ hankering after purling streams. Let me
‘ conjure thee, old MARMADUKE, if thou wilt
‘ not give me some advice, to give some to this
‘ poor woman; make her sensible that a man
‘ does not take a mistress for better for worse,
‘ and that there is some difference between a

‘ lover

‘lover and a husband : but you know, better than
 ‘I can tell you, what to say upon so nice a
 ‘subject. I am,

‘Your most humble servant, W. T.’

There is nothing which I more abhor than
 that kind of wit which betrays a hardness of
 heart. Inhumanity is never so odious, as when
 it is practised with mirth and wantonness. If
 I may make so free with my correspondent, he
 seems to be a man of this unlucky turn. I shall
 not fall into the same fault which I condemn
 in him ; but, that I may be serious on such an
 occasion, will desire my readers to consider
 thoroughly the evils which they are heaping up
 to themselves, when they engage in a criminal
 amour. If they die in it, they know very well
 what must be the dreadful consequence. If
 either of them break loose from the other, the
 melancholy and vexation that are produced on
 such occasions are too dear a payment for
 those pleasures which preceded, and are past,
 as though they had never been.

The woman is generally the greatest sufferer
 in cases of this nature ; for, by the long obser-
 vations I have made on both sexes, I have
 established this as a maxim, that “ Women
 “ dissemble their passions better than men, but
 “ that men subdue their passions better than
 “ women.”

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I have

I have heard a story to my present purpose, which has very much affected me. The gentleman, from whom I heard it, was an eye-witness of several parts of it.

About ten years ago there lived at Vienna a German Count, who had long entertained a secret amour with a young lady of a considerable family. After a correspondence of gallantries, which had lasted two or three years, the father of the young Count, whose family was reduced to a low condition, found out a very advantageous match for him, and made his son sensible that he ought, in common prudence, to close with it. The Count, upon the first opportunity, acquainted his mistress very fairly with what had passed, and laid the whole matter before her, with such freedom and openness of heart, that she seemingly consented to it. She only desired of him, that they might have one meeting more, before they parted for ever. The place appointed for this their meeting, was a grove which stands at a little distance from the town. They conversed together in this place for some time, when on a sudden the lady pulled out a pocket-pistol, and shot her lover into the heart, so that he immediately fell down dead at her feet. She then returned to her father's house, telling every one she met what she had done. Her friends, upon hearing her story, would

would have found out means for her to make her escape; but she told them she had killed her dear Count, because she could not live without him; and that for the same reason she was resolved to follow him by whatever way justice should determine. She was no sooner seized, but she avowed her guilt, rejected all excuses that were made in her favour, and only begged that her execution might be speedy. She was sentenced to have her head cut off, and was apprehensive of nothing but that the interest of her friends should obtain a pardon for her. When the confessor approached her, she asked him where he thought was the soul of the dead Count? He replied, that his case was very dangerous, considering the circumstances in which he died. Upon this, so desperate was her frenzy, that she bid him leave her, for that she was resolved to go to the same place where the Count was. The priest was forced to give her better hopes of the deceased, from considerations that he was upon the point of breaking off so criminal a commerce, and leading a new life, before he could bring her mind to a temper fit for one who was so near her end. Upon the day of her execution she dressed herself in all her ornaments, and walked towards the scaffold more like an expecting bride, than a condemned criminal. My friend tells me, that he

saw her placed in the chair, according to the custom of that place, where, after having stretched out her neck with an air of joy, she called upon the name of the Count, which was the appointed signal for the executioner, who, with a single blow of his sword, severed her head from her body.

My reader may draw, without my assistance, a suitable moral out of so tragical a story.

* * * On Thursday will be published, a neat pocket edition of Dr. Isaac Barrow's Discourses of Contentment, Patience, and Resignation to the Divine Will. Printed for J. Round, and Jacob Tonson, in the Strand, where may be had Boëtius of the Consolation of Philosophy, made English and illustrated with notes by the Lord Viscount Preston.

This day is published, printed with an Elzevir letter, in a neat pocket volume, the third edition of the Life and Character of Jane Shore, collected from our best historians, chiefly from the writings of Sir Thomas More, who was her cotemporary, and personally knew her. Humbly offered to the readers and spectators of her tragedy written by Mr. Rowe. Inscribed to Mrs. Oldfield. Printed for J. W. and sold by W. Lewis. Price Six-pence. N. B. There is added to this edition a very curious frontispiece, representing her doing penance in St. Paul's cathedral.

This day is published a neat pocket volume of *Electra*, a Tragedy. Translated from the Greek of Sophocles. Printed for J. W., and sold by W. Lewis, where may be had the *Cid*; or, the Heroick Daughter. Written by a gentleman of Oxford.

This day are published, *Memoirs of the Life of Count de Gramont*, containing in particular the amorous intrigues of the court of England in the reign of King Charles II. Translated from the French by Mr. Boyer.

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N^o 10. Thursday, March 18, 1714*.

—*Magis illa placent quæ pluris emuntur.*

I HAVE lately been very much teased with the thought of Mrs. ANNE PAGE, and the memory of those many cruelties which I suffered from that obdurate fair one. Mrs. ANNE was in a particular manner very fond of China-ware, against which I had unfortunately declared my aversion. I do not know but this was the first occasion of her coldness towards me, which makes me sick at the very sight of a China-dish ever since. This is the best introduction I can make for my present discourse, which may serve to fill up a gap till I am more at leisure to resume the thread of my amours.

There are no inclinations in women which more surprize me than their passions for Chalk and China. The first of these maladies wears out in a little time; but when a woman is visited with the second, it generally takes possession of her for life. China vessels are playthings for women of all ages. An old lady of

* ADDISON was the author of this paper. See TAT. with Notes, vol. I. N^o 23, p. 254, and Note; and Additional Notes, *ibidem*, p. 430.

fourſcore ſhall be as buſy in cleaning an Indian Mandarin, as her great-grand-daughter is in dreſſing her baby.

The common way of purchaſing ſuch trifles, if I may believe my female informers, is by exchanging old ſuits of cloaths for this brittle ware. The potters of China have, it ſeems, their factors at this diſtance, who retail out their ſeveral manufactures for caſt cloaths and ſuperannuated garments. I have known an old petticoat metamorphoſed into a punch-bowl, and a pair of breeches into a tea-pot. For this reaſon my friend TRADEWELL in the city calls his great room, that is nobly furniſhed out with china, his wife's wardrobe. In yonder corner, ſays he, are above twenty ſuits of cloaths, and on that ſcrutore above a hundred yards of furbelow'd ſilk. You cannot imagine how many night-gowns, ſtays, and manteaus, went to the raiſing of that pyramid. The worſt of it is, ſays he, a ſuit of cloaths is not ſuffered to laſt half its time, that it may be the more vendible; ſo that in reality this is but a more dextrous way of picking the huſband's pocket, who is often purchaſing a great vaſe of China, when he fancies that he is buying a fine head, or a ſilk gown for his wife. There is likewiſe another inconvenience in this female paſſion for China, namely, that it adminiſters to them great

matter for wrath and sorrow. How much anger and affliction are produced daily in the hearts of my dear country-women, by the breach of this frail furniture! Some of them pay half their servants wages in China fragments, which their carelessness has produced. "If thou hast a piece of earthen ware, consider," says Epictetus, "that it is a piece of earthen ware, and by consequence very easy and obnoxious to be broken: be not therefore so void of reason as to be angry or grieved when this comes to pass." In order, therefore, to exempt my fair readers from such additional and supernumerary calamities of life, I would advise them to forbear dealing in these perishable commodities, till such time as they are philosophers enough to keep their temper at the fall of a tea-pot or a China-cup. I shall further recommend to their serious consideration these three particulars: first, that all China ware is of a weak and transitory nature. Secondly, that the fashion of it is changeable: and, thirdly, that it is of no use. And first of the first: the fragility of China is such as a reasonable being ought by no means to set its heart upon, though at the same time I am afraid I may complain with SENECA on the like occasion, that this very consideration recommends them to our choice;

our luxury being grown so wanton, that this kind of treasure becomes the more valuable the more easily we may be deprived of it, and that it receives a price from its brittleness. There is a kind of ostentation in wealth, which sets the possessors of it upon distinguishing themselves in those things where it is hard for the poor to follow them. For this reason I have often wondered that our ladies have not taken pleasure in egg-shells, especially in those which are curiously stained and streaked, and which are so very tender, that they require the nicest hand to hold without breaking them. But as if the brittleness of this ware were not sufficient to make it costly, the very fashion of it is changeable; which brings me to my second particular.

It may chance that a piece of China may survive all those accidents to which it is by nature liable, and last for some years, if rightly situated and taken care of. To remedy, therefore, this inconvenience, it is so ordered that the shape of it shall grow unfashionable, which makes new supplies always necessary, and furnishes employment for life to women of great and generous souls, who cannot live out of the mode. I myself remember when there were few China vessels to be seen that held more than a dish of

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coffee; but their size is so gradually enlarged, that there are many, at present, which are capable of holding half a hoghead. The fashion of the tea-cup is also greatly altered, and has run through a wonderful variety of colour, shape, and size.

But, in the last place, China ware is of no use. Who would not laugh to see a smith's shop furnished with anvils and hammers of China? The furniture of a lady's favourite room is altogether as absurd: you see jars of a prodigious capacity that are to hold nothing. I have seen horses and herds of cattle in this fine porcelain, not to mention the several Chinese ladies who, perhaps, are naturally enough represented in these frail materials.

Did our women take delight in heaping up piles of earthen platters, brown jugs, and the like useful products of our British potteries, there would be some sense in it. They might be ranged in as fine figures, and disposed of in as beautiful pieces of architecture; but there is an objection to these which cannot be overcome, namely, that they would be of some use, and might be taken down on all occasions to be employed in services of the family; besides that they are intolerably cheap, and most shamefully durable and lasting,

Saturday,

N^o II. Saturday, March 20, 1714.

Mæcenæ atavis edite regibus.

BENTLEY'S *Horace*.

THE following epistle is written to me from the parish of Gotham in Herefordshire, from one who had credentials from me to be received as an humble servant to a young lady of the family which he mentions. Because it may be an instruction to all who court great alliances, I shall insert it word for word, as it came to my hands.

' Sweet Mr. MYRTLE,

' ACCORDING to your persuasion I came
' down here into the country, with a de-
' sign to ingraft myself into the family to
' which you recommended me; but I wish you
' had thought a little more of it, before you
' gave me that advice, for a man is not always
' made happy by having settled himself in a
' powerful house; for riches and honour are
' ornamental to the possessors of them, only
' when those possessors have such arts or ven-
' dowments

dowments which would render them conspicuous without them; but these creatures to whom you advised me to be allied are such, whose interest it is to court privacy, and are made up of so many defects, that they could not better recommend themselves to the world, or consult their own interest, than by hiding; but they are so little inclined to such a prudent behaviour, that they seem to think that their appearance upon all occasions cannot chuse but be advantageous to them; and yet such is the force of nature in biasing all its instruments to the uses for which she has made them most fit, that they are ever undertaking what would make the most beautiful of human race appear as ugly as themselves. Thus they take upon them to manage all things in this country; and if any man is to be accused, arrested, or disgraced, one of these hideous creatures has certainly a hand in it. By these methods and arts they govern those who condemn them, and are perpetually followed by crowds who hate them: at the same time there is I know not what excessively comic and diverting, to behold these very odd fellows in their magnificences.

‘ You must know they set up extremely for genealogies, old codes, and mystic writings, and knowing abundance of what was never
‘ worth

' worth knowing in the several ages in which
 ' was acted ; but there is constantly, in all the
 ' pretend to, some circumstance which secretly
 ' tends to raise the honour and antiquity of
 ' their family. Thus they are not contented
 ' as all we the rest of the world are, to become
 ' more antient every day than other as time
 ' passes on, but they grow old backwards, and
 ' every now and then they make some new pur-
 ' chase of musty rolls and papers, which, they
 ' tell you, acquaints them with some new matter
 ' concerning their further antiquity. I met
 ' here, to my great surprise, ABEDNEGO the
 ' Jew, who used to transfer stock for me at
 ' Change-alley. I was going to salute him, but
 ' he tipped me the wink, and taking me apart
 ' at a proper opportunity, desired me not to
 ' discover him : for, says he, laughing, I am
 ' come down here as a cheat ! He explained
 ' himself further, that his way was, to get some
 ' paper that was mouldy, dusty, or moth-eaten,
 ' and write upon it Hebrew characters, which
 ' he sold to Sir ANTHONY CRABTREE's library*.

' You

* This character of Sir A. CRABTREE was originally design-
 ed for the E of OXFORD ; and PETER BRICKDUST was meant
 to represent Mr. FOLEY. These are the gashes and wounds
 which never close, which the hand of true GENIUS only can
 inflict. They were given by STEELE, to the great merriment
 of the town, and with the general approbation of the nation, in
 revenge for the parts they played in the expulsion of STEELE
 from the House of Commons ; and the ingenious severity of this
 inimitably

You must know, there is nothing so monstrous but they can make pass upon the people; so terrible are the CRABTREES in this county. The last piece of antiquity which they produced, was a letter written, in Noah's own hand, to their ancestor, and found upon a mountain in Wales (which, by the way, is said by them to be the oldest and highest mountain in the world), directed to their ancestor Sir ROBERT CRAB-TREE, an Antediluvian knight. This, sir, passes very currently here, and is well received, because all allow there have been no faces like theirs in any other family since the flood.

'It would be endless to give you a distinct account of these worthies in one letter, but I will go as far as I can in it. I was, when I declared my love, appointed an hour in their great hall, where were assembled all their relations and tenants; but, instead of receiving me with civility, as one who desired to be of

inimitably humorous paper is well illustrated, and amply justified, by the behaviour of the Earl, his brother TOM, and FOLEY, his ridiculous puppets on that occasion. They underwent farther chastisement, and were again exhibited to mockery, with their wounds still bleeding, by the publication of No 14, the sequel of this spirited paper. ADDISON, we may easily believe, would not baulk his friend's merriment; and in both numbers there are, probably, some of his *oblique strokes* given with hearty good-will. See STEELE'S "Apology for himself and his Writings," *passim*.

' their

' their family, as they know not how to shew
 ' power and greatness, but by doing things ter-
 ' rible and disagreeable, Mr. PETER BRICKDUST
 ' stands up before all the company, and enters
 ' into a downright invective against me, to shew
 ' that I was not fit to be entertained among
 ' them. They call him here at Gotham, and in
 ' all these parts, the accuser, because it is his na-
 ' tural propensity to think the worst of every
 ' man. Though the implement has a very great
 ' estate, the poverty of his soul is such, that he
 ' will do any thing for a further penny. He
 ' condescends to audit part of the rents of Sir
 ' ANTHONY's estate, and though born to a
 ' better fortune than the knight himself, is his
 ' utter slave. His business about him is to find
 ' out somebody, or other for him, from time to
 ' time, on whom to exercise his great power and
 ' interest. PETER has the very look of a wicked
 ' one of low practice. PETER is made for a lur-
 ' cher; and as being a creature of prey, he rises to
 ' the object he aims at, as if he were going to
 ' spring at some game; but he flinks, as you may
 ' have seen a cur at once exert and check his little
 ' anger when he sees a strange mastiff. Natu-
 ' ralists say all men have something in their af-
 ' fect of other animals, which resemble them
 ' in constitution. PETER's countenance dis-

covers

covers him a creature of small prey; it is a mixture of the face of a cat, and that of an owl. He has the spiteful eagerness of the former, blended with the stupid gravity of the latter. He stood behind a post all the while he was talking, and groped it as if he were feeling for hobnails. All that he said was so extravagant, wild, and groundless, and urged with a mien so suitable to the falsehood and folly of it, that I was rather diverted than offended at BRICKDUST. When from another quarter of the hall, placed just under a gallery, there stood up the knight's brother. It is impossible to express the particularity of this gentleman. His mien is like that of a broken tradesman the first day he wears a sword; his aspect was sad, but rather the face of a man incapable of mirth, than under any sorrow, and yet he does not look dull neither, but attentive to both worlds at once, and has in his brow both the usurer and the saint. I observed great respect paid to him; but methought some leavings of conscience made him look somewhat abashed at the great civilities which were paid him. He roundly asserted I was not worth a groat, and indeed made it out in a moment; for, by some trick or other, he had got in his custody all the writings which make out the title to my estate.

‘What

' What made this whole matter the more ex-
 ' travagantly pleasant was, that there is an odd
 ' droning loudness in the brother's voice, which
 ' made a large Irish Greyhound open at every
 ' pause he made. That great furly creature,
 ' made so docile and servile, was to me matter
 ' of much entertainment and curiosity. The
 ' knight's brother, I assure you, spoke with a
 ' good steady impudence, and having been long
 ' inured to talk what he does not mean, he
 ' looks as if he meant what he said.

' The pleasantry of this excellent farce is,
 ' that all these fellows were bred Presbyterians,
 ' and are now set up for High Churchmen.
 ' They carry it admirably well, and the partizans
 ' do not distinguish that there is a difference be-
 ' tween those who are of neither side, from
 ' generous principles, and those who are dis-
 ' interested only from having no principles at
 ' all. The knight himself was not in the
 ' country, but is expected every day; they say he
 ' is a precious one. They make me expect he
 ' will treat me after another way. His manner
 ' is very droll; he is very affable, and yet
 ' keeps you at a distance; for he talks to every
 ' body, but will let nobody understand him.
 ' Here is a gentleman in the country, a good
 ' intelligent companion, that gives me a very
 ' pleasant idea of him: he says, he has seen
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him go through his great hall full of company, and whisper every man as he passed along; when they have all had the whisper, they have held up their heads in a silly amazement, like geese when they are drinking: but perhaps more of this another time; you would marry me into this goodly house!

‘I thank you for nothing, dear Sir,

‘and am your humble servant for that.’

‘P. S. Here is a story here, that Mr. WHAT-D’YE-CALL laughs at all they pretend to do against him, and is prepared for the worst that can happen. To inure himself to be a public spectacle, they say, he *rid* an hour and a half, at noon-day, on Wednesday last, behind Charles the First at Charing cross.’

*** FLYING POST, March 27, 1714. “We have now farther evidence how sure some folks were that Mr. STEELE would be expelled, &c. for not only the French ambassador was let into the secret, but even Mr. S—r, his cheese-monger, by the Seven Dials, who laid 100*l.* to a shilling, on the 17th instant, and put half a crown into an apothecary’s hands to confirm the wager, that the Commons would send STEELE to the Tower, which he said was too good for him.” N^o 3468.

The famous powder for the hair, which infallibly changes red or grey hair into a fine jet black, or agreeable light or dark brown; and also an oil, which for its extraordinary qualities, far exceeds every thing yet known of the kind. It certainly makes the hair grow, though the person never had any before, and thickens it when thin, either in young or old, without giving any offence to the head. The powder 2*s.* and 6*d.* the box, the oil 5*s.* the bottle. To be sold only at the Temple Exchange Coffee-house in Fleet-street. POST BOY, June 26, 1714. Z. Z. L. L. L. N^o 2985.

G

Tuesday,

N^o 12. Tuesday, March 23, 1714.

When love's well tim'd, 'tis not a fault to love,
The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise,
Sink in the soft captivity together.

PORTIUS *in* CATO.

THE following letter, written in the finest Italian female hand, as beautiful as a picture or draught of a letter, rather than the work of a pen, in the finest small gilt paper, when opened, diffused the most agreeable odours, which very suddenly seize the brains of those who have ever been sick in love. There is no necessity on such an occasion as this, that the epistle should be filled with sprightly expressions. The fold of the letter, the care in sealing it, and the device on the seal, are the great points in favours of this kind from the fair; for, when it is a condescension to do any thing at all, every thing that is not severe is gracious. As soon as I looked upon the hand, my poor fond head would needs persuade itself that it came from Mrs. PAGE; but I read, and found it was the
acknow-

acknowledgment of an obligation, I have not merit enough ever to be capable of laying upon any; the letter is thus,

‘ Mr. MYRTLE,

March 19, 1714.

‘ SINCE you have taken upon yourself the province of Love, all transactions relating to that passion most properly belong to your Paper. I beg the favour of you to insert this my epistle in your very next, in order to give the earliest notice possible of my having received very great favour and honour done to me, by some one to whom I am more obliged than it can ever be in my power to return. I beg therefore that you will insert the following advertisement, and you will oblige (though unknown)

‘ Your servant, and great admirer,

‘ A. B.’

“ A certain present, with a letter from an unknown hand, hath been very safely delivered to the party to whom directed.”

It is the nicest part of commerce in the world, that of doing and receiving benefits. Benefits are ever to be considered rather by their quality than quantity; and there are so many thousand circumstances, with respect to time, person, and place, which heighten and allay the value, that

even in ordinary life it is almost an impossibility to lay down rules on this subject; because it alters in every individual case that can happen, and there is something arises in it, which is so inexplicable, that none but the persons concerned can judge of them, and those, as well as all other persons, are incapable of giving judgment in their own case. All these circumstances are still more intricate in that part of life which is naturally above the rules of any laws, and must flow from the very soul to be of any regard at all, and are more exquisitely valuable and considerable, as they proceed more or less from affection, without any manner of respect to the intrinsic worth of what is given, and it is indifferent whether it be a bit of ribband or a jewel. The Lover in the comedy is not much thinks absurd, where he prates of his rules and observations on this subject.

‘ You must entertain women high, and bribe
 ‘ all about them. They talk of OVID and his
 ‘ Art of Loving; be liberal, and you outdo his
 ‘ precepts.—The art of Love, Sir, is the art of
 ‘ giving.—Be free to women, they’ll be free to
 ‘ you. Not every open-handed fellow hits it
 ‘ neither. Some give up lap-fulls, and yet
 ‘ never oblige. The manner, you know, of
 ‘ doing a thing, is more than the thing itself.—

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Some drop a jewel, which had been refused if bluntly offered.

• Some lose at play what they design a present.

The skill is, to be generous, and seem not to know it of yourself, it is done with so much ease; but a liberal blockhead presents a mistress as he would give an alms.

I intend all this upon the passion of Love within the strictest rules; but benefits and injuries cannot touch to the quick, till the passion is arrived to such a height as to be mutual. Before that, all presents and services are only the offerings of a slave to a tyrant; it is therefore necessary, to make them worthy to be received, to shew that they proceed from affection, and that all your talents are employed in subserviency to that affection. The skill and address which is used on these occasions in conveying presents, or doing any other obliging thing, is for this reason much more regarded than the presents or actions themselves. I knew a gentleman who affected making good company chearful, and diverting himself with a whimsical way he had of laying particular obligations upon several ladies by the same action, and making each believe it was done for her sake. Thus he would make a ball, and tell one he wished she would give him leave to name for whom it was principally intended: another,

that he was overjoyed to see her there, for that he was sure, had she not, nobody else would have been there that evening. He would whisper a third, who was brought thither by a relation, and without being named, “ And did your “ cousin believe she introduced you hither ? there “ is a gentleman yonder said, she came with you, “ and not you with her.” By this wily way he was by all esteemed the most obliging fine gentleman ; that was so genteely said, and the other thing so prettily contrived, that who but **CHARLES MYRTLE** with all the fair and delightful, in his time. About his flourishing years the stage had a particular liveliness, owing to this passion, but too often to this passion abused and misrepresented. **OTWAY**, who writ then, exposed, in his play of “ Venice preserved,” the bounty of a silly disagreeable old sinner, who at that time was a great pretender to politicks, in which he was the most ungainly creature, and nothing could be more ridiculous than **ANTONIO** (for so he calls him) a Politician, except **ANTONIO** a Lover. This grim puzzled lecher is thus treated by his **AQUILINA**, whom he keeps and visits : in one of those lovely moments she says to him, “ I hate you, detest you, loath “ you, I am weary of you, I am sick of you— “ crazy in your head, and lazy in your body ; “ you love to be meddling with every thing, and “ if

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if you had not money you are good for nothing." This imperious wench of this fribbing politician was in the interests of those who were then attempting to destroy his country; she rates him in behalf of Pierre, who is her favourite, and is then plotting the destruction of Venice. "—— Where's my lord, my happiness, my love, my god, my hero?" This contemptible image represents, in a very lively manner, how offensive every endeavour to please is in the man who is in himself disagreeable; poor ANTONIO, to satisfy an amorous itch, must not only maintain his wench, but support every ruffian in her favour that is an enemy to his country; which will for ever be the fate of those who attempt to be what Nature never designed them, Wits, Politicians, and Lovers.

But I will break off this discourse, to oblige a neighbour, who writes me the following letter.

' Good Mr. MYRTLE,

' AS I am your near neighbour, within two doors of the LOVER'S LODGE, and within the sound of your melodious bass-viol, I cannot better express my gratitude for that favour you do my ears, than by inviting you to divert your eyes in my large gallery, which is

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' now

' now garnished from top to bottom with the
 ' finest paintings Italy has ever produced: I
 ' dare promise myself you will find such variety,
 ' and such beautiful objects, of both history
 ' and landscape, profane and sacred, that it will
 ' not only be sufficient to please and recreate
 ' the sight, but also to yield satisfaction and
 ' pleasure to your mind, and instructive enough
 ' to inform and improve every body's else.
 ' When you have well viewed and considered
 ' the whole collection, then I am to leave it to
 ' you, whether you will not think it may be
 ' of use to the readers of your LOVER (which
 ' I understand is to come out to-morrow, very
 ' luckily for me the day before my sale begins)
 ' to recommend the viewing of my collection
 ' to them, as a very agreeable and instructive
 ' amusement to all persons in love. But this,
 ' and every thing else that may concern me or
 ' my collection, I leave to Mr. MYRTLE's judg-
 ' ment, and known readiness to serve mankind
 ' in their particular stations of life. I am, Sir,

' Your most obedient,

' and obliged humble servant,

' JAMES GRAME.'

Thursday,

N^o 13. Thursday, March 25, 1714.

Multi de magnis, per somnum, rebu' loquuntur. LUCR.

THE strong propensity that, from my youth, I have have had to love, hath betrayed me into innumerable singularities, which the insensible part of mankind are apt to turn into ridicule. The astonishing accounts of sympathy, fascination, errantry, and enchantments, are thereby become so familiar to me, that my conversation, upon those subjects, hath made several good people believe me to be no better than I should be. My behaviour hath heretofore been suitable to my opinions. I have lost great advantages by waiting for lucky days; and have been looked upon severely by fair eyes, while I expected the benign aspect of my stars. Many a time have I missed a ball, for the pleasure of walking by a purling stream; and chose to wander in unfrequented solitudes, when I might have been a king at "questions and commands." It is well known what a prospect I had of rising by the law, if I had not thought
it

it more noble to fill my study with poems and romances, than with dull records, and mutable acts of parliament. I intend, at some convenient season, to communicate to the publick a catalogue of my books; and shall, every now and then, oblige the world with extracts out of those manuscripts, which love and leisure have drawn from my pen. I have a romance, in seven neat folios, almost finished; besides novels, ditties, and madrigals innumerable. The following story is collected out of writers in so learned a language, that I am almost ashamed to own it. I must say for my excuse, that it was compiled in my twentieth year, upon my leaving the university, and is adapted to the taste of those who are far gone in romance; not to mention the several morals that may be drawn from it. I have thought fit to call it,

The Dreams of ENDYMION.

THE night was far advanced, and sleep had sealed the eyes of the most watchful lovers, when on a sudden a confused sound of trumpets, cymbals, and clarions, made all the inhabitants of Heraclea start from their beds in terror and amazement. An eclipse of the moon was the occasion of this uproar; and a mixt multitude of all ages and conditions ran directly to the top
of

of Mount Latmos, with their instruments of music, to assist the fair planet, which they imagined either to have fainted away, or to have been forced from her sphere by the power of magical incantations. As soon as they had restored her to her former beauty, they returned home with joy and triumph, to take that benefit of repose which they thought their piety deserved. Only CLEANDER, the amorous CLEANDER, gave himself up to his musings, and, wandering through the trees that cloath Mount Latmos, insensibly reached the summit of the mountain. He was feeding his eye with the fine landskip that was spread before him, when he heard a languishing voice utter these words intermixt with sighs; "Cruel goddess, why wilt thou make me wretched by the remembrance of my happiness!" "Ye powers," said CLEANDER to himself, "is not that the voice of ENDYMION?" He had no sooner said this, than he crept along whither the voice directed him, and saw to his inexpressible astonishment the following spectacle. This strange object was a man stretched at length on a declivity of the mountain, with his arms across his breast, and his eyes levelled at the moon. "Thou fair regent of the moon," said he, "after the enjoyment of a goddess, why wilt thou degrade thy lover, and throw him back to Mount Latmos and mortality?" "Ah,

“ Ah, inconstant ! thou thinkest no more of
 “ ENDYMION.” “ It is he, it is he,” cried CLE-
 ANDER, “ it is ENDYMION, or the ghost of my
 “ friend.” With these words he ran to him,
 and caught him in his arms with the warmest
 expressions of transport. If CLEANDER was
 overjoyed, ENDYMION was no less ; and their en-
 dearments had lasted a long time, if CLEAN-
 DER’s curiosity had not spurred him to learn the
 cause of ENDYMION’s long absence from Hera-
 clea, his adventures, and the reason of his odd
 complaints. After repeated entreaties, EN-
 DYMION delivered himself in the following
 manner.

You may remember, that my frequent con-
 templation of the heavens had gained me the
 reputation of a great astronomer, amongst the
 sages of Heraclea. But, had there not been
 more powerful motives, I had not, for thirst of
 knowledge, abandoned the good-natured ladies
 of our city, with so much youth and vigour
 about me. You must know, that I had so often
 dreamt that DIANA looked kindly on me, that I
 went to her temple at Ephesus to learn the will of
 the goddess. I was surprized to find her famous
 statue there entirely to resemble the lovely
 image that had a thousand times smiled on me,
 in my visions. The succeeding night I bribed
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the priestess with a considerable sum, to let me pass the time within the temple. After I had said whatever a violent passion could inspire, I fell in a trance before the shrine that encompassed her statue, and to my inexpressible joy saw the goddess descend, and bid me ask her, with a smile, whatever I desired. 'Bright goddess,' said I, 'were I to have my wish, I would beg that the pleasure, I now enjoy, might be eternal. But, since that is too much, give me, I pray thee, a seat among the stars, that may place me ever in thy view, and nearest to thy chariot. Or, if the number of the stars be compleat, and the destinies deny me this, grant me at least to be wholly thine upon earth, and disdain not the present that I make thee of myself.' 'Whether in heaven, or in earth,' answered the goddess, 'I will lose no opportunity to gratify thee.' Scarce had she uttered these words, but I lost the sight of her, and only heard the sound of her quiver, as she turned and glided away.

I related my vision the next morning to EVADNE the priestess, who expressed great joy at my success, and, having sprinkled me with water from the sacred fountain, and spoken mysterious words, dismissed me with a viol of powerful juices, and instructions how to use it. According to her commands, I repaired to this
mountain,

mountain, where having drunk off the enchanted draught, I lay stretched upon the ground, and fixed my eyes with delight on the moon. Suddenly, methought, the heavens were cleft, and an ivory chariot, drawn by horses, or dragons, took me up, and whirled me over cities, rivers, forests, and oceans, in a moment of time. I was, at length, set down in the middle of a wood, where the face of nature was more delicious than the imagination of poets or painters have yet described. I had not walked long before I heard the voices of women, and at my drawing near I perceived DIANA in the midst of her nymphs. The beautiful virgins were placed round her, under the shadow of trees: some of them lay stretched on the grass, others were viewing themselves in the streams: here was one sharpening the point of an arrow, there another was stroaking a hound: their horns were hung upon the boughs, and their bows and quivers were carelessly scattered upon the ground. The queen herself was less distinguished by her golden bow and silver crescent, than by that beauty which had long held me captive. I rustled a little too eagerly through the boughs where I had concealed myself, when a nymph that stood near her, casting a look towards me, cried out, "A man! a man!" At that

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word one of the oldest of the virgins bent her bow at me, and had shot me through the heart, if DIANA had not seasonably interposed. "Hold," cried the goddess, "if he must die, let him die by my hand. Give me," continued she, "the bundle of arrows that CUPID presented me with the other day, when we hunted in the Idalian grove." A pretty young nymph having put them in her hands, she threw arrow after arrow at me, till I had received a hundred wounds, which conveyed such a subtle poison into my blood, that I lost my sight, staggered, and fell down dead. I had not lain long in that condition, when, to my great amazement, I found myself in the arms of DIANA, drest after the manner of her nymphs: and I saw the light and her eyes at the same time. I found, after that, she had used that seeming cruelty to conceal our loves; and thenceforward I passed for one of her sex, and was looked upon as the favourite nymph of her train. My days were spent in those sports which she takes pleasure in. How often have we ranged the desarts of Hyrcania! how agreeably have we wandered on the banks of Peneus or Eurotas! how many lions have we coursed in Getulia! how have we panted after the swiftest deer in Crete, and pursued the tigers of Armenia! but our nights—To what a pitch of glory and happiness was I raised!

raised ! how much happier yet were my lot, if the mouth that tasted were allowed to reveal my joys ! but, oh CLEANDER ! what shall we think of the other sex, when I shall have assured thee, that goddesses themselves are inconstant ? It is in the nature of females to be suddenly hurried from one extreme to another. Love or hate wholly possesses them ; they have no third passion. What they will, they will absolutely, and demand unlimited obedience. They are ever prepared to shew how little they can value their lovers, and sacrifice what was once held dear, to their ambition and thirst of dominion. When they cease to love, they endeavour to persuade us, by coldness and flighting usage, that we never were beloved. But, not being able to impose so far upon our understanding, and to give the lie to our senses, they endeavour to make us lose the memory, as they have lost the desire of possession. After so long a course of sighs, vows, fidelity, submission, and whatever lovers talk of, I was hurried away from the happy regions I have described, in the same manner that I went ; and, not many hours since, found my body extended on this mountain, where the goddess descended with a veil over her face ; but, upon hearing a noise of trumpets and clarions, left me without speaking, and fled to the moon in an instant. The assurance that

I was

I was abandoned, made me vent those complaints, which were still the more just, because, after the favour of a goddess, I shall loath the faint beauties of Heraclea.

ENDYMION had no sooner spoke these words, than he and his friend were surpris'd with a loud laugh from behind a bush that grew near them. Instantly started up three young women, who had dogged CLEANDER in his solitary walk, one of which was his mistress. They ran so fast to Heraclea, that he could not overtake them; and before ten that morning, all the women of the town had had a fling at ENDYMION. Though they secretly believed his amours to be real, they had the malice to ridicule them, as the visions of a distempered imagination. Nay, these giggling gipsies had credit enough to get the poor gentleman jested into a proverb. Insomuch that if a lover blabs out the secret, the Heracleans call him a lunatick; they ask a pretty fellow that conceals his intrigues, if he hath "a mistress in the clouds?" and to boast of favours is, with them, to have the dreams of Endymion.

I could dream on much longer with great delight to myself at least, but that I am awakened by the following letter from a gentleman whom I have great reason to have an high respect for, having frequently been an eye-wit-

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ness of his behaviour, both as to love and honour. I have seen him as a Lover win by fair courtship at least fifty ladies; and as a soldier in open field obtain compleat victories always over superior numbers, and sometimes observed the whole owing to his single valour.

‘SIR,

‘I AM to have a benefit play on Monday next, and the distress of the story depending upon love, I hope it will find room in your paper. It is the Albion Queens, with the death of Mary Queen of Scotland; where that illustrious Lover, the Duke of Norfolk, rather than he will deny his flame, gives up his life. Whenever I see you, I shall do you honour*, and am, Sir, your most humble servant,

‘GEORGE POWEL.’

* See STEELE’s “Apology, &c.” and “TATLER, with Notes,” *ut supra*.

*** Just published, the ingenious and entertaining Memoirs of Count Grammont, who lived in the Court of King Charles II. from the Restoration till the year 1680, and was afterwards ambassador from the King of France to King James II.; containing the Amorous Intrigues of those two Princes, and of the Dukes of Monmouth, Buckingham, Ormond, and Hamilton; Earls of Arran, Dorset and Middlesex, Rochester, and Radnor; Mr. Churchill, now Duke of Marlborough; Col. Talbot, afterwards Earl of Tyrconnel; Mr. Germaine, Mr. Montague, Mr. Killigrew, &c.; with great variety of comical adventures and characters masterly drawn.

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N^o 14.

THE LOVER.

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N^o 14.

Saturday, March 27, 1714.

Oderint dum metuant.

Motto on Sir ANTHONY CRABTREE'S coach.

I AM to day-very busy, having a wedding suit for a gentleman, and the knots of the bride, offered to my consideration, and the wedding itself to be on Easter Tuesday; therefore the reader must be contented with this letter, all which I do not myself understand, for the entertainment of this day.

‘ Mr. MYRTLE,

‘ READING the letter in your Lover of the
‘ 20th from your friend concerning the family
‘ of the CRABTREES, I was pleased at the non-
‘ reception of your friend into that ridiculous
‘ generation; in which family, as I am told,
‘ may be found an antique record in Hebrew,
‘ proving their original. Sir Anthony is cauti-
‘ ous of shewing the manuscript; but his secre-
‘ tary, with whom I am well acquainted, and
‘ whose knowledge is great in crabbed charac-

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‘ ters,

ters, does assure me, it is writ in the prophane
ignorant style used by the Fanaticks before
the Restoration, and seems to be formed out
of the phrases of the Revelations, with many
periods ending with the sight of the beast,
and the image of the beast, and the like. I
think your friend ought to be thankful for
his deliverance: however, I cannot say Sir
Anthony was always for destroying every
thing, having once saved (not his country,
but) his house. The story is thus related by a
servant then living in the family. It seems, in
the time of Sir RALPH, father to this precious
Stick ANTHONY, there was in the family a
man that had lived long, but wickedly, under
the cloak of religion; but at length was dis-
covered to have defiled the house with a maid
servant who proved with child, which was an
abomination to Sir RALPH, who turned both
out of doors, without paying them their wages,
being considerable, and ordered the bed where-
in the crime had been committed, with the
furniture of that room, to be burnt, which
they were accordingly. The fellow thought,
by marrying the woman, he might so far in-
gratiate himself into his master's favour, as to
get their wages; but Sir RALPH was too re-
ligious to allow that any thing could be due

' to the wicked. Upon which the fellow re-
 ' solved, since he was to be a loser, his master
 ' should be no gainer; therefore, sent a mes-
 ' sage to Sir RALPH, to let him know, if he
 ' would pay him, he had something of moment
 ' to impart to him, which might be for the
 ' good of him and his family: to this the old
 ' gentleman gave ear, and being ever apprehen-
 ' sive of some plot or other against him (in which
 ' Sir ANTHONY takes much after him) resolved
 ' to pay the fellow, and have him examined;
 ' and when the great secret came out, it was, that
 ' he and the maid had lain together upon every
 ' bed in the house, and in every room; upon
 ' which the whole house and furniture was con-
 ' demned to be burnt on a certain day; but, the
 ' night before the execution, Sir ANTHONY
 ' came down to his father's, and with a high
 ' hand saved house and goods. This is the
 ' plain well-known matter of fact, and this is
 ' the first house that I ever heard of to have
 ' been so near burning by the fire of Love. I
 ' can assure you, the family is now grown much
 ' more polite; but having been bred in such
 ' strictness and formality, during the time of
 ' good Sir RALPH, both ANTHONY and his bro-
 ' ther ZACHARIAH come into a wench's cham-
 ' ber with the same air they used to enter their
 ' congregations of saints. It is an hard thing

‘ to unlearn gestures of the body, and though
 ‘ ANTHONY has quite got over all the prejudices
 ‘ of his education, not only as to superstition,
 ‘ but as to religion also, he makes a very queer
 ‘ figure, and the persecuted Sneak is still in his
 ‘ face, though he now sets up for a persecutor.

‘ If the sour behaviour and hypocrisy, which
 ‘ the enemies to Dissenters accuse them of, was
 ‘ utterly forgotten, and which by their freedom
 ‘ and more open communication with the rest
 ‘ of the world, from the Toleration, is really at
 ‘ an end, I say, if all this were wholly out of
 ‘ the memory of man, all their rancour, spite,
 ‘ and obstinacy, might be revived among the
 ‘ CRABTREES. This particular, however, is to
 ‘ be more emphatically enlarged upon by those
 ‘ who shall write their history, which is, that
 ‘ they are impudent to a jest. They having as
 ‘ little respect for mankind, as mankind has for
 ‘ them, they do not care how gross the thing is
 ‘ they attempt, so they can carry it. Sir AN-
 ‘ THONY wanting a cause, the last circuit, to
 ‘ keep up the face of his grandeur, and to make
 ‘ himself popular, spoke to BRICKDUST to ac-
 ‘ cuse some body for disrespect to an illustrious
 ‘ family. They could not find such a one; but
 ‘ BRICKDUST * told him of a hawker who had
 ‘ books about him writ in favour of that house.

* See N^o 11.

Sir ANTHONY said, that would do as well,
 provided they could persuade people to pro-
 nounce the books were against that interest.
 Well, they got the poor hawker in amongst
 them at a county court, and, in spite of all that
 the gentlemen of greatest honour, quality, and
 estate, could say, the cry went against the
 pedlar. There were indeed a great many
 people of sense and fashion, who are carried
 away by the CRABTREES, solicited to call out,
 that the hawker should be turned out of
 the place, when they saw, from the appear-
 ance for him, they could carry it no further.
 But they could procure nobody to do even
 this, but a natural fool, who had made sport
 at a Winchester wedding, and is every where
 as much known for an ideot, as if he had his
 Moorish dancer's habit and bells on. Thus
 between jest and earnest they turned out the
 Pedlar, for the very contrary of what the fel-
 low had done. Sir ANTHONY says, this was
 right, and still professes he is a friend to that
 family; for, says that merry cunning fellow,
 if I can bring it to that pass, that nobody shall
 dare to speak for them without my leave, I
 shall easily manage that nobody dare to be
 against them. This is, Mr. MYRTLE, the
 logick of the CRABTREES. But I know not
 how to relate half the fine things I know of

‘ Sir

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‘ them;

' them; read **SANCHO PANCHAS** government
 ' in Barataria, get **Hudibras** by heart, cast your
 ' eye upon books of dreams, incantations, and
 ' witchcrafts, and it will give you some faint
 ' pictures of the exotic and comic designs of
 ' this unaccountable race, who are (accord-
 ' ing to their own different accounts of their
 ' parts and births) occasionally Syrians, Egyp-
 ' tians, Saxons, Arabians, and every thing but
 ' Welch, British, Scotch, Irish, or any thing
 ' that is for the interest of these dominions.
 ' As you are the patron of Love, I desire to
 ' know of you, whether, after this faithful re-
 ' presentation of things, you ought to lament
 ' that your friend has been rejected by the
 ' **CRABTREES**. Your most humble servant,
 ' **EPHRAIM CASTLESOAP.**

* * In the press, and will speedily be published in octavo,
 Mr. Young's poem, intituled, "The Force of Religion: or,
 Vanquish'd Love." (Illustrated in the History of Lady Jane
 Grey.) In two books; adorned with a curious frontispiece,
 Printed for E. Curll at the Dial and Bible against St. Dunstan's
 church in Fleet-street; where may be had **The Gentleman Ac-
 comptant**; or, the **Mystery of Accompts** unfolded, and applied
 to the concerns of the nobility and gentry of England.

Just published, "**The Principles of Christianity.**" Writ-
 ten originally in Latin by John Bona, the author of the "**Guide
 to Eternity,**" and translated into English by J. E. Esq; printed
 for J. Ker, at the Middle Temple Gate in Fleet-street.

Just published, "**Love in a Wood; or, the Country 'Squire.**"
A Farce. By G. J. printed for Fred. Burleigh in Amen-corner.

Tuesday,

N^o 15. Tuesday, March 31, 1714.

Crede mihi, quamvis contemnas murmura famæ,

Hic tibi pallori, Cynthia, versus erit,

Proper.

I Should be but a very ill guide to others, in the ways of this town, if I continually kept in my lodge. I do sometimes make excursions and visit my neighbours, whose manners and characters cannot but be of great use to the youth of this kingdom, whom I propose to conduct in safety, if they will follow my advice. It is the business of a pilot to discover shoals, rocks, and quicksands, in order to land his passengers in safety. I shall take pains to hang out lights, but if those who sail after me will rather chuse to be stranded (where I have given them a signal of danger) than follow my course, their shipwreck is not to be imputed to me who lead them.

There are now in town, among the ladies who have given up all other considerations, to gratify themselves in one sort of delight, three eminent above the rest for their charms and vices. The first

first can only please novices; the second seeks only men of business, and such of them as are between fools and knaves; the third runs through the whole race of men, and has arts enough about her to ensnare them all, as well as desire enough to entertain them all. These ladies are professed courtezans, and live upon it.

The first I shall give an account of is JENNY LIPSY. All creatures of prey have their particular game, and never dream of any other. JENNY never aims at any but novices; and she makes her advances with so much skill, that she is seldom without two or three in pursuit of her, who are in their first month of a town life. I sate by her, a week or two ago, at a play: there was seated just before her a pretty snug academick, who, I observed, was destined for her entertainment that evening. There sate by her a course hoyden in a black scarff, who seemed a servant-maid stolen out with JENNY on this frolick to a play. JENNY, at every thing which passed in the play that had little sense in it, was so delighted as not to contain herself from loud laughs, but particularly checked herself, with a well-acted romp-like confusion, when she was observed by the pretty young gentleman; her maid professing, in a lower voice, she would never come abroad with her again. Many kind looks however passed be-
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tween my young gentleman and one he conceived as unskilled in the town as himself. She begged his pardon, two or three times, for pressing upon him negligently, and hoped there was no offence, in such a tone and voice, and such a natural impertinence, and want of judgement, as would have deceived any man in town but ROGER VETERANE, who suspects every thing. My young spark offered his service, at the end of the play, to see her out. JENNY said he was a stranger to her, though he looked like a civil body ; but her maid interposed, and said, if the gentleman will get us out of the crowd, there can be no harm, since she would keep with her.

The second woman of consideration is that artful shy dame madam TWILIGHT. This lady has got a step or two in age, experience, and address, beyond Miss JENNY above-mentioned. She has been above these ten years known for what she is ; but she has preserved such a decency in her manners, and has so little frolick in her temper, that every lover takes it she is as much pleased with him, as he with her. TWILIGHT therefore has passed her ten years libertinism in short marriages, rather than different riots. The many gallants whose relict she is, treat her with civility and respect where-ever they meet her ; and every man flatters himself
it

it is the necessity of her affairs made her take such a loose, but she certainly loved nobody but him. TWILIGHT, as I said, is never outrageously joyful, but can comply with a whisper, and retire very willingly with great reluctance, seldom discovering desire enough to overcome the confusion to which her compliance obliges her. But I must leave her character half drawn, and in the dress she often affects, a veil, to hasten to her who gives me most disquiet of any of her sex when I am endeavouring to save the free and innocent from the slavery to which she affects to reduce all mortals, especially those of merit.

This lady, who is the heroine of to day's Paper, as well acquainted with this town as the plains of Arcadia, dignified and distinguished among the loose wanderers of Love by the name of CLIDAMIRA DUSTGOWN, is mistress of the whole art of women; she can do what she pleases, with whom she pleases, and I have not yet known any one that could save himself from her but by flight. She can, as occasion serves, be termagant and haughty, if the follower is in his nature servile; then again so humble and resigning to those who love and admire none but themselves! She can lead the conversation among raw youths who are proud of being admitted into her company, and will lisp and grow

so girlish, and prevail upon hardened and experienced rakes of the town, who are above hurting any thing but innocence. CLIDAMIRA is a female rake; the male ones, I just now observed, affect mostly to have to do with the innocent, and CLIDAMIRA's passion is to deceive and bubble the knowing. To indulge this humour in herself, she has all the learning of a spark of the town, is deep in miscellany poems, plays, novels, and romances; has, all the winter, copies of the verses, scandals, and whispers which are brought forth in London and Westminster; all the summer, those produced at Epsom, Tunbridge, and the Bath; her lewdness is as great, and her understanding greater than that of any of her admirers: by the force of the latter she is as much courted, even by those who have had her (as the phrase is) as the finest woman whose charms are yet untasted; her skill is such, that her practice in wickedness has not at all made her hypocrisy of innocence appear aukward or unlovely, but she can be any thing she ever was to those who like what she was better than what she is, the most accomplished, frolic, and dissolute of all wenches. What makes me have no patience with madam DUSTGOWN is, that she is now laying all her snares, and displaying all her charms, to withdraw my heart from Mrs. PAGE.

But

But she shall die; I will sacrifice her, to gain a smile for that merit from my own incomparable fair-one.

CLIDAMIRA has at this time three different keepers; a rich citizen, whom she has orders, upon occasion, to write to in the style of a widow who wants his charity; a married man of quality, whom she is to address so as that his lady, who is as jealous as a statesman, and admires her lord for the finest gentleman in the world, might read it; her third is a gentleman learned in the laws, whom she writes to as his client, when she has a mind to raise small sums to support her lavish gallant who lives upon gratifying her real passion, and sharing the hire of her prostitution. It was necessary last week her dear comrade should have a fine horse he had seen; she levied the price of him upon her slaves by the following method. She writes,

To her City Friend.

SIR,

DID I not know what acts of charity your worship daily does, and that your good lady is as inclined to do good as yourself, I should not take this liberty to move your compassion to the widow and fatherless. If your worship's
business

' business should divert you from taking notice
' of this according to direction here under-writ-
' ten, I shall presume to wait upon your lady
' myself. I am, &c.'

The latter circumstance, being a threat, im-
mediately produced a largess above her ordinary
salary.

The great skill is to write letters that may
fall into any hands, even a wife's, and discover
nothing. Her style to my Lord was thus :

' MY LORD,

' IS it possible you can doat with so much con-
' stancy on the charms of a wife, to be blind
' to the thousand nameless things that I do and
' say before you, even in her presence, to reveal
' a passion too strong to be smothered?'

My lady pouts ten days after the intercept-
ing such a billet, misinterprets every look and
sentence of every friend she has, and keeps my
Lord waking till he has dived into the matter,
and fined for his quiet to CLIDAMIRA.

Her worthy chamber counsel is captivated
at the prodigious wit of the creature, when she
sends a bundle of old parchments from widow
LACKITT, and has them lodged with his clerk
with a couple of guineas, and underwrites she
will give him his brief at her own lodgings.

The

The busy creature, who is in joy when he is not actually taking pains, is so exquisitely exalted at the wit, cunning, and address, of deceiving that notable deep discernor his own clerk, that, for fear of appearing too dull for an hint himself, cash is immediately conveyed to his client, as left with him from the person who is to lend the money upon the mortgage. Thus the sly thief shows, though he is a man of business, if he would give his mind to it, he could be as notable a gallant as the best. She is accommodated, and her counsel is cheated in raptures.

* * Richard Steele, Esq; is turned out of the office of Commissioner of Stamps; and Charles Vivian, Esq; succeeds him. Post-Boy, Jan. 9, 1713-14.

* * Just published, the second edition of a poem entitled, "A Letter from Mr. Jacob Bickerstaff, nephew to Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq; occasioned by the death of Queen Anne, to a Gentleman in Holland." Price 3d. Flying Post, N^o 3542, Sept. 16, 1714.

* * Notwithstanding the repeated impertinence of The CONTROLLER, and the threatened point of a secret dagger in the dark, under personal nominations as expressed in his paper; Mr. Castleton, at the Penny-post-office, is ready to produce the Essay towards a coalition of parties in Great Britain; and by Saturday hopes to publish several vindications against the Spectator. *Ibidem*, Sept. 17, 1714.

* * Just published "The STEELEIDS, or the Trial of Wit," a poem by John Lacy, Esq; the author also of the Ecclesiastical and Political History of Whig Land, with the character of a late Ecclesiastical Historian [Steele]. Post-Boy, Aug. 5, 1714.

N^o 16. Thursday, April 1, 1714.

— Some grains of sense
Still mixt with vollies of impertinence.

ROCHESTER'S Poems.

THE writer of the following letter being a person, if you will believe his own story, the most impertinently crossed in love that ever any mortal was, and allowing his letter to fit only for one day in the year; I have let him have his will, and made it the business of this.

'MR. MYRTLE,

'SINCE I writ my last to you, wherein I gave you some account of the confounded usage which I met with from the mischievous and ridiculous race of the CRABTREES*, I have made it my business to enquire into and consider the arts and stratagems, by which a people so like in genius to the *Cercopithec*i† should so long be suffered to impose upon many wise,

* See LOVER, N^o 11, N^o 14. and notes.

† The inhabitants of the Island Pithecusa, who were very fraudulent and mischievously deceitful; hence arose the poetical fiction, that Jupiter turned them into apes.

I

' brave,

' brave, and learned gentlemen in this county.
 ' After much deliberation with myself, I am
 ' come to this resolution, that all their successes
 ' are owing to a certain graceless impudence in
 ' themselves, and an unmanly modesty in others.
 ' There is nothing but they will attempt, from
 ' their want of deference to the rest of the
 ' world; and there is nothing but others seem
 ' ready to suffer, from a too great sensibility of
 ' what the world will think of them. Among
 ' other the extraordinary circumstances by which
 ' this race is signalized, I am most diverted with
 ' their superstition; they are, you must know,
 ' great observers of lucky and unlucky days;
 ' and Sir ANTHONY, whose great talent lies in
 ' making fools of mankind, chuses on the first
 ' of April to settle his schemes for the ensuing
 ' year; and yet, with all the hurry which he
 ' eternally appears in, he is the laziest thief liv-
 ' ing. One of his propositions for management
 ' is, to affect bustle, and avoid business: this,
 ' with several other as wise maxims, is set down
 ' by his secretary to be entered upon the first of
 ' April next. The next to that, as I could
 ' gather it out of Mr. Secretary's COPTIC cha-
 ' racters, is, Never to look beforehand, but do
 ' as well as you can in the present moment.

' Sir ANTHONY has had great success in fol-
 ' lowing this latter position; but his noddle is

* " I
 " Swift
 Flying
 ' fo

‘ so full, by being always extricating himself
 ‘ from some present difficulty, that he has not
 ‘ time to reflect, that though men will bear
 ‘ some hardships into which they are surprized,
 ‘ they may be rouzed by repeated injuries.

‘ They tell me most incredible whimsies of
 ‘ him. Among the rest, that he shall take a
 ‘ book of humour and ridicule, and take upon
 ‘ him to draw out a scheme of politicks hid
 ‘ under those seeming pleasantries. A notable
 ‘ money-scrivener has informed me, that his
 ‘ Knighthood has conceived a mighty opinion
 ‘ of South Sea stock, not from the national and
 ‘ solid security that is given to support the in-
 ‘ terest thereof, but from the following memor-
 ‘ able passage in the 94th page of a book called
 ‘ A Tale of a Tub. Most people agree that
 ‘ piece was written for the advancement of reli-
 ‘ gion only *; but Sir ANTHONY, who sees more
 ‘ and less than any other man living, will have
 ‘ it to be a collection of politricks; and the pa-
 ‘ ragraph, upon which he grounds his kind con-
 ‘ ception of the fund abovementioned, is as
 ‘ follows.

“ The first undertaking of Lord Peter was to
 “ purchase a large continent lately said to have

* “ If there be any truth in his “ Tale of a Tub,” Dr.
 “ Swift derives the succession of his own church from the d—l.”
 Flying Post, 1712.

“ been discovered in *Terra Australis incognita*.
“ This tract of land he bought a very great
“ pennyworth from the discoverers themselves
“ (though some pretend to doubt whether they
“ had ever been there), and then retailed it into
“ several cantons to certain dealers, who carried
“ over colonies, but were all shipwrecked in the
“ voyage. Upon which Lord Peter sold the
“ said continent to other customers again, and
“ again, and again, and again, with the same
“ success.”

‘ Mr. MYRTLE, if you publish this ribaldry
‘ I now send you, be sure you chuse the day
‘ auspicious to the CRABTREES, (to wit) the first
‘ of April, a day wherein, time out of mind,
‘ people have thought fit to divert themselves
‘ with passing upon their neighbours nonsense
‘ and imposition for wit and art. But to go
‘ on; in order to amass a vast sum of money,
‘ which he designs to place in the fund, the
‘ benefits of which are so mysteriously described
‘ in the abovementioned political discourse, Sir
‘ ANTHONY has resolved to part with the most
‘ valuable manuscripts in his library, which are
‘ actually sent to town, to be sold on the said
‘ first day of April, and catalogues given *gratis*
‘ to all the Fellows of the Royal Society. The
‘ things which he expects most for are as fol-
‘ lows, Fobor Camolanthi’s Rudiments of Let-
‘ ters;

ters; being the first scrawls made by the
 said Camolanthi with his own hand, before
 the invention of writing, wherein is to be seen
 the first *B* that ever was made. The second
 curiosity is the very white wax which John a
 Gaunt had in his hand, when he made the fa-
 mous conveyance by an overt-act of biting,
 and the following words.

In witness that this is sooth,

I bite the white wax with my tooth.

The third is an Egyptiam mummy, very
 fresh, and fit to be kept as a predecessor to any
 house which is so antient as to have lost the
 records of its ancestry,

The fourth is the first hallowed slipper
 which was kissed in honour of St. Peter, who
 is reported by hereticks to have worn none
 at all himself, but to have gone a-fishing bare-
 foot. It would be endless to tell you all cir-
 cumstances of these prodigious fellows, but
 ZACHARIAH and BRICKDUST are gone post to
 London, to vouch for these antiquities. ZA-
 CHARIAH, Sir ANTHONY says, has a very
 good countenance to stand by the mummy at the
 sale, as well as to vouch for the white wax in
 the conveyance: I don't know what they may
 do with you Londoners, but they have quite
 lost themselves at Gotham, and the twelve wise
 men

‘men are ashamed of them; upon which, the
‘CRABTREES say, they will have twelve others,
‘but this is supposed to be only a bounce; for
‘the Gothamites begin to perceive, though too
‘late, that the CRABTREES are not such cunning
‘curs as they pretend, but are at the bottom
‘fools; though they set up for the other
‘character. I suppose you must have heard
‘the story of the book-man; falling upon that
‘inconsiderable fellow has explained them more
‘than any thing that ever happened; and Sir
‘ANTHONY, by all intelligent people, was
‘reckoned a Cudden for meddling with him;
‘for, say they, there were a thousand ways of
‘getting rid of him, and it was not worth doing
‘it, whatever chastisement they might put him
‘to, at the rate of exposing themselves and their
‘affairs to the examination which that impotent
‘vengeance brought upon them.

‘Thus the CRABTREES, who indeed never
‘had sense, have now lost the appearance of
‘it; and Sir ANTHONY, for these ten days last
‘past, could not get any body to whisper him,
‘when he offers it; the party attempted stands
‘full before him; and there you see poor Sir
‘ANTHONY, in a need to whisper, jerking and
‘writhing his noddle, and begging an audience
‘of a Staret who stands in the posture of a man

“stiff

' stiff with amazement, that he had not found
 ' him out before. If you will turn to the next
 ' page to that I quoted above, to wit, the next
 ' to the 94th, (which phrase I own I steal from
 ' Juvenal's *Volueris à prima quæ proxima*,) you
 ' will find that Sir ANTHONY stole the manner
 ' of his levy from Lord Peter's invention of
 ' erecting a whispering-office, for the public
 ' good and ease—of all—Eves-droppers, Phy-
 ' sicians, Midwives, small Politicians, Friends
 ' fallen-out, repeating Poets, Lovers happy or
 ' in despair, Bawds, Privy Counsellors, Pages,
 ' Parasites, and Buffoons.—An ass's head was
 ' placed so conveniently, that the party might
 ' easily with his mouth accost either of the
 ' animal's ears. The other parts of that para-
 ' graph are too coarse to be repeated. Sir AN-
 ' THONY is mightily afraid his dear relations
 ' will hardly get safe back again to him; and
 ' therefore, like the country fellow who said,
 ' "it was pity there was not an act of parliament
 ' "against all foreigners that should pretend to
 ' "invade this land," he has given them a pass,
 ' which he thinks will be of as much force
 ' all over England, as it would lately have
 ' been in this county where he is a justice.
 ' There is one particular pleasant clause in
 ' it, wherein he requires all people, notwith-

‘ standing their looks, to let them pass for
 ‘ honest men.

‘ ZACHARIAH disputed carrying that clause,
 ‘ and said he was sure nobody could take him
 ‘ for any other; but Sir ANTHONY over-ruled
 ‘ him, and in his sneering way said, it could do
 ‘ him no harm to have it about him: which is
 ‘ all at present,

‘ From the most unfortunate of Lovers,

‘ RICARDETTO LANGUENTI.’

*** We hear that her Majesty was pleased this day to touch upwards of 200 persons for the *Evil*, the Lord Bishop of Exeter [Offspring Blackall] reading the office appointed for the purpose. DAWKES’S “News-letter,” March 30, 1714.

*** March 21, 1714. A woman was executed at Vienna, for striking a crucifix, her right hand being first cut off, and then her head. *Ibidem*.

*** Yesterday morning Sir George Newland, one of the members of Parliament for this city, unfortunately threw himself out of his window in Salisbury Court, in Fleet-street, and died immediately. He had many years since received a contusion in his head by a fall from his horse, which occasioned a melancholy disposition, returning upon him usually Spring and Fall. This being fully proved to the jury, he was brought in a lunatic, *Ibidem*, March 27, 1714.

*** Last Thursday night the corps of Frederick Herne, Esq; was interred in the parish church of St. Stephen, Colman-street; the charge of this pompous funeral was at least 500l. *Ibidem*. N. B. He was Deputy Teller of the Exchequer to the Lord Mansell, and one of the Commissioners appointed to settle the commerce between us and France.

Saturday,

N^o 17. Saturday, April 3, 1714.

Who taught the parrot human notes to try,
Or with a voice endued the chattering pie?
'Twas witty want fierce hunger to appease:
Want taught their masters, and their masters these.

DRYDEN's *Perfius*.

MRS. ANNE PAGE was smiling very graciously upon me, in a dream between seven and eight yesterday morning, when three thundering knocks at my door drove the fair image from my fancy, as DIANA was hurried to the moon by the cymbals and trumpets of HERACLEA. My servant came up to me, while I was cursing the rude hand that had disturbed me; and delivered me a letter, which was given him, as he said, by a lusty fresh-coloured young man in an embroidered coat, who promised to call upon me, two days hence, at the same hour. The dread of such another noise made me break open the letter with some precipitation.

‘ Mr.

‘ Mr. MYRTLE,

‘ MY story in short is this. My father kept
‘ me under, after I came from school, and snub-
‘ bed me *consumedly*, till I was five and twenty;
‘ and then he died, and left me three thousand
‘ *per annum*. I came to London this winter,
‘ where I am to be married to a fine young lady,
‘ when I can get her in the mind. But, I do
‘ not know how, there is no pleasing of her.
‘ She hath made my heart ake so often, that I
‘ have resolved to follow somebody else; but
‘ she hath such a way with her eyes, that I can-
‘ not do without her. When I first came to
‘ town, I heard she should say, how that I was
‘ so rough! Upon which I shaved every day,
‘ and washed my hands once in half an hour,
‘ for a week together. Being informed, that
‘ she hoped I might be polished in time, I got
‘ a broad French beaver, and an embroidered
‘ coat, that cost me threescore pound. I can-
‘ not indeed blame her for complaining that
‘ I have no taste, for I have lost my sto-
‘ mach; and I entirely agree with her that I
‘ want air, for I am almost choaked in this
‘ smoaky town. But this is not all. She
‘ hath given out, that she wishes I would
‘ travel: and she told me no longer since than
‘ yester-

' yesterday, that the man she married should
 ' make the tour of Italy. Now, Sir, I would
 ' be at any expence, in building, to please her;
 ' but as for going into out-landish countries, I
 ' thank her for that. In short, she would have
 ' me out of the way. For, you must know,
 ' there is a little snipper-snapper from Oxford
 ' that is mightily in her books. I don't know
 ' how it comes to pass; but though he hath but
 ' a plain grey suit, he hath such a fawning way
 ' with him, that my mind misgives me plaguily.
 ' He hath words at his fingers ends, and I can
 ' say nothing but he has some answer or another
 ' that puts me out; and yet he talks so, that
 ' one cannot be angry neither. He always reads
 ' your LOVERS to her; and I hear her say often,
 ' that she should like such an ingenious man as
 ' Mr. MYRTLE. Now, what I desire is your
 ' advice; for, as I told you before, I cannot do
 ' without her. I am a hearty fellow; and, be-
 ' lieve me, if you do me any good, you shall
 ' have gloves, and dance at my wedding.

' Your humble servant to command,

' TIMOTHY GUBBIN.'

It falls out very luckily that I can recom-
 mend Mr. GUBBIN to a person for his purpose,
 without further risking my own repose. The
 following letter, which I received a week ago,
 shall

shall serve for an answer to his. And I further declare, that I constitute the author thereof my Esquire; according to the prayer of his petition. I have accordingly assigned him an apartment in the LOVER'S LODGE; and shall further encourage him, as I find his merits answerable to his pretensions.

‘LAUNCELOT BAYS to MARMADUKE MYRTLE.

‘Courteous Knight,

‘AS you are a professor and patron of Love,
‘I throw myself at your feet, to beg a boon of
‘you. When I have told you my story, you
‘will confess that I am the most amorous and
‘chaste of swains. I am, Sir, by profession, an
‘author, and the scene of my labours is a
‘garret. My genius leads me to Love, and I
‘have a gentle manner. When I have occa-
‘sion for money, I fancy to myself a lady, and
‘write such soft things, as you would bless
‘yourself to hear. But living at present in the
‘city, where such ware fetches but little, I
‘shall, without your assistance, fall shortly into
‘great poverty of imagination. Would you
‘believe it, Sir? I have lived this month on a
‘posie for a ring.

‘My request is, that I may be transplanted
‘from this barren soil into Covent-garden. My

'greatest ambition is to be received in the
'quality of Esquire to so courteous a knight as
'you are; to carry your pen in this your gentle
'warfare, and do the squirely offices established
'in this order of chivalry. You may not
'perhaps find me unqualified to take some
'drudgeries off your hands, which you must
'otherwise undergo; and may possibly appoint
'me sub-tutor to the British savages, before
'they approach the fair. It is thought suffi-
'cient that the taylor and dancing master have
'managed an awkward boy at his first coming
'to town: nay, upon the strength of a box of fine
'myrtle Barcelona, a young fellow, now-a-
'days, sets up for Love and Gallantry. The
'ill success of such unformed cavaliers makes
'a person of my talents necessary in a civilized
'country. You know, the ladies will be at-
'tacked in form, before they listen to terms;
'and though they do not absolutely insist upon
'hanging or drowning, they think it but de-
'cent that such attempts be made in rhyme
'and sonnet. I believe you will agree with me,
'that no woman of spirit thinks a man hath
'any respect for her, untill he hath played the
'fool in her service; and the mean opinion that
'sex hath of a poet makes any thing in metre,
'from a lover, an agreeable sacrifice to their
'vanity.

'Now,

' Now, since there are few heads turned both
 ' for dress and politeness, since witty sayings
 ' seldom break out from two rows of fine teeth,
 ' and true spelling is not often the work of a
 ' pretty hand: I propose, for the good of my
 ' country, to set up a toy-shop of written
 ' baubles, and poetical trinkets. The perfumes
 ' of flattery, the cordials of vows, the salts of
 ' wit, and the washes of panegyrick, are ranged
 ' in due order, and placed in proper receptacles,
 ' to be retailed out at reasonable prices. Here
 ' the spark may be furnished with satyrical
 ' lashes, when he has lost his clouded cane. Here
 ' he may purchase points, conceits, and repartees,
 ' as useful against an enemy as the nicest pushes
 ' his fencing-master can teach him. The most
 ' graceful bow, he can learn, shall be still im-
 ' proved by a compliment I can put in his
 ' mouth; and, to say no more, his periwig shall,
 ' by my means, be the least valuable thing upon
 ' his shoulders.

' No generous Lover will repine at my good
 ' fortune, when he hears that I get a warm coat
 ' by that which gains him the embraces of a
 ' bride. While he feasts all his senses, I shall
 ' content myself with the luxury of some meat,
 ' and much drink. Thus, an equal distribution
 ' will be made of worldly pleasures. As they
 ' become undoubtedly happy, I shall grow un-
 ' doubtedly

‘doubtedly fat; hearts will be at rest, and
 ‘dunns be paid.

‘The following list of my wares I desire you
 ‘to advertise; which will not fail, I hope, to
 ‘bring customers, and may lay a foundation
 ‘for the Commerce of Love in this trading
 ‘island.

‘Love-letters and Sonnets, by the quire, at
 ‘five guineas the prose, and ten the verse; with
 ‘allowance to those that buy quantities.

‘A set of Rhymes ready paired for any ordi-
 ‘nary amour; never used but twice.

‘The Art of Pleasing; or, Rules for Defama-
 ‘tion; with a compleat index.

‘An Apology for the Colour of a Lady’s Hair;
 ‘with a word or two in defence of White Eye-
 ‘lashes.

‘A Treatise for, and another against, growing
 ‘fat. Sharp sayings against faults which peo-
 ‘ple cannot help; with answers to each.

‘A Compliment for a Masque, and a Repar-
 ‘tee for a Rival. Neither ever spoken be-
 ‘fore.

‘An Invektive against embroidered Coats, for
 ‘the use of younger brothers; to which is
 ‘added an Appendix concerning Fringed
 ‘Gloves.

‘A List of the Heathen Goddesses, with the
 ‘colour of their hair and eyes; for the assist-

‘ance of young gentlemen, that were never at
‘the university.

‘Double Entendres, and Feeling Language,
‘collected from the works of the most cele-
‘brated poetesses of the age.

‘Vows for young Virgins, to be sold by
‘number; and Flattery for old Maids by
‘weight.

‘Raptures, Transports, and Exclamations, at
‘a crown a dozen.

‘Turtles, Fountains, Grottoes, Forests, Roses,
‘Tigresses, Rocks, and Nightingales, at com-
‘mon prices.’

*** This day is published, “The Ladies Tales,” exempli-
fied in the Virtues and Vices of the Quality. Printed for Fred.
Burleigh in Amen-Corner, price bound 2s. 6d:

*** To all my honoured Masters and Ladies; This is to
give you timely notice, that on the last Wednesday in April will
be my Feast Day, and there will be very good entertainment on
that day, and all the year after. On that day I give challenge to
ride or leap a horse, run on foot, or hallow with any woman in
England, seven younger, but not a day older, because I won’t
undervalue myself. From my Lady Butterfield, living at Wan-
sted in Essex, a mile on the other side of the Green Man. Post
Boy, March 23—25, 1714.

*** Yesterday the Right Hon. the Countess of Bridgwater,
a daughter of the Duke of Marlborough, died of the small-pox,
near the 17th year of her age. *Ibidem*, March 20—23.

Tuesday,

N^o 18. Tuesday, April 6, 1714.

Parva leves capiunt animos.

OVID.

I WAS the other night in the box of the gallery at Sir COURTLY NICE, a Comedy I never miss for the sake of the Knight himself, HOTHEAD, and TESTIMONY, all parts in themselves very diverting and excellently performed by the actors. Sir COURTLY's character exposes to an extravagance those shallow creatures, whose imaginations are wholly taken up with form and outside, and labour only at an excellence in indifferent things. To utter the words "Your humble servant," and bow with a different air each time they are repeated, makes up his whole part in as pleasant a scene as any of the comedy. This puts me amusing upon the force of being able to act fashionably in ordinary occasions, and filling up their part of the room with a tolerable good air, while there is nothing passing which engages the attention of the assembly or company to any

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one other point. It is monstrous to observe how few amongst us are able to do it, till half their life is passed away, and then at last they rather get over it as a thing they neglect, than behave themselves in it as a thing they have ever regarded. This matter is no where so conspicuous as in an assembly of men of parts, when they are got together upon any great point, as at the College of Physicians, the Royal Society, or any other place where you have had an opportunity of seeing a good many English gentlemen together. I have been mightily at a loss whether this proceeds from a too great respect for themselves, or too great deference to others; but it seems to be partly one, partly the other. Whatever the cause is, I have often seen the effect to a very great degree of pleasantry. You shall, in the instant a man is going to speak, see him stunt himself, and not rise within three inches of his natural height, but lean on one side, as if taken with a sudden *sciatica*; and it is ten to one whether he recovers, without danger of falling quite down with shifting legs; and I have known it, when a very ingenious gentleman has tried both his legs, almost to tripping himself up, and then catched at himself with his arms in the air, turned pale, and finding by this time all his speech stared out of his head by a set of ill-natured

natured curs that rejoiced in his confusion, sat down in a silence not to be broken during his life. There is no man knows, till he has tried, how prodigious tall he himself is: he cannot be let into this till he has attempted to speak in publick; when he first does it, in an instant, from sitting to standing up, the air is as much too fine for him, as if he had been conveyed to the top of the Alps. You see him gasp, heave, and struggle, like an animal in an air-pump, till he falls down into his seat, but enjoys his health well enough ever after, provided he can hold his tongue. If the intended orator stand upon the floor, I have seen him miscarry by taking only too large a step forward, and then, in the air of a beggar, who is recommending himself with a lame leg, speak such bold truths, as have had an effect just equal to the assurance with which they were uttered. A too great regard for doing what you are about with a good grace destroys your capacity of doing it at all; but, if men would place their ambition first upon the virtue of the action, and attempt things only because it is their duty to attempt them, grace of action and becoming behaviour would naturally attend truth of heart and honesty of design; but, when their imaginations are bent only upon recommending themselves, or imposing upon others,

there is no wonder, that they are seized with such aukward derelictions in the midst of their vanity or falsehood. I remember when I was a young fellow, there was a young man of quality that became an accomplished orator in one day*. The circumstance was this: a gentleman, who had chastised a ruffian for an insolence towards a kinswoman of his †, was attacked with outrageous language in that assembly; when his friend's name was ill-treated from man to man, this ingenuous youth discovered the utmost pain

* The young man of quality here alluded to was unquestionably DANIEL FINCH, eldest son to Daniel Earl of Nottingham, who was elected one of the knights of the shire for the county of Rutland in the ninth of Queen Anne, and served for the same county in all parliaments whilst he continued a commoner. See STEELE's fine letter to him, prefixed to "The Roman Ecclesiastical History of late years; printed with notes among STEELE's Letters, in 2 Vols. 1787." That letter is dated about a month after the publication of this paper; and there, and in a note, the curious may see a circumstantial relation of the incident in the life of this nobleman here hinted at, and humorously disguised. It is sufficient to observe here, that it is a compliment paid by STEELE to Lord Finch, for speaking in his favour, when he was expelled the House of Commons for the publication of the "Crisis." This nobleman was unfortunately shut out at the close of the debate, and by this accident prevented from voting, which could have been of no service to STEELE.

† The ruffian, who had used the kinswoman of Lord Finch with insolence, was the author of the "Examiner," who, in N^o 44, Vol. III. (April 24, 1713), has some gross reflections on Lady Charlotte Finch, daughter to Daniel Earl of Nottingham, afterwards Duchess of Somerset. See Mr. Addison's "Whig Examiner."

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to those that sat near him, and having more than once said, 'I am sure I could fight for him, why can't I speak for him?' at last stood up. The eyes of the whole company were upon him, and though he appeared to have utterly forgot what he rose up to speak, yet the generous motive, which the whole company knew he acted upon, procured him such an acclamation of voices to hear him, that he expressed himself with a magnanimity and clearness, proceeding from the integrity of his heart, that made his very adversaries receive him as a man they wished their friend. I mention this circumstance to shew, that the best way to do a thing as you ought, is to do it only because you ought. This thing happened soon after the Restoration; and I remember a sett of fellows, they called the new converts, were the chief speakers. It is true, they always spoke against their conscience; but, having been longer used to do so in publick (as all are gifted at their meetings), they excelled all other prostitutes in firm countenances and stiff bodies. They were indeed ridiculous, but they could bear to be ridiculous, and carried their points by having their consciences seared, while that of others lay bleeding; but I am got into chat upon circumstances of a higher nature than those of ordinary life, compliment, and ceremony. I

was speaking of Sir Courtly's, 'Your humble
'servant, madam.'

As for my part, I always approve rather those who make the most of a little understanding, and carry that as far as they can, than those who will not condescend to be perfect, if I may so speak, in the under parts of their character. Mrs. PAGE said very justly of me one day (for, you must know, I am as mute as a fish in her presence), if Mr. MYRTLE cannot speak for Love, and his mistress cannot speak out of decency, their affair must end as it began, only in dumb show. I have a cousin at the university, who lately made me a visit; I know him to want no learning, wit, or sense, if he would please to dispense it to us by retail. He can make an oration, or write a poem, but won't let us have any thing of his in small parcels. He is come indeed to bear our raillying him upon it without being surly. I asked him, if he should talk with a man who had a whole language except the conjunctions copulative, how would he be able to understand him? Small matters it is absolutely necessary to capacitate ourselves for: great occasions do not occur every moment. The Jew said very prettily, in defence of his frequent superstitious washings, and the like outward services, "I do these because I have not always opportunities to mani-
" fest

"fest my devotion in acts of virtue." I had abundance to do to make my cousin open his mouth at all. He and I, one evening, had sate together three hours without uttering a syllable. I was resolved to say nothing till he began the discourse, but, finding the silence endless, I desired him to go down with me from my Lodge, and walk with me in the piazza. We took two or three turns there in the dark in utter silence; at last said I to him, Cousin Tom, this taciturnity of thine, considering the sense I know thou hast in thee, is a vexation I can no longer endure with patience; we are now in the dark, and I cannot see how you do it: but here give me your hand, let me, while I hold you here, entreat you to exercise the use of your lips and tongue, and oblige me so far as to utter, with as much vehemence as you can, the word *coach*. My youth took my friendship as I intended it, and, as well as he could in a laughing voice, he cried *c-o-a-c-h*. Very well cousin, says I, try if you can speak it at once; with which he began to cry *coach, coach*, pulling himself out of my hand. No, says I, cousin, you shall not go till you are perfect; with that he called loudly and distinctly, insomuch that we had in an instant all the coaches from WILL's and Tom's about the portico or little piazza. The fellows began to call names, as thinking themselves abused,

since no one came to take coach : upon which one cried out, What rascals are those in the piazza? You scoundrels, said I, what are you good for but to keep your horses and selves in exercise? would you stare and stand idle at coffee-house doors all night? I went on with great fluency, in the language those charioteers usually meet with ; upon which they came down armed with whips, and my cousin complaining his sword was borrowed of another college, and would not draw, wondered I would bring myself and him into such a scrape : he had not done speaking before a whip-lash took him on the cheek ; upon which my young gentleman snatched my cane out of my hand, and found every limb about him as well as his tongue. I stood by him with all my might, and would fain have brought it to that, that my cousin might be carried before a justice, by way of exercise in different circumstances, rather than go on the insipid, dull, useless thing which an unmanly bashfulness had made him : but he improved daily after this adventure of the coachmen, and can be rough and civil as properly and with as good an air as any gentleman in town. In a word, his actions are genteel, manly, and voluntary, which he owes to the confidence into which I at first betrayed him, by the silly adventure I have now related.

Thursday,

N^o 19.

Thursday, April 8, 1714.

—*quid deceat, non videt ullus amans.* OVID.

I SHALL be mightily in arrear with my correspondents, if I do not, for some time, appoint one day in the week to take into consideration their epistles.

The first that falls into my hands, out of a bundle before me, is from an unhappy man who is fallen in Love, but knows not with whom. Take his case from his own epistle.

‘ Mr. MYRTLE,

April 3, 1714.

‘ I AM a young gentleman of a moderate
 ‘ fortune, have spent the greatest part of my
 ‘ time for these two or three years last past in
 ‘ what they call seeing the town, but am now
 ‘ resolved to marry, and forsake that unsettled
 ‘ kind of life. My thoughts are at present di-
 ‘ vided between two sisters; and as they are
 ‘ both amiable, I cannot as yet determine which
 ‘ to make my addressees to, but must beg your
 ‘ advice in this critical posture of affairs. LY-
 ‘ CINDA has sense enough, is very handsome,
 ‘ and

‘ and excellently well shaped, her eyes com-
 ‘ mand respect from all who behold them; it
 ‘ is impossible to see and not adore her; she
 ‘ dances to the greatest perfection imaginable,
 ‘ and is in short every way so well accom-
 ‘ plished, that her charms would be irresistible,
 ‘ had she not too great a mixture of pride, and
 ‘ did not self-admiration in some measure ob-
 ‘ scure the lustre of her beauty. CELIA is not
 ‘ so handsome as her sister, yet is very pretty:
 ‘ when she talks she captivates her hearers, yet
 ‘ seems wholly ignorant at the same time of her
 ‘ own charms; and when the eyes of the whole
 ‘ company are fixt on her, she, with all the in-
 ‘ nocence in the world, seems to wonder at
 ‘ their attention, and rather apprehends that
 ‘ some defect in her person or conversation,
 ‘ than any perfection in either, is the cause of
 ‘ their earnest observance. When I am with
 ‘ CELIA, her agreeable easy conversation and
 ‘ good-humour ravish my soul, and it is then I
 ‘ resolve with myself to fix my thoughts on her
 ‘ alone; but, when LUCINDA approaches, all
 ‘ my resolutions vanish, and I am CELIA’s no
 ‘ longer. I have endeavoured to search into
 ‘ my own thoughts as nicely as possible, and
 ‘ have at last discovered that it is LUCINDA I
 ‘ admire, but CELIA I love. I would therefore
 ‘ beg your advice which I ought to chuse, her,
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‘that by the delicacy of her face and shape,
 ‘and stateliness of her mien and air, enforces
 ‘my adoration; or her that by the agreeableness
 ‘of her good-humour and conversation engages
 ‘my love? An answer to this will be very
 ‘acceptable to your humble servant,

‘CHARLES DOUBT.’

The circumstance of this gentleman puts me in mind of a paper of verses in Sir JOHN SUCKLING, upon two sisters, whose beauties were so equal and so like, that they distracted the choice and approbation of their beholders. While the eyes of their admirers were taken up in comparing their several beauties, their hearts were safe by being unresolved on whom of the two to fix. That witty author on this occasion concludes,

He sure is happiest that has hopes of either,
 Next him is he that sees them both together.

My correspondent has not told me, that he has not easy access to both his young ladies; while he enjoys that, I cannot but propose the expedient of seeing them both together, as an effectual method towards coming to determination in this case, though it had the contrary effect in the case of the sisters reported by SUCKLING. If my correspondent has stated the matter

ter right, CELIA will gain ground of LUCINDA; for beauty palls by intimate conversation, but good humour and affability gain new strength the more frequently they discover themselves. I expect this correspondent, provided he goes into my method, should give me an account how he finds himself, that I may note it in my book of receipts.

The next gentleman, I find, is extremely high in his fever, for he starts from one thing to another in the present hurry of his spirits, and makes it impossible for me to give any regular judgement of his condition. I find he is but lately fallen into it, and I must observe his future letters very attentively, before I can be able to prescribe any thing for his recovery. It is the nature of his disease, in the first place, that the patients think every man delighted with their ravings. The style of the letter seems to me to be that which the learned in Love distinguish by the sublime unintelligible; but take it from himself.

Ob! Mr. MYRTLE,

‘ Had you seen her for whom my breast pants
 ‘ this moment, your ANNE PAGE had been as
 ‘ utterly no more as CLEOPATRA who ruined
 ‘ ANTHONY, or STATIRA who captivated ALEX-
 ‘ ANDER! heedless man that I was——but what
 ‘ could

' could wisdom have availed me after seeing
 ' her! as she is fair, she is also inexorable.
 ' Alas! that what moves passion should also be
 ' a check to our desires; and how miserable is
 ' his fate, who conceives despair from the merit
 ' of what inspires his admiration! Oh, dear sir!
 ' send me your advice; but I am sure I cannot
 ' follow it; and I shall not have time to shew
 ' you how much I am your humble servant,
 ' though I know I shall be yours till death,

' CINTHIO LANGUISSANTE.'

I shall end to-day's work with this notable
 piece of complaint from poor TIM. GUBBIN,
 whose lamentation you must take in his own
 words.

' Mr. MYRTLE,

' SINCE I writ to you last, I have visited
 ' this gentlewoman that I told you of, and
 ' whom I cannot be without every day in the
 ' week, except Sundays. You cannot imagine
 ' how very proud she is, and scornful, though
 ' at the same time she knows I am better born
 ' than herself; but she loves none but dis-
 ' semblers. The young spark, who I complained
 ' to you was so much in her favour, told her
 ' such a parcel of lies the other day, that I told
 ' him to his face I wondered he was not ashamed
 ' on

' on it. You must know I believe most of what
 ' he says is out of a book. I am loath to be
 ' quarrelsome; but if he talks, and makes a jest
 ' of me any longer, as I find he does, I'll make
 ' him understand that I am as good a scholar at
 ' the rapier as himself. I only speak it to you
 ' as a case of conscience, and ask you the ques-
 ' tion, whether if a man has more wit than I,
 ' and uses it against me, I may not use what I
 ' think I have more than he, against him? there-
 ' fore, if I may have your leave, I would try my
 ' young spark about the business of courage. I
 ' have told my mistress as much, but I don't
 ' know what she means; but I think she has as
 ' mad a way of talking as he, and says the way
 ' to win her is to die for her myself, and, if I
 ' won't do that, not to interrupt people who are
 ' better bred than myself, who are willing to die
 ' for her. Prythee, Mr. MYRTLE, tell me what
 ' all this means, for though I have a very good
 ' estate, I am as unhappy as if I were not worth
 ' a groat, and all for this proud minx. I am, Sir,

' Your most humble servant,

' TIMOTHY GUBBIN.'

* * In a few days will be published, "The Shepherd's
 "Week, in Six Pastorals," adorned with cuts, designed and en-
 graved by the best hands. Written by Mr. John Gay.

* * This day is published, "The Romish Ecclesiastical His-
 tory of late years." LOVER in folio, N^o 19.

Saturday,

N^o 20. Saturday, April 10, 1714.

She dropt a tear ; and, sighing, seem'd to say,
 Young maidens marry ; marry while you may.

FLATMAN:

I AM apt to believe the circumstances of the following letter are unfeigned, and therefore shall not labour to make them more entertaining by fabulous ornaments. I shall have, I dare say, enough to do in the progress of the matter, to shew my skill in Love ; therefore let the following letter lie before the town, as a plain narrative of what, I fear, will have more incidents in it than it should have, were I myself either the son or the father in the narration. I appeal to the tea-tables on the matter.

‘ Dear Mr. MYRTLE,

‘ I HAVE long had a secret (and I hope no
 ‘ criminal) ambition to appear in your writings,
 ‘ and an equal desire to be under your direction.
 ‘ If therefore you have kindness enough to gra-
 ‘ tify the vanity of an enamoured female (who
 ‘ has

' has a mind to be admired in coffee-houses,
 ' and is willing to believe, that by a little of
 ' your management she may make a tolerable
 ' figure among your Lovers), and to convince
 ' the world that you are resolved to be as good
 ' as your word, by your readiness to give
 ' your sage advice to those who need it, and
 ' humbly sue for it; I earnestly entreat you to
 ' print me off to-morrow, and at the same time
 ' to publish your opinion of the following case:
 ' for the gentleman, who next myself is most
 ' concerned in it, has perused the letter I now
 ' presume to send you, and has positively de-
 ' clared he will stand to your determination.

' Mr. CARELESS is a gentleman of the Middle-
 ' Temple: he was sent thither very young to
 ' study the law. He has a vivacity in all his
 ' words and actions, which has acquired him
 ' the esteem and good graces of a great many
 ' of our sex. This kind of happiness made him
 ' entirely neglect the chief design which brought
 ' him up to London. Coke upon Littleton
 ' grew mouldy and dusty in his solitary study,
 ' while he shined among the ladies in his coat
 ' turned up with velvet, and negligently graced
 ' with oil and powder. He better knew how
 ' to write a *billet-doux* than to engross a bill,
 ' and he was much more expert in repeating
 ' scraps of plays, than in wording a petition.

' A

A certain art he has, of saying the most common things after an extraordinary manner, was of very great use to him in effectually recommending him to those ladies, who are fond of that kind of innocent mirth which keeps virtue always in danger, and consequently alarmed, and not in a stupid security which tends neither to virtue or vice.—But, alas! where am I going?—I ask ten thousand pardons, dear Mr. MYRTLE, for this long preamble. What I am going to consult you in is this. I am a young woman who have been but fourteen these three years past (though to you I may venture to own, that I was six and twenty the 1st day of May last). My father was an officer in the army, and though pretty well stricken in years, yet no man was a greater encourager of mirth and diversion than himself: this turn of humour in the good old man made him extremely pleased with Mr. CARELESS; and unless the business of his family required his more serious attention, he thought his hours passed slowly on, if young CARELESS happened to be absent from our house. This gentleman's close intimacy with my father gave him frequent opportunities of being in my company; and he has often in gaiety of heart called me his MARIA, his Mistress, his Charnery, and has told me a

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' thousand

' thousand times over he was in love with me,
 ' in a way which goes for no more than ' Ma-
 ' dam, I like your company.' However, Mr.
 ' MYRTLE, you, who seem no stranger to the
 ' weaknesses incident to our sex, cannot but
 ' imagine that a single woman, and no professed
 ' enemy to matrimony, was not displeased at
 ' such-like declarations from a pretty fellow,
 ' that was young, lively, brisk, and did not
 ' want wit. Though he was thus agreeable,
 ' and I neither insensible of his perfections, nor
 ' displeased at his addresses to me, yet my
 ' modesty laid too great a restriction on me, to
 ' permit me to discover to him at first the secret
 ' satisfaction I took in hearing him praise me,
 ' and how I was delighted when I listened to
 ' the declaration of his passion. What he
 ' prattled at last began to dwell upon me; I
 ' grew afraid that all his professions of this na-
 ' ture were mere amusements to him, till one
 ' evening, when we were all very merry in the
 ' parlour dancing country dances, and playing
 ' plays, he said somewhat to me in secret,
 ' which I fear I shall all my life wish I had
 ' never heard.

' I remember we were engaged at a play
 ' called ' Servants and Mistresses,' when, among
 ' the variety of gentlemen which were given
 ' me to chuse out of, I pitched upon Mr.

' CARE-

' CARELESS as a gentleman the most agreeable
' to my fancy of any in the company. Upon
' which he rose up, made me a very modest
' and respectful bow; and when, according to
' the custom of the play, he had given a very
' graceful, and methought somewhat awful
' salute, he wispered me, and wished, with a
' sigh, that he might be so happy as to be my
' choice in earnest.—I hear the words still
' tingle in my ear. I stole my eye towards
' Mr. CARELESS the whole night after; and
' if he happened to compliment any of the
' ladies, I took particular notice of her coun-
' tenance, I could not help thinking her very
' ugly, and that she did not at all deserve to
' have any thing said in her praise: if he smiled
' at my cousin, who was tolerably handsome, I
' was ready to cry; and when, in a fondling
' manner, he took my sister SALLY on his
' knee, methought my poor heart grew as heavy
' as lead. Well! certainly my inquietudes all
' that night are not, and to Mr. MYRTLE need
' not, to be described.—But, Mr. MYRTLE, to
' make short of my story, by mutual endear-
' ments and a reciprocal desire to please, Mr.
' CARELESS and I, from that time forward, be-
' came lovely and agreeable in each other's eyes.
' I thought myself happy in his company, and
' a sight of him never failed to fill me with the

' most ravishing delight. He would often dis-
 ' course to me of marriage, and long till he
 ' was of age that he might have me all his own.
 ' I conversed with him as with the man who
 ' was to have been my companion for life. I
 ' seldom dressed but on the day I expected a
 ' visit from him. Thus we lived and loved,
 ' for some months, till the malicious world
 ' talked of our behaviour, and made Mr.
 ' CARELESS's father acquainted with our whole
 ' proceedings. He sends for his son. Oh Mr.
 ' MYRTLE ! how shall I describe my concern for
 ' his departure ! I dreaded his father's power
 ' over him, and trembled when I considered
 ' that his father, who was able to leave him a
 ' good fortune, might possibly awe him into a
 ' neglect of me. Mr. CARELESS leaves me and
 ' London, in obedience to his father's command.
 ' As soon as he got home, he sent me word, his
 ' father severely menaced him, and swore so-
 ' lemnly he would not leave him a groat if he
 ' continued to love me, or entertained the least
 ' thought of making me his wife.

' In Mr. CARELESS's absence my father and
 ' mother both die ; and I survived them, an
 ' orphan of a very slender fortune ; Mr. CARE-
 ' LESS writes a second letter, wherein he lets
 ' me know, that his father persists in his reso-
 ' lution ; however, he assures me, that, if I
 ' pleased,

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‘pleased, he would post to London unknown
‘to the old man, and there marry me. I now
‘had a difficult card to play. I reasoned thus:
‘that if I took Mr. CARELESS at his word, I
‘should thereby prove the unhappy instrument
‘of making him guilty of disobedience, and,
‘by incurring his father’s displeasure, put his
‘fortune in danger. I thought it would be no
‘argument of my affection to involve the young
‘man, I pretended to love, in these dangers.
‘After some struggle, my passion gave way to
‘prudence; and I resolved to lose my Lover,
‘rather than take him at the expence of his
‘fame or discretion. After I had wept heartily,
‘I writ him a letter in the style of one who had
‘never loved. I told him, I believed it most
‘adviseable to lay aside the thoughts of a match
‘which was attended with many difficulties,
‘and could not but prove a very disadvanta-
‘geous one to him, and, if his father remained
‘irreconcilable, to me too. Mr. CARELESS
‘followed my advice; he commended my free-
‘dom, ceased to be my Lover, but continued
‘to be my friend ever since.

‘Mr. CARELESS is now at age, unmarried,
‘has attained to a plentiful fortune without the
‘assistance of his father: I am still unprovided
‘for, and confess Mr. CARELESS is this mo-
‘ment as much master of my heart as ever.

‘ Dear Mr. MYRTLE, be speedy in your deter-
 ‘ mination, and say what you think should be
 ‘ Mr. CARELESS’s sentiments towards me. I wait
 ‘ with impatience for to-morrow’s Paper, which
 ‘ is seriously to determine the fate of your con-
 ‘ stant reader,

‘ PRUDENCE LOVESICK.’

It is a very hazardous point to determine a matter attended with such nice circumstances; but, supposing the facts are honestly stated, if the father of CARELESS has any taste of merit, he ought to give his consent to a lady to whom he owes so generous a refusal of his son, rather than be his daughter, when it was incommodious to the circumstances of his family; if an accession of wealth is thrown in, which ought to be accounted as a portion sent by Providence to take off all prudential objections that stood between the young lady and her happiness, I won’t say what the son should do; but if the father does his duty, it will have the same good effect on the Lovers. Till that is refused, I shall not play the casuist in a case wherein no one can err, but with a guilt which cannot but be obvious to any man who has the least sense of humanity.

Tuesday,

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N^o 21. Tuesday, April 13, 1714.

Natio Comæda est——Juv.

I hope that people will trouble me no more with accounts of the CRABTREES*, I have admitted the following letter, though I am sick of a people so eminently made the objects of the contrary passion to that of Love.

‘SIR,’

‘I READ in your Paper, the other day, the letter of RICHARDETTO LANGUENTI, concerning the ridiculous and mischievous race of the CRABTREES. I must confess, I never thought words better put together or applied, than *mischievous* and *ridiculous*, for that unaccountable, lamentable, detestable, and every other word ending in *able*, under *tolerable*. You may see, fir, by the hand in which I write, that I am a woman; and by the style and passion, that I am an angry woman; at the same time I don’t know whether I may write myself woman, only because I am of the

* See LOVER, N^o 11. N^o 14, &c.

‘ age of twenty-nine, since I am still a maid;
 ‘ but I am sure I should have been a woman
 ‘ before now, if it had not been for this dis-
 ‘ agreeable, I would say execrable race of the
 ‘ CRABTREES. As fast and as well as my pas-
 ‘ sion will let me, I will give you an account
 ‘ of my sufferings.

‘ I am the daughter of a gentleman of 400 l.
 ‘ a year, who has several other children. Sir
 ‘ ANTHONY, always giving himself out for a
 ‘ great friend to the landed interest, as he calls
 ‘ it, has ever been in great credit with my fa-
 ‘ ther. To find portions, maintenance, and edu-
 ‘ cation, for a numerous family, my father has
 ‘ practised that natural improvement of a country
 ‘ gentleman’s estate, grazing cattle, and driving
 ‘ them to the market of London. He dealt for
 ‘ the whole with one eminent butcher in St.
 ‘ James’s Market, with whom he accompts
 ‘ once a year, and takes the payments which
 ‘ are made to the said butcher in balance of
 ‘ their accompts. You must know, there is a
 ‘ great lady in that neighbourhood, eminent for
 ‘ her justice and charity, who uses Sir ANTHONY
 ‘ as her Steward: the Knight has got a great
 ‘ estate by oppressing her tenants, and terrifying
 ‘ all people in her service with his great power
 ‘ in her. The lady above-mentioned owed
 ‘ my father’s correspondent, the butcher, a sum

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‘ of money, which was to have been my fortune
‘ in marriage with an agreeable young man, the
‘ son of a neighbouring gentleman. My father
‘ had so great a respect for this lady, that he
‘ engaged himself to take any demands upon
‘ her in payment without the least scruple. By
‘ Sir ANTHONY’s management, a third part of
‘ the lady’s debt to the butcher is paid in a
‘ coin I never heard of before, called *tin tallies*.
‘ My father has written to Sir ANTHONY, and
‘ offered them to ZACHARIAH his brother, they
‘ being out of my father’s way to know what
‘ to do with ; but ZACHARIAH has told the
‘ poor butcher, who carried my father’s letter,
‘ and written to my father, that he cannot med-
‘ dle with them ; but has gravely advised him
‘ to stick to the landed interest, and not mind
‘ projects, for so the half-witted impudent wretch
‘ calls receiving money for the product of his
‘ land. Thus, fir, I have lost a good husband
‘ by this trick of Sir ANTHONY, and the whole
‘ race of them wonder why our family curses
‘ them ; but, fir, it is the nature of the CRAB-
‘ TREES to be blind to the evils they themselves
‘ commit, and do not think themselves guilty
‘ of mischiefs, wherein they are the original
‘ causes, except they are the immediate instru-
‘ ments. These gross abuses the graceless crew,
‘ by bragging of their power, have committed
‘ against

' against all the world without being found out
 ' and thoroughly explained, till the devil, who
 ' owed them a shame, prompted them to med-
 ' dle with those that could draw their pictures.
 ' I owned to you, in the beginning of this
 ' letter, that I was an angry woman, and I think
 ' I have made it out that I have reason for it.
 ' I have nothing now left to divert my poor
 ' aking heart from reflection upon its disap-
 ' pointment, but gratifying my resentment
 ' against the infamous cause of it. When I
 ' reflect upon this race, especially the Knight
 ' himself, I confess my anger is immediately
 ' turned into mirth; for how is it possible that
 ' an ungainly creature, who has what he is
 ' writ in his face, should impose upon any
 ' body? He looks so like a cheat, that he passes
 ' upon people who do not know him from no
 ' other advantage in the world, but that they
 ' are ashamed to be governed by so silly an art
 ' as physiognomy. With this mischievous
 ' aspect there is something so awkward, so little,
 ' and briskly comic in Sir ANTHONY's mien and
 ' air, that one would think the contempt of his
 ' figure might save people from the iniquity of
 ' his designs; but Sir ANTHONY has the hap-
 ' piness next to a good reputation, which is to
 ' be insensible of shame, and therefore is as
 ' smug as he is ugly. Forgive me personal re-
 ' flections,

‘fections, but *ugly* is a woman’s word for
 ‘knavish. I observe, fir, you affect putting the
 ‘sentence of some poet, English or Latin, at
 ‘the top of your Paper; and as I desire you
 ‘would let my letter be as remarkable as pos-
 ‘sible, I beg you to put these words out of
 ‘Sir JOHN SUCKLING’s play of “The Sad One,”
 ‘at the head of this my writing, except you
 ‘would put in all my letter, which I had much
 ‘rather you would: the place in Sir JOHN
 ‘SUCKLING will agree well enough with the
 ‘Knight; for though his name is ANTHONY,
 ‘and SUCKLING has used the word ROBIN,
 ‘every one of this country will think him meant
 ‘when you do but say “The Sad One,” for
 ‘such indeed he is. The passage is thus. A
 ‘poet and an actor are introduced discoursing
 ‘about characters in a play. The actor is tell-
 ‘ing the author, that he wonders why he will
 ‘represent what cannot be in nature, an honest
 ‘lawyer: “Why,” says MULITICARNI, (that
 ‘is the name of the poet), “dost think it
 ‘impossible for a lawyer to be honest?” the
 ‘actor answers,

‘As ’tis for a Lord-treasurer to be poor,
 ‘Or for a king not to be cozened:
 ‘There’s little ROBIN, in debt within these three
 ‘years,
 ‘Grown fat and full——

‘As

' As for using the word *treasurer* instead of
 ' *steward*, there is nothing in that, for Sir AN-
 ' THONY, in a sneering way, calls himself so, and
 ' pretends he deserves that word more than any
 ' one else who ever served her, though it is well
 ' known he has disparaged her more than any
 ' one that ever served any body; and my fa-
 ' ther says, since he has got me and the *tin*
 ' *tallies* lying upon his hands, that he will send
 ' you an account, wherein he will prove, that if
 ' she had given him a year's income of all she
 ' has in the world to have nothing to say to
 ' him, she had saved above a year's revenue
 ' by it. But there is no dealing with him;
 ' he has got all the country to call the honest
 ' man, who managed her business before him*,
 ' all the names that malice could invent; so
 ' that, whenever he is dismissed, he knows he
 ' cannot be worse used than the best men have
 ' been before him. Thus Sir ANTHONY thinks
 ' himself secure against defamation; first, be-
 ' cause he deserves all the ill that can be said
 ' of him; and, secondly, because the same thing
 ' has been said of those who deserve all the
 ' praise which language can bestow. I have a
 ' great deal more to say of the ugly creature,
 ' but I had like to have forgot BRICKDUST and
 ' ZACHARIAH. You must know they have dis-

* Lord Godolphin, the preceding Lord Treasurer.

ferent apartments about Sir ANTHONY's house,
to examine every one who comes for money,
or admit their accompts. These animals, if
possible, are more hideous than Sir ANTHONY
himself; they are both in town, and they are
as much desired in the country as their arrival
in it formerly was feared and dreaded. The
Presbyterian ministers, in these parts, have a
very pleasant tale of ZACHARIAH, who, it
seems, was made a trustee in a donation for
ministers dissenting from the Church of Eng-
land; the description of ministers dissenting
from the Church of England, suits as well with
Nonjurors as Dissenters; and ZACHARIAH being
a new convert, forsooth, to the church, has a
pious compassion rather for those who were of
our church, and are gone higher, than to those
who will not come up to it, and therefore, out
of scruple of conscience, cheats the Dissenters.
I desire you would be sure to print this, because
it would be well that the truth were known;
for some do not fail to say, that, under the no-
tion of its being a gift to pious uses, ZACHA-
RIAH has reserved it for that good Christian
himself. When ZACHARIAH went through
the town of Worcester—but that is a long
story—I had like to have forgot BRICKDUST;
but what signifies talking of him?—I remem-
ber a whimsical saying of one speaking of a
filly creature with a manly aspect; he called
him

' him a Cole-black filly fellow, so I say BRICK-
 ' DUST is a soft ugly cur, he has a phiz fit only
 ' for accusation and abuse; if he designed to
 ' commend, it would have that effect; and it
 ' is nonsense for you to set up for a Lover,
 ' when you let these creatures go about to
 ' frighten women with child, and bear false
 ' witness against honest men. I fear I have said
 ' more than will come within your Paper, but
 ' pray do not leave any of it out, for my Lover
 ' was a very pretty fellow, and was forced to
 ' leave me because of these cursed *tallies*.

' I am, dear Mr. MYRTLE,

' very much your servant,

' SUSAN MATCHLESS.'

' Mr. MYRTLE,

' I BEG the favour of you to acquaint the
 ' town, that, in the most necessary earthen-ware,
 ' I have, with great pains and curiosity, wrought
 ' round the exterior superficies of them, the
 ' true effigies of Sir ANTHONY CRABTREE, Mr.
 ' ZACHARIAH CRABTREE, and Mr. PETER
 ' BRICKDUST. They will be sold at all potters'
 ' shops within London and Westminster on the
 ' 19th instant, and country customers may have
 ' them at a cheaper rate.

' RUBENS CLAYWRIGHT.'

Thursday,

N^o 22. Thursday, April 22. 1714.

*Secretum iter*_____

HOR.

THE business of Love alters in every family in England; and I must confess I did not sufficiently weigh the great perplexity that I should fall into, from the vast variety of cases, when I undertook my present province. The author of the following letters is in very whimsical circumstances, which will be best represented by his epistles.

SIR,

‘AS I am about thirty, and of such a round
‘untroubled countenance as may make me ap-
‘pear not so much, I must complain to you of
‘a general calamity that obstructs or suspends
‘the advancement of the younger men in the
‘pursuit of their fortune. I now make Love
‘to the daughter of a man of business, who is
‘so fantastical as to threaten to marry the young
‘lady to a contemporary of his own, I mean
‘one

' one of his own years. He says, no young man
 ' can be good for any thing but filling an house
 ' full of children, without being wise enough
 ' to know how to provide for them. Now, as
 ' I am to succeed in Love, as I can argue my
 ' father-in-law into an opinion of my ability for
 ' business, give me leave to think it not foreign
 ' to your design, to print my thoughts concern-
 ' ing the prejudices which men in one stage of
 ' life have to those in another. The utmost in-
 ' conveniencies are owing to the difficulty we
 ' meet with in being admitted into the society
 ' of men in years, and adding thereby the early
 ' knowledge of men and business to that of
 ' books, for the reciprocal improvement of each
 ' other. One of fifty as naturally imagines the
 ' same insufficiency in one of thirty, as he of
 ' thirty does in one of fifteen; and each age is
 ' thus left to instruct itself by the natural course
 ' of its own reflection and experience. I am
 ' apt to think that before thirty a man's natural
 ' and acquired parts are at that strength, as,
 ' with a little experience, to enable him (if ever
 ' he can be enabled) to acquit himself well in
 ' any business or conversation he shall be ad-
 ' mitted into. As to the objection, that those
 ' that have not been used to business are conse-
 ' quently unfit for it, it might have been made
 ' one time or other against all men that ever were
 ' born;

‘ born ; and is so general a one, that it is none
‘ at all. Besides, he that knew men the best
‘ that ever any one did, says that “ Wisdom
‘ cometh by opportunity of leisure, and he that
‘ hath little] business shall become wise ;” and
‘ my Lord Bacon observes, that those govern-
‘ ments have been always the most happy
‘ which have been administered by such as have
‘ spent part of their life in books and leisure,
‘ and instances in the governments of Pius
‘ Quintus and Sixtus Quintus about his own
‘ time ; who, though they were esteemed but
‘ pedantical friars, proceeded upon truer prin-
‘ ciples of state, than those who had had their
‘ education in affairs of state, and courts of
‘ princes. If this rule holds in the dispatch of
‘ the most perplexed matters, as of public
‘ politicks, it must of necessity in that of the
‘ common divisions of business, which every
‘ body knows are directed by form, and require
‘ rather diligence and honesty, than great ability
‘ in the execution.

‘ A good judgment will not only supply, but
‘ go beyond experience ; for the latter is only a
‘ knowledge that directs us in the dispatch of
‘ matters future, from the consideration of mat-
‘ ters past of the same nature ; but the former is
‘ a perpetual and equal direction in every thing
‘ that can happen, and does not follow, but
‘ makes the precedent that guides the other.

M

‘ This

' This everlasting prejudice of the old against
 ' the young heightens the natural disposition of
 ' youth to pleasure, when they find themselves
 ' adjudged incapable of business. Those among
 ' them therefore whose circumstances and way
 ' of thinking will allow them such freedom,
 ' plunge themselves in all sensual gratifications.
 ' Others of them, of a more regulated turn of
 ' thought, seek the entertainment of books and
 ' contemplation, and are buried in these plea-
 ' sures. These pursuits, during our middle age,
 ' strengthen the love of retirement in the sober
 ' man, and make it necessary to the libertine.
 ' They gain philosophy enough by this time to
 ' be convinced it is their interest to have as little
 ' ambition as may be; and considering rather
 ' how much less they need to live happily, than
 ' how much more, cannot conceive why they
 ' should trouble themselves about the raising a
 ' fortune, which in the pursuit must lessen their
 ' present enjoyment, and in the purchase cannot
 ' enlarge it.

' I confess, the impious and impertinent way
 ' of life and conversation of youth in general
 ' exposes them to the just disesteem of their
 ' elders; but where the contrary is found
 ' among any of them, it should be the more
 ' particular recommendation to their patronage.
 ' There are some observations, I have by chance

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met with, so much in favour of young men,
that I cannot suppress them. As sincerity is
the chief recommendation both in public
and private matters, it is observed, that the
young are more sincere in the dispatch of
business, and professions of friendship, than
those that are more advanced in years: for
they either prefer public reputation to private
advantage, or believe it the only way to it.
They are generally well-natured, as having
not been acquainted with much malice, or
soured with disappointment; the less dis-
posed to pride or avarice, as they have neither
wanted nor abounded. They are unpractised
in the ways of flattery and dissimulation, and
think others practise it as little as themselves.
This arises from their boldness, as having not
been yet humbled by the chances of life, and
their credulity, as having not yet been often
deceived.

I shall conclude by saying, it is very hard
upon us young fellows, that we are not to
be trusted in business and conversation with
those in years, till due age, together with its
consequences, ill health and ill-humour, have
marked us with a faded cheek, a hollow eye,
a busy ruminating forehead, and in short
rendered us less capable of serving and pleas-
ing them, than we were when we were thought

‘ unable to do either. I beg your pardon for
 ‘ so many serious reflections, and your leave to
 ‘ add to them a Love-letter to the father, in-
 ‘ closed in one to the daughter, and addressed
 ‘ to her for his perusal. I am, Sir,

‘ Your most humble servant.’

‘ MADAM,

‘ MY life is wrapped up in you. I dis-
 ‘ relish every conversation wherein there is not
 ‘ some mention made of you; whenever you
 ‘ are named, I hear you commended; and that
 ‘ gives ease to the torment I am in, while I am
 ‘ forced to smother the warmth of my affection
 ‘ towards you. You know your father is not
 ‘ displeased that I love you; but I am, I know
 ‘ not how, to prefer your interests to yourself.
 ‘ But all the business of the world is imper-
 ‘ tinence, and all its riches vexation, in com-
 ‘ parison of the joy there is in being understood,

‘ Madam, your most faithful,

‘ most devoted, humble servant.

‘ P. S. When your father asks whether I have
 ‘ writ, hide this, and show him the enclosed.
 ‘ Look displeased, and he will plead for me.’

‘ MADAM,

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‘MADAM,

‘I have a great respect for you, but must
 ‘beg you would not take it amiss, if I can
 ‘reckon no woman a beauty whose father’s fa-
 ‘vour does not add to her other qualifications.
 ‘He is, as I am, a man of business; and I doubt
 ‘not but he will acquaint you, that business is
 ‘to be minded. Your declaration, joined with
 ‘his in my favour, will make me more frequent
 ‘at your house; but till I know what I have to
 ‘trust to, I do not think it is proper for me to
 ‘intrude upon your time, and lose my own.
 ‘I am, madam,

‘Your most humble servant.’

* * Her Majesty Q. Anne. having made a grant to Michael Maittaire, Gent. or to his Assigns, for printing and publishing all the Greek and Latin Authors in *twelves*, with compleat *indexes*; there are now published, by J. Tonson and John Watts, assigns of the said Michael Maittaire, very curious and correct editions in *twelves*, with copious and useful *indexes* to the works of the following Authors, *Terentius*, *Lucretius*, *Phædrus*, *Sallustius*, *V. Patereulus*, and *Justinus*, from *T. Pompeius*; there are several other authors in the press, and near finished; and this collection will be made compleat with all convenient speed. LOVER, *in folio*. See the particular reason for reprinting this advertisement here, and a more particular account of MAITTAIRE, and this undertaking, in *The LOVER*, N^o. 27, Let. to Mr. SEVERN.

N^o 23. Saturday, April 17, 1714.

Quod latet Arcanâ non enarrabile fibrâ.

PERS.

Mr. MYRTLE,

‘ **W**HEN you first erected your Lodge,
 ‘ you then took upon you to be a pa-
 ‘ tron of Lovers, and at the same time promised
 ‘ your assistance to all those who should address
 ‘ themselves to you for advice, the better to
 ‘ conduct them through all those paths of Love,
 ‘ which, it is to be presumed, you have often
 ‘ trod before them.

‘ It is this consideration which emboldens me
 ‘ to give you the trouble of this, without offer-
 ‘ ing at any formal apology for it. It is a
 ‘ mighty pleasure and a solid satisfaction to a
 ‘ man, to reflect that he has it in his power to
 ‘ be serviceable to others; and since I am con-
 ‘ fident of your ability, if you deny me the
 ‘ benefit of it, I shall grudge you the possession
 ‘ of such an advantage, and value you no more,
 ‘ though a master in the art of Love, than I
 ‘ would a miser for his wealth, when he poorly

‘ reserves.

‘reserves it to himself, and cannot find in his
‘soul to bestow the least part of it on the most
‘needy and indigent.

‘That you may be the better able to pre-
‘scribe, I shall beg leave to lay my real con-
‘dition before you without art or dissimulation.
‘I am, in plain terms, what you call a Rover,
‘or a general lover. I am of the most per-
‘verse, untoward, amorous constitution imagin-
‘able; I have scarcely ever seen that female
‘who had not some charm or other to catch
‘my heart with; and I dare say I have been a
‘slave to more mistresses than swell the account
‘of COWLEY’s ballad called “The Chronicle.”
‘I have frequently been lost in transports at the
‘sight of a Chloe or a Sacharissa, and have ad-
‘mired many an ugly Corrinna for wit or hu-
‘mour. Myra has charmed me ten thousand
‘times with her singing; and my heart has
‘leaped for joy when Miss AIERY has been
‘dancing a jig, or ISABELLA has moved a
‘minuet. It has burnt and crackled like char-
‘coal at the flirt of a fan, and I have some-
‘times fallen a sacrifice to an hooped petticoat.
‘In short, there is scarce a woman, I ever laid
‘my eyes on, that I have not liked and loved,
‘admired and wished for; the pretty, the wise,
‘the witty, the gay, the proud, and the coquet,
‘all, all from the fine lady down to the dex-

'trous MOLLY who waits with the kettle at my
 'sister's tea-table, have made scars or wounds
 'in my heart. And yet after all this—which
 'is somewhat strange—my heart is as whole
 'as ever—What I mean is this; that notwith-
 'standing the multiplicity of darts which have
 'been shot at me, yet they never made any
 'lasting impression on me, or have been able to
 'throw me into an humour serious enough
 'to think of marriage. Though, I confess,
 'the temper I am now complaining of, has
 'been exceeding troublesome to me, yet I could
 'not help thinking matrimony a cure worse
 'than the disease. Beside, how shall I be cer-
 'tain I shall not be the same latitudinarian in
 'love after I have swallowed the bitter dose?
 'It is for this reason that I have long used my
 'endeavours to find out some other remedy
 'for my distemper: and to that end I have
 'had recourse to all those famous physicians
 'who have pretended to write for the good of
 'those persons who have been in my whimsical
 'circumstances.—But, alas! after a long and
 'tedious consultation, among these mighty pro-
 'fessors, I could not perceive myself one jot the
 'better. I am convinced they are all a parcel
 'of pretenders, and that I had no more reason
 'to expect any benefit from them, than one
 'afflicted with the gout has to hope for an in-
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' fallible cure from your boasting sham doctors,
' who disperse their bills and advertisements
' through every street in London.

' The first I address'd myself to was that
' Galen in Love, Ovid. The fellow had a
' smooth tongue, and really talk'd very prettily.
' He shew'd me a great many soft letters of his
' own composing, told me some odd surprizing
' stories, made me sigh at his mournful elegies,
' and promised me, that if I would carefully
' observe his rules, and follow those directions
' laid down in his "Philo-Dispensatory, or *De*
' *Arte Amandi*," I need not doubt but my business
' was done. He deliver'd this with so serious
' an air, that silly I began to believe him, and
' gather hopes of a perfect recovery; till one
' day, when I was giving great attention to
' him, I heard him break off in the midst of
' his harangue, and immediately cry out in the
' exclamatory style,

Hei mihi! quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis!

' From that very moment I thought him an ig-
' norant coxcomb, and never meddled with him
' since.

' The next I ventured upon was good ABRA-
' HAM COWLEY: he was look'd upon as a pro-
' ficient in his way, and was very much in vogue
' among the ladies, for gently handling their
' hearts,

‘ hearts, and easily getting at their passions.
‘ His greatest business lay among such as had
‘ but newly received their wounds, and some
‘ expected great refreshment from his balmy
‘ compositions; but it has been said by others,
‘ that he was the worst in the world at a green
‘ wound, and that whoever took him in hand
‘ when they were first hurt, they rather grew
‘ worse than better. However, I was resolved
‘ to undergo one course with him; I was intro-
‘ duced into his company by a young cousin of
‘ mine, who was at that time either in Love, or
‘ the Green Sickness, and in a little time I was
‘ intimately acquainted with his mistress. I was,
‘ I remember, mightily pleased to hear him
‘ tax the ladies, and justify his own fickleness,
‘ by asking them, could they call the shore
‘ inconstant which kindly embraced every
‘ wave?—Ah, think I! this is a doctor after
‘ my own heart—his case is exactly mine.—But
‘ alas! I had not kept him company long, be-
‘ fore I discovered, that for all his skill in num-
‘ bers, he was but an ignorant physician, since
‘ he could not cure himself. The third I went
‘ to was Mrs. BEHN. She indeed, I thought,
‘ understood the practice part of Love better
‘ than the speculative; but she was a dangerous
‘ quack, for a sight of her always made my
‘ distemper return upon me. I liked some
‘ parts

‘ parts of her Lover’s watch, and would have
‘ bought it from her : she told me she would
‘ hire the use out to me for a little time, but
‘ that she would not sell it outright.

‘ The last I advised with was the most re-
‘ nowned ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq; he was a
‘ person of great note and fashion ; had very
‘ good practice in this city for some years : he
‘ had acquired a large stock of fame and repu-
‘ tation for his experience in the world, his
‘ acquaintance with all the little weakneses and
‘ infirmities incident to human kind, and was
‘ more particularly had in esteem for his know-
‘ ledge and proficiency in the occult sciences.
‘ From a gentleman thus qualified, what might
‘ I not have hoped for ? but, Sir, I soon un-
‘ derstood that all his predictions and prophecies
‘ were but dreams and fables to amuse and di-
‘ vert us, and that he understood himself very
‘ well when he called himself TATLER.

‘ And now, Sir, after all these fruitless and
‘ repeated enquiries, my last and only refuge
‘ is in you. You are certainly acquainted with
‘ all the secret springs of Love, and know the
‘ hidden causes which make my heart rise up
‘ to every she I meet. You cannot be ignorant
‘ how it comes to pass, that my temper is so
‘ various ; and my inclination so floating and
‘ changeable, that one object cannot confine
‘ them, but like a wandering bee they fly at
‘ every

' every flower. I assure you, Mr. MYRTLE, my
 ' present disposition is what gives me great con-
 ' cern and uneasiness. Tell me how I may re-
 ' claim this volatile heart of mine, this desul-
 ' tory imagination, and keep it within bounds :
 ' shew me the way to fix it to one, or not love
 ' at all. I am not uneasy for your answer, for I
 ' must own to you I feel but very little pain ;
 ' but in some distempers they say that it is an
 ' ill sign. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,
 ' CHARLES LASIE.'

My correspondent is come already to the con-
 dition he desires; for what is not confined to one,
 is not Love at all ; and my friend CHARLES
 needs not further information in his case, but to
 be told, that he does not labour under the passion
 of Love, but the vice of wantonness.

. Next week will be published, " Memoirs of the Lives,
 Intrigues, Amours, and Adventures, of the most famous Game-
 sters and Sharpers in the reigns of K. Charles II. K. James II.
 William III. and Q. Anne. Wherein is contained the Secret
 History of Gaming, and all the most sharpening tricks and cheats
 used at Piquet, Gleek, Lantalo, Bankafalet, Basset, Primero,
 Cribbage, Hazard, Tricktrack, and all other English, French,
 Spanish, Dutch, or Italian games, played with Cards, Dice, or
 Tables. The whole calculated for the meridian of London,
 Bath, Tunbridge, and the Groom Porters, and may serve for all
 other places, without any error at all. By Theophilus Lucas,
 Esq; Printed and sold for Ferd. Burleigh in Amen Corner, 12mo.
 This publication, though it ill answers the expectations raised by
 its catchpenny title-page, illustrates in many respects the useful
 Papers against Sharpers in The TATLER. See TAT. with Notes,
 Vol. I. and II. *passim*.

N^o 24. Tuesday, April 20, 1714.

There dwelt the scorn of vice, and pity too.

WALLER.

TRUE virtue distinguishes itself by nothing more conspicuously than charity towards those who are so unhappy as to have taken a contrary course; it is in the very nature of virtue to rejoice in all new converts towards its interests, and bewail the loss of the most inconsiderable votaries. It would perhaps be thought a severity to make conclusions of the innate goodness of ladies at a visit by this rule; beauty, wit and virtue, in those conversations, generally receive all the diminution imaginable; and little faults, imperfections, and misfortunes, are aggravated not without bitterness.

DICTYNNNA, though she is commended for singular prudence and œconomy, appears in conversation never to have known what it is to be careful.

DECIA, who has no virtue, or any thing like it but the forbearance of vice, cannot endure the

the applause of *Dictynna*. Ladies who are impatient of what is said to the advantage of others, do not consider that they lay themselves open to all people of discernment, who know that it is the want of good qualities in themselves which makes people impatient of the acknowledgment of them in others.

Among the many advantages which one sex has over the other, there is none so conspicuous, as, that the fame of men grows rather more just and certain by examination; that of woman is almost irreparably lost by so much as a disadvantageous rumour. This case is so tender, that in order to the redress of it, it is more safe to try to dissuade the aspersers from their iniquity, than exhort the innocent to such a fortitude as to neglect their calumny.

It should, methinks, be a rule to suspect every one who insinuates any thing against the reputation of another, of the vice with which they charge their neighbour; for it is very unlikely it should flow from the love of virtue: the resentment of the virtuous towards those who are fallen, is that of pity, and that is best exerted in silence on the occasion. What then can be said to the numerous tales that pass to and fro in this town, to the disparagement of those who have never offended their accusers? as for my part, I always wait with patience, and never doubt

doubt of hearing in a little time for a truth, the same guilt of any woman which I find she reports of another. It is, as I said, unnatural it should be otherwise; the calumny usually flows from an impatience of living under severity, and they report the fallies of others against the time of their own escape. How many women would be speechless, if their acquaintance were without faults. There is a great beauty in town very far gone in this vice. I have taken the liberty to write her the following epistle by the penny-post.

‘MADAM,

‘I HAVE frequently had the honour of
‘being in your company, and should have had a
‘great deal of delight in it, had you not pleased
‘to embitter that happiness by the unmerci-
‘ful treatment you gave all the rest of your
‘sex. Several of those, I have heard you use
‘unkindly, were my particular friends and ac-
‘quaintance. I can assure you, all the advant-
‘age you had above those you lessened on these
‘occasions, was, that you were not absent, for
‘the company longed for the same opportunity
‘of speaking as freely of you. Believe me,
‘your own dress fits never the better on you,
‘for tearing other people’s cloaths. While you
‘are rising every one that falls in your way,
‘you cannot imagine how much that fury dis-
‘composes

' composes your own figure. You believe you
' carried all before you the last time I had the
' happiness to be where you were. As soon as
' your cousin (whom you are too inadvertent
' to observe does not want sense) had mentioned
' an agreeable young lady whom she met at a
' visit in Soho Square, you immediately contra-
' dicted her, and told her you had seen the
' lady, and were so unhappy that you could
' not observe those charms in her. Her name,
' says your cousin, is Mrs. DULCET: the same,
' said you. Your cousin replied, she is tall and
' and graceful. You again, with a scornful smile,
' she is long and confident. But, says your kinf-
' woman, I cannot but think her eye has a fine
' languor. I do not know but she might, said
' you, if one could see her awake; but that
' sleepiness and insensibility in them, added to
' her ungainliness, makes me doubt whether I
' ever saw her, but as walking in her sleep.
' Well, but her understanding has something in
' it, very lively and diverting. Ay, says you,
' they that will talk all, or have memories,
' cannot but utter something now and then that
' is passable. Your cousin seemed at a loss what
' to say in support of one she had pronounced
' so agreeable, and therefore she retired to the
' lady's circumstances (since you had disallowed
' every thing in her person), and said, her for-

' tune

'tune would make up for all, for she had now
'ten thousand pounds, and would, if her bro-
'ther died, have almost two thousand a year.
'This too you knew the contrary of, and gave
'us to understand the utmost of her fortune
'was four thousand, and the brother's estate
'had a very heavy mortgage, and when cleared
'would not be a neat thousand a year. Your
'cousin, when you took so much pains to con-
'tradict her misrepresentations, grew grave with
'you, and told you, since you were so positive,
'you were the only one in town who did not
'think Mrs. DULCETT, besides her being a
'considerable fortune, a woman of wit, that
'danced gracefully, sang charmingly, has the
'best mien, the prettiest manner in every thing
'she did, that she had the least affectation, the
'most merit, was——Upon which you, with
'the utmost impatience, after ruffling your fan,
'and riggling in your seat, as if you had heard
'your mother abused, rose up, and declaring
'you did not expect to be allowed one word
'more in the conversation, since your cousin
'had once got the discourse, left the room.
'Your cousin held the lady of the house from
'following you out, and instead of the anger
'we thought her in when you were in the
'room, fell into the most violent laughter.
'When she came to herself, she prevented what

N

' we

‘ we were going to say on the occasion, by telling us, there was no such creature in nature as Mrs. DULCETT, that she had laid this plot against you for some days, and was resolved to expose you for that scandalous humour of yours, of allowing nobody to have any tolerable good qualities but yourself: you see, said she, how suddenly she made objections, from the sort of character I gave the woman, assigning the proper imperfection to the quality in her according to my commendation. I think we said all together, what, no such woman in the world! what, said the lady of the house, she to be so particular in the estate mortgaged, and all those dislikes to one she never saw, to one not in being, to one you had invented!—you may easily imagine what raillery passed on the occasion, and how you were used after such a demonstration of your censoriousness.

‘ I desire whenever hereafter you have the evil spirit upon you to lessen any body you hear commended, to think of Mrs. DULCETT: if you do not, you may assure yourself, you will be told of her; among your acquaintance, whenever any one is spoken ill of, Mrs. DULCETT is the word, and no one minds what you say after you have been thus detected. I advise you to go out of town this season, go
‘ into

‘into a milk diet, and when you return with
‘country innocence in your blood, I will do
‘justice to your good humour, and am,

‘Madam,

‘Your most obedient, humble servant,

‘MARMADUKE MYRTLE.’

The painful manner women usually receive favourable accounts of one another, shows that the ill nature in which this young woman was detected is not an uncommon infirmity. But let every woman know, she cannot add to herself what she takes from another; but all that she bestows upon another will, by the discerning world, be restored ten-fold; and there can be no better rule or description of a right disposition than this,

There dwelt the scorn of vice, and pity too.

The scorn of it, in virtuous persons, is in respect to themselves, the pity in regard to others.

N° 25. Thursday, April 22, 1714.

— *Quid non mortalia pectora cogis* — VIRG.

TO MR. MYRTLE.

SIR,

I Suppose that you begin to repent you published my last letter to you, since your late indulgence to me occasions this frequent trouble. I don't know, Sir, what it may be to you, but I am sure it is real pleasure to me, to embrace all opportunities of shewing myself your humble servant; therefore give me leave to talk before so great a master of Love, and to use the trite simile of making a declaration of war before Hannibal.

‘ AMONG all those passions, to which the frailty and weakness of man subject him, there is not any that extends such a boundless and despotic empire over the whole species, as that of Love. The meek, the mild, and the humble, are strangers to envy, anger, and ambition;

'bition; but neither the malicious, the cho-
'leric, or the proud, can say their hearts have
'been always free from the power of love.
'This has subdued the exalted minds of the
'most aspiring tyrants, and has melted the most
'sanguine complexion into an effeminate soft-
'ness. An undaunted hero has been known to
'tremble when he approached the fair; and
'the mighty Hercules let fall his club at a
'woman's feet. The scholar, the statesman,
'and the soldier, have all been Lovers; and the
'most ignorant swain has neglected both his
'flocks and pipe, to wooe DAPHNE or SYLVIA.

'But though Love be a passion which is thus
'common to all, yet how widely do its votaries
'differ in their manner of address! The pleasing
'enjoyment of the admired object is what they
'all pursue; and yet few agree in the same
'methods of obtaining their ends, or accom-
'plishing their desires. Every Lover has his
'particular whim, and each resolves to follow
'his own way. Some fancy money has a so-
'vereign charm in it, and that no rhetorick is
'so irresistibly prevailing as a golden shower.
'Others think to take their mistresses as they do
'towns, by bombarding or undermining them;
'if they cannot beat them down by force of
'arms, they will try to blow them up with false
'musick. Some attempt to frighten their mi-

' stresses into a compliance, and threaten to
 ' hang or drown themselves, if they refuse to
 ' pity them. Others turn tragedians, and ex-
 ' pect to move compassion by a falling tear, or
 ' a rising sigh. Some depend upon dress, and
 ' conclude that, if they can catch the eye, they
 ' will soon seize the heart. One man affects
 ' gravity, and another levity, because some wo-
 ' men prefer the solemnity of a Spaniard to the
 ' gaiety of a Frenchman. An handsome leg
 ' has found the way to a widow's bed; and a
 ' coquette has been won by a song or a caper.
 ' A prude may be caught by a precise look and
 ' a demure behaviour; and a platonic lady
 ' has lain with her humble servant out of a re-
 ' fined friendship, when she would not listen to
 ' a declaration of Love. Some will be attacked
 ' in mood and figure; and others will have it,
 ' that a great scholar will never make a kind
 ' husband. The witty Clara is delighted with
 ' impertinence; and a celebrated toast has lan-
 ' guished for the beautiful outside of a painted
 ' butterfly. Some women are allured by the re-
 ' semblance of their own follies; and I have
 ' seen a rake, by the help of a whining accent,
 ' triumph over a sanctified Quaker.

' But of all the arts which have been prac-
 ' tised by the men on the other sex, I have not
 ' observed any kind of address which has been
 ' so generally successful as flattery. Whether

' it

‘it be, that, by making a woman in Love with
‘herself, you thereby engage her to love the
‘person who makes her so; as who would not
‘be apt to be fond of the cause which pro-
‘duces so agreeable an effect? or whether the
‘partiality and self-love, which most women
‘abound in, does the more readily induce them
‘to believe, that all the praise which is given
‘them is really due to their merit, and there-
‘fore they admire you for your justice? or
‘whatever other reason may possibly be assigned
‘for this weakness, I shall not now go about to
‘enquire; but so it is, that the shortest and
‘surest way to a woman’s heart is through the
‘road of skilful flattery. This, like a subtle
‘poison, insinuates itself almost into every fe-
‘male, and a dose of it rightly prepared sel-
‘dom fails to produce an extraordinary opera-
‘tion. Like a delicious cordial, it meets with
‘an universal acceptance and approbation, while
‘sincerity and plain-dealing are looked upon as
‘nauseous and disgustful physick. In opposi-
‘tion to what I here advance, it may perhaps
‘be said, we may love the treason, and yet hate
‘the traitor. How true this maxim may be in
‘politicks (treachery being a moral evil, which,
‘though of use to us for our safety, is yet suffi-
‘cient to beget an aversion in us towards the

' wretch who is guilty of it) I shall not dispute;
 ' but I am sure in Love affairs it will scarcely
 ' hold. For she must be a woman of uncom-
 ' mon virtues and qualifications, who can so
 ' nicely distinguish between the gift and the
 ' giver, as to refuse the one, and yet receive
 ' the other. They do not think flattery a vice,
 ' and therefore cannot be persuaded to dislike a
 ' Lover for being a courtier; nay, though they
 ' are conscious of some of their own imperfec-
 ' tions, yet if their admirers are not quick-
 ' sighted enough to discern them, they are will-
 ' ing to impute their blindness to their love;
 ' nay, though some defects are grossly visible
 ' even to the Lover, yet if he will compliment
 ' his mistress with what she really wants, I dare
 ' appeal to the whole sex, whether either such
 ' incense or the offerer of it be one jot nearer
 ' the losing their favour, and whether they are
 ' not ever delighted with both the delusion and
 ' the deceiver. But if they really believe them-
 ' selves as amiable as the flatterer tells them
 ' they are, then, in point of gratitude, they
 ' conclude themselves obliged to think kindly
 ' of their benefactor; that he is one, none can
 ' deny, since the greatest kindness you can con-
 ' fer on a mistress are praise and commendation.
 ' These are those melting sounds, that soft mu-
 ' sic which never sounds harshly in a woman's
 ' ear,

' ear.
 ' late a
 ' M
 ' man
 ' tune.
 ' pretty
 ' sung
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ear. Before I conclude this Paper, I shall relate a story which I know to be fact.

Miss WITWOU'D was a young gentleman of good extraction and an handsome fortune. She was exactly shaped, and very pretty: she dressed and danced genteelly, and sung sweetly: but notwithstanding these advantages (which one would imagine were sufficient to make any one woman satisfied), she had an insufferable itch after the reputation of a wit. She fancied she had as much wit as she wanted (though indeed she wanted more than ever she will have); and this conceit made her fond of scribbling and shewing her follies that way, as taking great delight in applause.

My friend MEANWELL is a gentleman of good sense and a sound judgement: he is a professed enemy to flattery, and is of opinion, that to commend without just grounds, is to rob the meritorious of that which only of right belongs to them. He says, a compliment is a modish lye, and declares he would not be guilty of so much baseness as to cry up a beautiful fool for a wit, not even in her own hearing, though he were sure to have his falsehood rewarded by the enjoyment of his mistress. Undeserved applause is to him an argument of either want of judgement or of insincerity,

‘ infincerity, and he resolves he will never go
‘ about to establish another’s reputation at the
‘ expence of his own. With these honest use-
‘ less qualities he has made long but fruitless
‘ courtship to young Miss WITWOU’D. NED
‘ COURTLY is a new but violent pretender to
‘ the same lady. NED is a shallow well-dressed
‘ coxcomb: he was bred at court, and is of a
‘ graceful and confident behaviour, tempered
‘ with civility. The shallow thing can wait at
‘ a distance, and look at her, and with a smile
‘ approach her, and say, ‘ Your Ladyship is
‘ divinely pretty.’ He is wonderful happy also
‘ in particular discoveries; and whenever he re-
‘ news a visit to his mistress, she is sure of being
‘ presented with some additional charm, which
‘ would have for ever lain concealed, had not
‘ NED most luckily found it out. NED quickly
‘ perceived Miss WITWOU’D’s weak side, and
‘ carefully watched all opportunities of making
‘ his advantage of it. Miss grows enamoured
‘ of NED’s company, and begins to despise
‘ MEANWELL as an unpolished clown. She
‘ likes NED as she does her glass, and for the
‘ same reason, that it always shows her her
‘ beauties; and she takes as much pleasure in
‘ hearing him, injudiciously as he does it, give
‘ her also the beauties of her mind, as she does
‘ to see the glass reflect those of her body. One
‘ evening,

‘evening, last week, MEANWELL had the
 ‘honour to sup with her; the cloth being taken
 ‘away, she delivered him a copy of verses,
 ‘which, she said, had been the product of her
 ‘leisure hours, and desired the opinion of so
 ‘good a judge. My friend had the patience
 ‘to read them twice over, finds nothing extra-
 ‘ordinary in them, so smilingly returns them
 ‘with a silent bow. He was just going to
 ‘speak his mind impartially, when in came
 ‘NED COURTLY. He perused and hummed
 ‘them over in a seeming rapture, looked at the
 ‘lady and then at the paper for almost half an
 ‘hour in full admiration—and then with a bet-
 ‘ter air than ever critick spoke, he pronounced
 ‘that the author of those verses had CON-
 ‘GREVE’s wit, and WALLER’s softness, and
 ‘that there was nothing so compleatly perfect
 ‘in all their works.—The consequence of this
 ‘was—MEANWELL was discarded, because he
 ‘would be rigidly honest in trifles; and NED
 ‘made his mistress his wife, because, in spite of
 ‘nature, he allowed her a poetess, or, perhaps,
 ‘very justly, because he really thinks her so.

‘I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

‘VESUVIUS.’

Saturday,

N^o 26. Saturday, April 24, 1714.

Durum; sed levius fit patientiâ

Quicquid corrigere est nefas.

HOR.

SIR,

I FIND you are an author who are more inclined to give your advice in cases which raise mirth in your readers, than in those which are of a more serious and melancholy nature. But you know very well, that in virtuous Love there are many unhappy accidents which may lay a claim to your compassion, and consequently to your assistance. I myself am one of those distressed persons, who may come in for my share of your concern. About eight years ago I married a young woman of great merit, who was every way qualified for a bosom friend, that is, for advancing the innocent pleasures of life, and alleviating its misfortunes. She had all the good sense I ever met with in any male acquaintance, with all that sweetness of temper which is peculiar to the most engaging of her sex. Life was too

happy

' happy with such a companion in it ; for I
 ' must tell you with tears, that she was snatched
 ' away from me by a fever about twelve
 ' months since. I was the more unable to bear
 ' this unspeakable loss, as having conversed with
 ' very few besides herself during the whole time
 ' of our marriage. We were the whole world
 ' to one another, and whilst we lived to-
 ' gether, though scarce either of us were ever
 ' in company, we were never alone. Being
 ' thus cut off from the society of others, and
 ' from the person who was most dear to me, I
 ' naturally betook myself to the reading of such
 ' books as might tend to my relief under this
 ' my great calamity ; after many others which
 ' I have perused upon this occasion, I lately
 ' had the good fortune to meet with a little
 ' volume of sermons, just published, intituled,
 " Of Contentment, Patience, and Resignation
 " to the Will of God, in several Sermons, by
 " ISAAC BARROW, D. D."

' The duty of contentment is so admirably
 ' explained, recommended, and enforced by ar-
 ' guments drawn from reason and religion, that
 ' it is impossible to read what he has said on
 ' this subject without being the better for it.
 ' I shall beg leave to transcribe two or three
 ' passages which more immediately affected me,
 ' as they came home to my own condition.

" The

" The death of friends doth, it may be, op-
 " press thee with sorrow. But canst thou lose
 " thy best friend? canst thou lose the presence,
 " the conversation, the protection, the advice,
 " the succour of God? is he not immortal, is
 " he not immutable, is he not inseparable from
 " thee? canst thou be destitute of friends, whilst
 " he stands by thee? is it not an affront, an
 " heinous indignity to him, to behave thyself as
 " if thy happiness, thy welfare, thy comfort, had
 " dependance on any other but him? is it not
 " a great fault to be unwilling to part with any
 " thing, when he calleth for it? neither is it a
 " loss of thy friend, but a separation for a small
 " time; he is only parted from thee, as taking
 " a little journey, or going for a small time to
 " repose; within a while we shall be sure to
 " meet again, and joyfully to congratulate, if
 " we are fit, in a better place, and more happy
 " state; *præmisimus, non amissimus*; we have sent
 " him thither before, not quite lost him from
 " us.

" Thy friend, if he be a good man (and in
 " such friendships only, we can have a true
 " satisfaction) is himself in no bad condition,
 " and doth not want thee; thou canst not
 " therefore reasonably grieve for him; and to
 " grieve only for thyself, is perverse selfishness
 " and fondness."

‘ What

‘ What follows runs on in the same vein of
‘ good sense, though it is a consolation which I
‘ myself cannot make use of.

“ But thou hast lost a great comfort of thy
“ life, and advantage to thy affairs here? is it
“ truly so? is it indeed an irreparable loss, even
“ secluding the consideration of God, whose
“ friendship repaireth all possible loss? what is
“ it, I pray, that was pleasant, convenient, or
“ useful to thee in thy friend, which may not
“ in good measure be supplied here? was it a
“ sense of hearty good-will, was it a sweet free-
“ dom of conversation, was it sound advice, or
“ kind assistance in thy affairs? and mayst thou
“ not find those which are alike able, and will-
“ ing, to minister those benefits? may not the
“ same means, which knit him to thee, con-
“ ciliate others also to be thy friends? he did
“ not alone surely possess all the good-nature,
“ all the fidelity, all the wisdom, in the world,
“ nor hath carried them all away with him?
“ other friends therefore thou mayst find to
“ supply his room; all good men will be
“ ready, if thou art good, to be thy friends:
“ they will heartily love thee, they will be
“ ready to chear thee with their sweet and
“ wholesome society, to yield thee their best
“ counsel and help upon any occasion. Is it
“ not therefore a fond and unaccountable affec-
“ tion

“tion to a kind of personality, rather than
 “want of a real convenience, that disturbeth
 “thee?

“In fine, the same reasons which in any other
 “loss may comfort us, should do it also in this;
 “neither a friend, nor any other good thing, we
 “can enjoy under any security of not soon los-
 “ing it: our welfare is not annexed to one
 “man, no more than to any other inferior
 “thing; this is the condition of all good things
 “here, to be transient and separable from us,
 “and accordingly we should be affected to-
 “wards them.

“*Fragile fractum est, mortale mortuum est.*”

“Give me leave to cite also out of this great
 “author a very agreeable story which is taken
 “from JULIAN’S Epistles, and which perhaps
 “pleases me the more, as it is applicable to my
 “own case.

“When once a great king did excessively
 “and obstinately grieve for the death of his
 “wife, whom he tenderly loved, a philosopher
 “observing it, told him that he was ready to
 “comfort him, by restoring her to life, sup-
 “posing only that he would supply what was
 “needful towards the performing it. The king
 “said, he was ready to furnish him with any
 “thing. The philosopher answered that he was
 “provided

“ provided with all things necessary except one
“ thing: what that was the king demanded;
“ he replied, that if he would upon his wife’s
“ tomb inscribe the names of three persons who
“ never mourned, she presently would revive.
“ The king, after enquiry, told the philoso-
“ pher that he could not find one such man.
“ Why then, O absurdest of all men (said the
“ philosopher smiling) art thou not ashamed
“ to moan as if thou hadst alone fallen in-
“ to so grievous a case; when as thou
“ canst not find one person that ever was free
“ from such domestic affliction. So might
“ the naming one person, exempted from in-
“ conveniences like to those we undergo, be
“ safely proposed to us as a certain cure of
“ ours; but if we find the condition impossible,
“ then is the generality of the case a sufficient
“ ground of content to us; then may we, as
“ the wise poet adviseth, solace our own evils
“ by the evils of others.”

‘ I have observed, Sir, in your Writings many
‘ hints and observations upon the most com-
‘ mon subjects, which appeared new to me; I
‘ should therefore beg of you to turn your
‘ thoughts upon that melancholy accident which
‘ is the occasion of this letter. If you can give
‘ me any additional motives of comfort, I shall
O ‘ receive

‘ receive them as a very great piece of charity ;
‘ and I believe you may oblige many others
‘ who are under the same kind of affliction, as
‘ well as, Sir, your most humble servant,

‘ R. B.’

This gentleman has too favourable an opinion of me, if he thinks me capable of adding any thing material to what has been handled by the excellent author whom he has mentioned in his letter. That learned man always exhausts his subjects, and leaves nothing for those who come after him. He was not only a great divine, but was perfectly well acquainted with all the ancient writers of morality, whose thoughts he has every where digested into his writings; and, at the same time, had a most inexhaustible fund of observation and good sense in himself. He has scarce a sermon that might not be spun out into a hundred modish discourses from the pulpit; for which reason I am very glad to find, that we are likely to have a new edition of his works.

* * * Lady TYRREL is dead at her seat near Oxford, being 136 years of age. Dawkes’s News-Letter, May 1, 174.

* * * His Excellency MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq; being recalled, General Ross will set out very speedily for the court of France. *Ibidem.*

Tuesday,

N^o 27. Tuesday, April 27, 1714.

*Ingenuas didicisse fideliter Artes
Emollit mores—*

OVID.

AMONG the many letters of correspondents, I have of late received but very few which are not mixed with satire. I am a little tired with such ideas as the reading those performances raise in the mind; so are those who imagine they are alluded to by what has passed through my hands, and I doubt not but my readers in general cease also to be delighted with that kind of reflection. When therefore it is irksome to us all, it is time to pass to more pleasing arguments. But as I told the town at my first setting out, that Mr. SEVERN was my favourite of all the characters which I have represented to compose our little club mentioned in my first Paper, I shall declare myself further on this subject, by printing my letter I have writ to Mr. SEVERN, which he will receive to-morrow morning.

‘ To Mr. SEVERN.

‘ S I R,

‘ THIS comes with a sett of Latin authors
‘ just now published by TONSON. You see
‘ they are in twelves, and fit to be carried
‘ on occasion in the pocket. He sent me two
‘ setts, one for myself, the other for the gentle-
‘ man whom I meant by Mr. SEVERN. You
‘ will please therefore to accept the present he
‘ makes you. You need not be enjoined to be
‘ partial to them as they are a gift; for, as you
‘ will observe, Mr. MAITTAIRE has had the
‘ care of the edition; you need not be further
‘ encouraged to recommend them to your
‘ friends and acquaintance. The learned world
‘ is very much obliged to that gentleman for
‘ his useful labours; and his elegant addressses
‘ (to those to whom he dedicates the book, as
‘ well as) to the readers in general, shew him a
‘ perfect master in what he undertakes, for he
‘ introduces his authors in a style as pure as
‘ their own. You know he had the good for-
‘ tune to live in the favour, and, as it were,
‘ under the patronage of the famous Dr. BUS-
‘ BY, to whose great talents and knowledge in
‘ the genius of men we owe very great orna-
‘ ments of this age, and the supply of men of
‘ letters

‘ letters and capacity for many generations, or
‘ rather classes of remarkable men during his
‘ long and eminent life. I must confess (and
‘ I have often reflected upon it), that I am of
‘ opinion BUSBY’s genius for education had as
‘ great an effect upon the age he lived in, as
‘ that of any ancient philosopher, without ex-
‘ cepting one, had upon his contemporaries.
‘ Though I do not perceive that admirable man
‘ is remembered by them, at least not recorded
‘ by them, with half the veneration he deserves ;
‘ I have known great numbers of his scholars,
‘ and am confident, I could discover a stranger
‘ who had been such, with a very little conver-
‘ sation : those of great parts, who have passed
‘ through his instruction, have such a peculiar
‘ readiness of fancy and delicacy of taste, as is
‘ seldom found in men educated elsewhere,
‘ though of equal talents ; and those who were
‘ of slower capacities have an arrogance (for
‘ learning without genius always produces that)
‘ which sets them much above greater merit that
‘ grew under any other gardener. He had a power
‘ of raising what the lad had in him to the ut-
‘ most height in what nature designed him ;
‘ and it was not his fault, but the effect of
‘ nature, that there were no indifferent people
‘ came out of his hands ; but his scholars were
‘ the finest gentlemen, or the greatest pedants,

‘ in the age. The soil which he manured al-
‘ ways grew fertile; but it is not in the planter
‘ to make flowers of weeds; but, whatever it
‘ was, under BUSBY’s eye, it was sure to get
‘ forward towards the use for which nature de-
‘ signed it.

‘ But I forgot what I fate down to write
‘ upon, which was to hand to you these pretty
‘ volumes of Terence, Sallust, Phædrus, Lu-
‘ cretius, Velleius Paterculus, and Justin: but,
‘ it will be said, how comes this matter to have
‘ at all a place in the LOVER? Why very pro-
‘ perly; for to you, whose chief art in recom-
‘ mending yourself is to act and speak like a
‘ man of virtue and sense, that which con-
‘ tributes to make you wiser and better is
‘ serviceable to you, as you are a Gentleman
‘ and a Lover. Take my word for it, the
‘ oftener you take these books in your hand,
‘ you will find your mind the more prepared
‘ for doing the most ordinary things with a
‘ good grace and spirit; that is, the agreeable
‘ thoughts of these writers frequently employ-
‘ ing your imagination, will naturally and in-
‘ sensibly affect your words and actions. It
‘ will, in a greater degree, do what good com-
‘ pany does to all who frequent it, make you in
‘ your air and mien like those with whom you
‘ converse.

‘ Mr.

‘ Mr. MAITTAIRE has promised to go thro’
‘ the best remaining authors with the same dili-
‘ gence: the large indexes, which lead with so
‘ much ease to any beautiful passage one has a
‘ mind for, are of great use and pleasure. They
‘ are made with so much judgement and care,
‘ that they serve the purpose of an abbreviation
‘ of the book, and carry a secret instruction, in
‘ that they lay the sense of the author still closer
‘ in words of his own, or as good as his own.
‘ I am mighty well content with the province
‘ of being esteemed but a publisher, if I can
‘ be so happy as to quicken the passage of use-
‘ ful arts in the world; and I wish this Paper’s
‘ coming, where otherwise works of this kind
‘ would not be spoken of, may be of any use
‘ to a man who deserves so well of all lovers
‘ of learning as Mr. MAITTAIRE. Perhaps a
‘ fond mother may, by my means, lighten her
‘ son’s satchel, and get him these little volumes
‘ instead of the heavy load the boy was before
‘ encumbered with; and her own eyes may
‘ judge, that this is a print which cannot hurt
‘ the child’s.

‘ But I must leave these ancients, and give a
‘ cast of my office to a living writer, a sifter of
‘ the quill.

‘ The sentiments and inclinations of my mind
‘ are so naturally turned to Love, that it is with

' a great deal of pleasure I frequent the play-
 ' house, where I have often an opportunity of
 ' seeing this passion represented in all its differ-
 ' ent shapes. I have for some years been
 ' so constant a customer to the theatre, that I
 ' have got most of our celebrated plays by
 ' heart; for which reason it is with more than
 ' ordinary pleasure that I hear the actors give
 ' out a new one. It is no small satisfaction to
 ' me, that I know we are to be entertained to-
 ' night with a comedy from the same hand that
 ' writ *The Gamester* and *The Busy Body*.
 ' The deserved success these plays met with
 ' is a certain demonstration that wit alone is
 ' more than sufficient to supply all the rules
 ' of art. The incidents in both those pieces
 ' are so dexterously managed, and the plots so
 ' ingeniously perplexed, as shew them at once
 ' to be the invention of a wit and a woman.
 ' The curious will observe the same happy con-
 ' duct in the entertainment of this night; and
 ' as we have but one British lady * who employs
 ' her genius for the drama, it would be a shame-
 ' ful reflection on the polite of both sexes,
 ' should she want any encouragement the town
 ' can give her. I desire your interest in her be-
 ' half; and am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

' MARMADUKE MYRTLE.'

* This was Mrs. CENTLIVRE. The new Comedy here al-
 luded to is "The Wonder."

Thursday,

N^o 28.

Thursday, April 29, 1714.

*— Nihil invitæ tristis custodia prodest:**Quam peccare pudet, Cynthia, tuta sat est.*

PROPERT.

MY Correspondents shall do my business
for me to-day.

‘ Mr. MYRTLE,

‘ I THROW this letter from two pair of
‘ stairs, with half a crown with it, in an old
‘ glove, in hopes he that takes it up (for I am
‘ watching till a porter, or some such body,
‘ passes by) will carry it to your LODGE. I
‘ have none to complain to but yourself. I am
‘ locked up, for fear of making my escape to a
‘ gentleman, whose address I received by my
‘ father’s approbation, though now his preten-
‘ sions are disallowed for the sake of a richer
‘ man. I have no help in this miserable con-
‘ dition, nor means to relieve myself, but by
‘ desiring you to print the inclosed in your very
‘ next LOVER. The gentleman who is to marry
‘ me

‘ me has visited me twice or thrice alone; and
‘ indeed I see such infallible marks of the most
‘ unfeigned and respectful passion towards me,
‘ that it is with great anguish I write to him in
‘ the sincerity of my heart, which I know will
‘ be a sincere affliction to him. It is no matter
‘ for a direction by his name: he reads your
‘ Paper, and will too soon gather that the cir-
‘ cumstances of my letter can concern only him-
‘ self.’

“ SIR,

“ IT is a very ill return which I make to the
“ respect you have for me, when I acknow-
“ ledge to you, that, though the day for our
“ marriage is appointed, I am incapable of lov-
“ ing you: you may have observed, in the
“ long conversations we have had at those times
“ that we were lately left together, that some
“ secret hung upon my mind: I was obliged to
“ an ambiguous behaviour, and durst not re-
“ veal myself further, because my mother,
“ from a closet near the place where we sat,
“ could both hear and see our conversation.
“ I have strict commands from both my parents
“ to receive you, and am undone for ever, ex-
“ cept you will be so kind and generous as to
“ refuse me. Consider, Sir, the misery of be-
“ stowing yourself upon one who can have no
“ prospect.

“prospect of happiness but from your death.
“This is a confession made perhaps with an
“offensive sincerity; but that conduct is much
“to be preferred to a covert dislike, which
“could not but pall all the sweets of life, by
“imposing on you a companion that doats and
“languishes for another. I will not go so far
“as to say, my passion for the gentleman, whose
“wife I am by promise, would lead me to any
“thing criminal against your honour; I know
“it is dreadful enough to a man of your sense
“to expect nothing but forced civilities in re-
“turn for tender endearments, and cold esteem
“for undeserved Love. If you will on this
“occasion let reason take place of passion, I
“doubt not but fate has in store for you some
“worthier object of your affection, in recom-
“pence of your goodness to the only woman
“that could be insensible of your merit.

“I am, Sir,

“Your most humble servant,

“M. H.”

‘Mr. MYRTLE,

‘I AM a young woman perfectly at my own
‘liberty, two and twenty, in the height and
‘affluence of good health, good fortune, and
‘good humour; but, I know not how, I must
‘acknow-

‘ acknowledge there is something solitary and
‘ distrest in the very natural condition of our
‘ sex, till we have wholly rejected all thoughts
‘ of marriage, or made our choice. The man
‘ has not yet appeared to these eyes, whom I
‘ could like for a husband. I therefore apply
‘ myself to you, to let the town know there is,
‘ not many furlongs from your Lodge, one that
‘ lives with too much ease, and is undone for
‘ want of that acceptable kind of uneasiness, the
‘ importunity of Lovers. If you can send me
‘ half a dozen, I promise to take him who ad-
‘ dresses me with most gallantry and wit, and
‘ to yield to one of them within six months
‘ after their first declaration that they are my
‘ servants; but at the same time I expect them
‘ to fight one another for me, and promise to
‘ be particularly civil to him who first has his
‘ arm in a scarf for my sake. I expect that
‘ they turn their fury and skill towards disarm-
‘ ing, or slightly wounding, not killing, one ano-
‘ ther; for I shall not take it for respect to
‘ me to lessen the number of my slaves; at the
‘ same time, the conquered is to beg, and the
‘ victor is to give life for my sake only. You
‘ must know, Sir, I value more being envied
‘ by women, than loved by men; and there is
‘ nothing proclaims a beauty so effectually, as
‘ an interview of her Lovers behind Montague-
‘ house.

' house. In hopes of a serenade soon after
' the publication of this letter, I rest in dull
' tranquillity,

' Your most affectionate

' humble servant,

' CLIDAMIRA.

' Mr. MYRTLE,

' YOU must know I am one of those cox-
' combs who know myself to be abused, but
' have not resolution enough to resent it as I
' ought: to tell you plainly, I am a kind
' keeper, and know myself to be the most ser-
' vile of cuckolds, for I am wronged by a wo-
' man whom I may part with when I please,
' but am afraid that when I please will never
' happen. As other people write verses and
' sonnets to deplore the cruelty of their mistress,
' I could think of nothing better this morning
' than diverting myself, and soothing my folly
' by the example of men of wit, who have for-
' merly been in my condition. I was glad to
' meet an epigram of a gentleman I suppose
' your worship is acquainted with, that hit my
' condition; and make you a present of it, as I
' have improved and translated it in the janty
' style " of a man of wit and pleasure about
' the town." Pray allow me to call her my dear
2
' for

‘ for the rhyme sake ; for I never writ verses
 ‘ till she vexed me :

De infamiâ suæ puellæ.

Rumor ait crebro nostram peccare puellam ;

Nunc ego me surdis auribus esse velim.

Crimina non hæc sunt nostro sine facta dolore :

Quid miserum torques, rumor acerbe ? tace.

The town reports the falshood of my dear,
 To which I cry Oh that I could not hear !
 I love her still ; peace then, thou babler Fame,
 And let me rest contented in my shame !

‘ Pray give my humble service to Mrs. PAGE :
 ‘ you honourable Lovers have a good conscience
 ‘ to support you in your vexations ; but we
 ‘ alas—I am your humble servant,

‘ GILES LIMBERHAM.’

*** There is now going to the press at Cambridge, to be printed by subscription, on a new letter, and very good paper, Eusebij, Socratis, Sozomeni, &c. in 3 vols. *folio*, from the Parisian edition of Valesius, with the following improvements.
 1. Valesius’s notes are all printed at the bottom of each page.
 2. Large additions of *Nota Variorum*, both English and Foreigners.
 3. An exact Chronology, with Lemmas on the side to direct to considerable passages.
 4. A larger and more exact *Index*, with Maps. Price to Subscribers, 3 Guineas ; on Royal Paper, 5 Guineas ; one for the small, and two for the large, to be paid when 40 sheets are printed off, towards carrying on the great charge. Impression 500 ; and not 30 copies more than are subscribed for. LOVER, *in folio*.

Saturday,

N^o 29. Saturday, May 1, 1714.

*Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam chari capitis?*

HOR.

THE reader may remember that in my first Paper I described the circumstances of the persons, whose lives and conversations my future discourses should principally describe. Mr. OSWALD, who is a widower, and in the first year of that distressed condition, having absented himself from our meetings, I went to visit him this evening. My intimacy made the servant readily conduct me to him, though he had forbidden them to let any body come at him. I found him leaning at a table with a book before him, and saw, methoughts, a concern in him much deeper than that seriousness which arises from reading only, though the matter upon which a man has been employed has been never so weighty. He saw in me, I believe, a friendly curiosity to know what put him into that temper, and began to tell me that he had been looking over a little collection of

of

of books of his wife's; and said, it was an inexpressible pleasure to him, that, though he thought her a most excellent woman, he found, by perusing little papers and minutes among her books, new reasons for loving her: this, continued he, now in my hand, is the "Contemplations Moral and Divine, of Sir Matthew Hale:" she has turned down, and written little remarks on the margin as she goes on. In order to give you a notion of her merit and good sense, pray give me leave to read three or four paragraphs which she has marked with this pencil. He here looked upon the pencil, till the memory of some little incident, of which it reminded him, filled his eyes with tears; which, to hide new reasons for loving her (but he only discovered his grief the more), he began in a broken voice to read Sir MATTHEW's second chapter, in his discourse of religion.

' The truth and spirit of religion comes in a
' narrow compass, though the effect and oper-
' ation thereof are large and diffusive. Solo-
' mon comprehended it in a few words, "Fear
' God and keep his commandments, for this is
' the whole duty of man:" the soul and life of
' religion is the fear of God, which is the prin-
' ciple of obedience; but obedience to his com-
' mands, which is an act or exercise of that
' life,

' life, is various, according to the variety of
 ' the commands of God. If I take a kernel of
 ' an acorn, the principle of life lies in it: the
 ' thing itself is but small, but the vegetable
 ' principle that lies in it takes up a less room
 ' than the kernel itself, little more than the
 ' quantity of a small pin's head, as is easy to be
 ' observed by experiment; but the exercise of
 ' that spark of life is large and comprehensive
 ' in its operation; it produceth a great tree,
 ' and in that tree the sap, the body, the bark,
 ' the limbs, the leaves, the fruit; and so it is
 ' with the principles of true religion, the prin-
 ' ciple itself lies in a narrow compass, but the
 ' activity and energy of it is diffusive and
 ' various.

' This principle hath not only productions
 ' that naturally flow from it, but where it is, it
 ' ferments and assimilates, and gives a kind of
 ' tincture even to other actions that do not in
 ' their own nature follow from it, as the nature
 ' and civil actions of our lives; under the
 ' former was our Lord's parable of a grain of
 ' mustard-seed, under the latter of his com-
 ' parison of leaven, just as we see in other
 ' things of nature. Take a little red wine, and
 ' drop it into a vessel of water, it gives a new
 ' tincture to the water; or take a grain of salt
 ' and put it into fresh liquor, it doth com-

P

' municate

‘municate itself to the next adjacent part of
‘the liquor, and that again to the next, until
‘the whole be fermented: so that small and
‘little vital principle of the fear of God doth
‘gradually, and yet suddenly, assimilate the
‘actions of our life flowing from another prin-
‘ciple. It rectifies and moderates our affec-
‘tions, and passions, and appetites; it gives
‘truth to our speech, sobriety to our senses,
‘humility to our parts, and the like.

‘Religion is best in its simplicity and purity,
‘but difficult to be retained so, without supersti-
‘tions and accessions; and those do commonly in
‘time stifle and choak the simplicity of religion,
‘unless much care and circumspection be used:
‘the contemperations are so many and so cum-
‘bersome, that religion loseth its nature, or is
‘strangled by them: just as a man that hath some
‘excellent simple cordial spirit, and puts musk
‘in it to make it smell sweet, and honey to make it
‘taste pleasant; and, it may be, cantharides to
‘make it look glorious. Indeed by the infu-
‘sions he hath given it a very fine smell, and
‘taste, and colour; but yet he hath so clogged
‘it, and sophisticated it with superadditions,
‘that, it may be, he hath altered the nature, and
‘destroyed the virtue of it.’

Here my friend could go on no further, but
reaching to me the book itself, he leaned on
the

the table, covering his eyes with his hands, while I read the following words on the margin, 'Grant that this superaddition, which I make, 'may be Love and Constancy to Mr. OSWALD!' No one could be unaffected with this incident, nor could I forbear falling into a kind of consolatory discourse, drawn from the satisfaction it must needs be, to find new proofs of the virtue of a person he so tenderly loved; but, observing his concern too quick and lively for conversation on that subject, I broke off with repeating only two distichs of Mr. COWLEY to my Lady VANDYKE, on the death of her husband.

Your joys and griefs were wont the same to be;
Begin not now, blest pair, to disagree.

I cannot but think it was a very right sentiment in this lady, to make that duty of life, in which she took pleasure, the super-structure upon the motive of religion; for nothing can mend the heart better than an honourable Love, except religion. It sweetens disasters, and moderates good fortune, from a benevolent spirit that is naturally in it, and extends itself to things the most remote. It cannot be conceived, by those who are involved in libertine pleasures, the sweet satisfactions that must arise from the union of two persons who have left all

the world, in order to place their chief delight in each other; and to promote that delight by all the methods which reason, urged by religion and duty, forwarded by passion, can intimate to the heart. Such a pair give charms to virtue, and make pleasant the ways of innocence: a deviation from the rules of such a commerce would be courting pain; for such a life is as much to be preferred to any thing that can be communicated by criminal satisfactions (to speak of it in the mildest terms), as sobriety and elegant conversation are to intemperance and rioting.

*** In a short time will be published, "The Difference between an Absolute and a Limited Monarchy, as it more particularly regards the English Constitution." Being a Treatise written by Sir John Fortescue, Knt. Lord Chief Justice, and Lord High Chancellor of England, under King Henry VI. Faithfully transcribed from the MS. copy in the Bodleian Library, and collated with three other MSS. Published, with some remarks, by John Fortescue Aland, of the Inner Temple, Esq; F. R. S. Printed upon a very fine royal paper, in 8vo. Price 6s. There being but a small number printed, those gentlemen who intend to purchase this book are desired to send in their names to Edm. Parker, at the Bible and Crown in Lombard-street, and Tho. Ward, in the Inner Temple, Booksellers, who will take care to deliver them on the day of publication. *LOVER in folio.* N^o 29.

Tuesday,

N^o 30. Tuesday, May 4. 1714.

*Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre
Errare, atque viam palanteis quærere vitæ.*

Luc.

IT is a very great satisfaction to one who has put himself upon the Platonick foot, to look calmly on, while carnivorous Lovers run about howling for hunger, which the intellectual and more abstracted admirer is never gnawed with. The following letters give a lively representation of this matter.

‘ Mr. MYRTLE,

‘ IF ever any man had reason to dispatch
‘ himself for Love, I am the person; I am lost
‘ to all intents and purposes, though I was the
‘ happiest man in the world, and have no one
‘ to accuse but myself of my present mis-
‘ fortunes, and yet I am not to be accused nei-
‘ ther. To open this riddle, you must know,
‘ Mr. MYRTLE, that I am not now twenty years
‘ of age; I think that circumstance necessary to

P 3

‘ tell

‘ tell you, for they say the misfortune which
‘ befel me cannot happen but from the height
‘ of youth and blood. I live in the neighbour-
‘ hood of a young lady of wealth, wit, and beau-
‘ ty; I love her to death; and she loves me
‘ with no less ardour. We have had frequent
‘ meetings by stealth, which are now inter-
‘ rupted by a very uncommon accident. I have
‘ a father who can never be enough satisfied
‘ that his house is not to be burned before next
‘ morning; and for this reason, as well as, per-
‘ haps, other jealousies, insists upon the liberty
‘ of coming into my chamber when I am asleep,
‘ to see whether my candle is out. One night
‘ he stole softly in, as indeed he always does,
‘ for fear of disturbing me, when I fast asleep
‘ was talking of my mistress. As he has since
‘ told me, I named her, and then thought fit
‘ to go on as follows :

“ The happiness we now enjoy is doubled by
“ the secrecy of it. I will come again to-mor-
“ row night, and have ordered the hackney
“ coachmen to be ready to let me get up to
“ your window at the hour appointed. Be
“ ready to throw up the sash when I tinkle with
“ a piece of money at the glass. Your letters I
“ keep always in a box under my bed, and my
“ father can never come at them. Pray be
“ sure

“sure to write; for the day-time is mighty
“sad, to be troubled with the impertinence
“and baffle of the world, and we never to
“meet or hear from each other but at mid-
“night.”

‘The old gentleman took my key out of
‘my pocket, and by that means made himself
‘master of my papers; and, in an high point of
‘honour, the next day told the parents of my
‘mistress the danger their daughter was in of
‘being carried off by his son, who had no pre-
‘tensions to a woman of her fortune; though
‘he can do very handsomely for me.

‘This matter has been very indiscreetly
‘managed by both our parents; the servants,
‘and consequently the neighbourhood, have the
‘story amongst them; and the innocentest wo-
‘man in the world is at the mercy of busy
‘tongues. Now, Sir, I am not to judge of the
‘actions of my father; but, as he has a longer
‘purse than he will own, I desire you would
‘lay before him, that he did not come at my
‘secret fairly, and that he ought, since he goes
‘upon punctilios, to have made no use of what
‘he arrived at by the infirmity of a troubled
‘imagination. He says indeed for himself, that
‘he had this thought in his head; and there-
‘fore, had I owned the thing to him when he

' taxed me, without shewing my mistress's let-
 ' ters, he should have been obliged, by the
 ' manner of getting the secret, to have kept it;
 ' but since I had not owned it, had I not been
 ' confronted by her letters, which he got by
 ' taking my key out of my pocket, I am under
 ' the same degree of favour as a man who com-
 ' mitted any other crime would have been, who
 ' had betrayed himself in the same manner.
 ' Mr. MYRTLE, you are a great casuist; and you
 ' see what a jumble of unhappy circumstances
 ' I am involved in, which I desire you to extri-
 ' cate me from by your best advice, which
 ' will come very seasonably to two families who
 ' are much your friends, among whom none so
 ' much as the lady concerned in the story; and
 ' where she approves, you have an admirer in,
 ' Sir, your most humble servant,

' ULYSSES TRANSMARINUS.

' I have notice given me, that I must cross
 ' the seas for this business; but I am resolved
 ' to stay at least in the same nation with my
 ' fair-one till I hear further.'

' Mr. MYRTLE,

Friday, April 30, 1714.

' YOU'LL oblige extremely your most
 ' humble servant in inserting this in your next
 ' LOVER.'

" MADAM,

"MADAM,

"DEATH would have been welcomer than
 "your letter in Thursday's LOVER; for I must
 "survive the misery that would have ended.
 "Your sincerity is so far from being offensive,
 "that my passion (were it now lawful to in-
 "dulse it) is greater for you, and I cannot
 "better prove the truth of mine than by re-
 "fusing you, and making you as happy in
 "your choice, as with you would have been
 "the most unfortunate——"

'To Mr. MYRTLE.

'SIR,

'THERE is a young woman in our neigh-
 'bourhood that makes it her business to disturb
 'every body that passes by with her beauty.
 'She runs to the window when she has a mind
 'to do mischief; and then, when a body looks
 'up at her, she runs back, as though she had
 'not a mind to be seen, though she came there
 'on purpose. Her hands and arms, you must
 'know, are very fine; for that reason she never
 'lets them be unemployed, but is feeding a
 'squirrel, and catching people that pass by all
 'day long. She has a way of heaving out of
 'the window to see something, so that one, who
 'stands

' stands in the street just over against her, is
 ' taken with her side face; one that is coming
 ' down fixes his eyes at the pole of her neck
 ' till he stumbles; and one coming up the street
 ' is fixed stock-still by her eyes: she won't let
 ' any body go by in peace. I am confident, if
 ' you went that way yourself, she would pre-
 ' tend to get you from Mrs. PAGE. As for my
 ' own part, I fear her not; but there are several
 ' of our neighbours whose sons are taken in her
 ' chains, and several good women's husbands
 ' are always talking of her, and there is no
 ' quiet. I beg of you, Sir, to take some course
 ' with her, for she takes a delight in doing all
 ' this mischief. It would be right to lay down
 ' some rules against her; or, if you please to
 ' appoint a time to come and speak to her, it
 ' would be a great charity to our street, especi-
 ' ally to, Sir, your most humble servant,

' ANTHONY EYELID.'

' SIR,

' HERE is a young gentlewoman in our
 ' street, that I do not know at all, who looked
 ' full in my face, and then looked as if she was
 ' mistaken, but looked so pretty, that I cannot
 ' forget her; she does something or other to
 ' every one that passes by. I thought I would
 ' tell you of her. Yours, CH. BUSY.'

' SIR,

‘SIR,

‘HERE is a young woman in our street, that
‘looks often melancholy out of the window, as
‘if she saw nobody, and nobody saw her, she
‘is so intent. But she can give an account of
‘every thing that passes, and does it to way-lay
‘young men. Pray say something about her.

‘Yours, unknown,

‘TALL-BOY GAPESEED.’

‘SIR,

‘THERE is a young woman in our neigh-
‘bourhood, that makes people with bundles
‘on their back stand as if they had none, and
‘those who have none stand as if they had too
‘heavy ones. Pray take her to your end of the
‘town, for she interrupts business. Yours,

‘RALPH DOODLE.’

* * This day is published, in neat pocket volumes, “The
“ENGLISHMAN,” being the sequel of the GUARDIAN, by
Richard Steele, Esq.

The ENGLISHMAN is likewise printed in a large octavo, and
a small number of them on royal paper. To be sold by Ferd.
Burleigh, in Amen Corner; printed by Sam. Buckley. LOVER
in folio, N^o 30.

Thursday,

N° 31. Thursday, May 6, 1714.

*Ridet hoc, inquam, Venus ipsa; rident
Simplices Nymphæ, ferus & Cupido,
Semper ardentes acuens sagittas
Cote cruentâ.*

HOR.

‘ Mr. MYRTLE,

London, May 4.

‘ I Remember, some time ago, that I heard a
‘ gentleman, who often talked out of a
‘ book, speak of a king that was so fond of his
‘ wife, that his mind overflowed with the hap-
‘ piness he had in the possession of her beauties.
‘ I remember it was just so that talking fellow
‘ expressed himself; but all that I want of his
‘ story is, that he shewed his queen naked from
‘ a chink in the bed-chamber; and that the
‘ queen, finding this out, resented it so highly,
‘ that she, after mature deliberation, thought
‘ fit to plot against her husband, and married
‘ the man to whom he had exposed her person. I
‘ have but a puzzled way of telling a story; but
‘ this

‘ this circumstance among such great people
 ‘ may give you some thoughts upon an accident
 ‘ of the like kind, which happened to me a
 ‘ man of middle rank.

‘ There is a very gay, pleasant young lady,
 ‘ whom I was well acquainted with, and had
 ‘ long known as being an intimate of my sister’s.
 ‘ We were the other day a riding out; the wo-
 ‘ men and men on single horses; it happened
 ‘ that this young lady and I out-rid the com-
 ‘ pany, and in the avenue of the wood between
 ‘ Hampstead and Highgate her horse threw her
 ‘ full upon her head. She is a quick-witted
 ‘ girl, and finding chance had discovered more
 ‘ of her beauty than ever she designed to fa-
 ‘ vour me with, she in an instant lay on the
 ‘ turf in a decent manner as in a trance, before
 ‘ I could alight and come to her assistance. I
 ‘ fell in love with her when she was topsie-tur-
 ‘ vey, and from that instant professed myself
 ‘ her servant. She always laughed, and turned
 ‘ off the discourse, and said she thought it must
 ‘ be so: the whole family were mightily amazed
 ‘ how this declaration came all of a sudden, and
 ‘ why, after two or three years intimacy, not
 ‘ a word, and yet now I so very eager. Well;
 ‘ the father had no exception to me, and the
 ‘ wedding-day was named, when, all of a sud-
 ‘ den, the father has sent my mistress to a dis-
 ‘ tant

‘ tant relation in the country, and I am discard-
 ‘ ed. Now, Sir, what I desire of you is to
 ‘ insert this, that her father may understand
 ‘ what she meant, when she said, “ I shall be
 ‘ ashamed to be the wife of any other man;”
 ‘ and what I meant when I said that, “ I know
 ‘ more of her already than any other husband
 ‘ perhaps ever may.” These expressions were
 ‘ let drop when the father shewed some signs
 ‘ of parting us ; and I appeal to you, whether,
 ‘ according to nice rules, she is not to prefer
 ‘ me to all others. This is a serious matter in
 ‘ its consequences, and I won’t be choused;
 ‘ therefore pray insert it. The whole is humbly
 ‘ submitted by, Sir,

‘ Your most unfortunate,

‘ humble servant,

‘ T I M P I P.’

‘ TO Mr. MARMADUKE MYRTLE.

‘ S I R,

‘ OBSERVING you play the Casuist, the
 ‘ Doctor, nay often descend even to the Letter-
 ‘ carrier, for the service of Lovers, I am apt to
 ‘ think my present condition brings me within
 ‘ your cognizance, and countenances this ap-
 ‘ plication. Sir, I ever was a great admirer of
 ‘ a single state, and my chief study has been to
 ‘ collect

‘ collect encomiums in its favour, and instances
‘ of unhappy marriages to confirm me. I never
‘ could think myself the sad half of a man, or
‘ that my cares wanted doubling. The best
‘ exercise I ever performed at school was, a
‘ translation of Juvenal’s sixth satyr. I re-
‘ member my master said smiling, Sirrah, you
‘ will die a batchelor. Since I came to man’s
‘ estate, I have every day talked over, with little
‘ variation, the common-place sayings against
‘ matrimony. I believe they have been more
‘ constant than my prayers. I must now, Sir,
‘ acquaint you how I became disarmed of those
‘ principles in an instant, and how other thoughts
‘ took place, so that I beg leave hereby to re-
‘ cant, and protest against those damnable doc-
‘ trines. And, further, I humbly beseech all
‘ ladies with whom I converse, to bestow on me
‘ the encouragement which new and true con-
‘ verts generally meet with. I was riding in
‘ the country last spring; of all days in the
‘ week it was upon a Tuesday; when, on a sud-
‘ den, I heard a voice which guided my sight
‘ to two young women unknown to me: they
‘ were negligently, I won’t say meanly drest,
‘ had large staves in their hands, and were fol-
‘ lowed by spaniels and grey-hounds. One
‘ (whom I now see with the LOVER’s telescope)
‘ wore a bonnet. On her I cast my eyes till
‘ the

' the brightness of hers made them fail me, that
 ' is, I have seen nothing in its true light since.
 ' I am a piece of a scholar, yet am not able,
 ' Mr. MYRTLE, to affirm what I saw, and how
 ' this object struck the organs of my body,
 ' affected my soul and mind, and produced
 ' this lasting idea. The old philosophers, you
 ' know, attributed a soul to the loadstone, when
 ' they could not find out the reason of its union
 ' to iron. Whence shall I deduce the cause of
 ' my condition? shall I speak of an impulse,
 ' pressure of insensible particles, secret power,
 ' destiny, the stars, magick? or shall I say, in
 ' the lawyers term, that every feature had its
 ' copies? or must I mention occult quality, or,
 ' as the genteel world translate it, *je ne scay*
 ' *quoy*? I should have told you I was a hunting
 ' when I saw this object; that, when it fled, my
 ' good-spirited gelding refused the gate that
 ' parted us, and ran away with me. This was
 ' as good as a second game, for I, who before
 ' was the greatest sportsman in the country,
 ' have ever since haunted the woods to sigh, not
 ' halloo. In lonely shades by day, and moon-
 ' shine walks by night (she ever by my side) I
 ' have found my only pleasure. This condi-
 ' tion I have suffered for a long series of time;
 ' but wandering in the same wood I saw a
 ' country girl in the same bonnet in which I
 ' formerly

‘ formerly beheld my great calamity. I followed
 ‘ her, and found the abode of her for whom I
 ‘ languish. *Ma charmante* is your constant
 ‘ reader, who hereby will have some notion of
 ‘ me and my name. I crave, Sir, your assist-
 ‘ ance herein, and (to ease yourself of another
 ‘ troublesome letter) your advice, in case of a
 ‘ denial to wait upon her. I have abundance
 ‘ more to say, but desire you to say it to your-
 ‘ self in behalf of, Sir,

‘ Your enamoured humble servant.’

Ἐν δικαιοσύνῃ συλλήβδην πᾶς ἀπὸ τῆς ἐστίν.

ARISTOT.

THE task which I have enjoined myself in
 these Papers, is to describe Love in all
 its shapes; to warn the unwary of those rocks,
 upon which so many in all ages have split
 formerly, do split still, and will split here-
 after, as long as men and women shall be
 what they now are; and to delineate the true
 and unfeigned delight which virtuous minds
 feel

Q

feel in the enjoyment of their lawful and warranted passions. This task, the farther I go, I find, grows the more upon my hands. The dreadful effects which have attended irregular pursuits in this way, have led some shallow philosophers to arraign that as simply unlawful, or at least as unbecoming a wise man, which is certainly one of the first and fundamental laws of nature; and they have seemed to look upon that as a curse, which, rightly managed, is the greatest blessing that our Creator has given us here below; and which is, in truth,

That cordial drop heaven in our cup has thrown,
To make the nauseous draught of life go down.

Yet, on the other hand, when (comparatively speaking) so very many miscarry in this particular, more than in any other single circumstance belonging to human life, one is tempted to cry out, with my Lord BROOKE in his *Alaham*,

O wearisom condition of mortality!
Born to one law, and to another bound;
Vainly begotten, yet forbidden vanity;
Created sick, commanded to be sound!
If nature sure did not delight in blood,
She would have found more easy ways to good.

But since complaints under most pressures
avail but little; since in every species of actions
there

there is a right and a wrong, which circumstances only can determine; since our Maker (for greater reasons than those which our laws ascribe to our princes) cannot possibly do any wrong, or, as the divines speak, cannot be the author of sin; since what was essential to human nature before the fall is in itself most certainly good, when rightly pursued; and since one may observe that mistakes and false steps in this matter meet with harsher censures, and are often more severely punished in this world, than many other crimes which seem to be of a higher nature; I have thought it worth while to enquire into this matter as exactly as I could, and to present the publick with my thoughts concerning the real differences between the several sorts of evil actions, as I shall find opportunity, and as my importunate correspondents, who are often in haste, and who must not be disoblighd, will give me leave.

One method, as I take it, to induce men to avoid any evil, is to know not only wherein it consists, but how great it is. The Stoicks of old pretended that all sins were equal; that it was as great a crime to steal a pin, as to rob upon the road. When their wise man was once out of his way, he lost his pretensions to wisdom; and when those were gone, whatsoever he did or said afterwards in that state of

Q 2

aberration,

aberration, it was all one. Sins were sins, and where the essence was the same, the degrees mattered little. This contradicts human nature, and common sense; and the laws of all nations distinguish, in the punishments which they inflict, between crimes, as they are more or less pernicious to the society in and against which they are committed. That God does so too, we need not question. The Judge of the whole earth must certainly do right. When we know wherein the true greatness of every sin consists, we shall be able to judge of our own faults, and sometimes of the faults of others; we shall see why we ought to avoid them where there is room for compassion; and where punishment is necessary, we may be sure then to be severe in the right place; and, by knowing how and when to forgive, may sometimes rise those that are sinking, and often save those from utter destruction who, if abandoned, would be irrecoverably lost. This is a large, and I think an useful theme, and it is what I have seen sufficiently enlarged upon in those books of morality which have come in my way. Now, if in my enquiries I have an eye all along to the Christian institution, and take a view of the sins and irregularities of mankind in such a light as is consistent with the practice of our Saviour and his Apostles; I
hope

hope the softer and politer part of my readers will not be upon that account disgusted.

The aggravation of all crimes is be estimated either from the persons injured or offended, or from the intrinsic malice from whence those injuries and offences proceed. All offences are against either our Maker, our neighbour, or ourselves. Offences against our Maker have this particular aggravation, that they are committed against the person to whom we have the greatest obligations, and consequently do more immediately contradict the light of our own conscience. The obligations of our original being, and of our constant preservation during the whole course of our lives, which takes in all the blessings that we daily receive from him, are so peculiarly due to God, that they are not communicable to any earthly being. For tho' we may, and do hourly, receive advantages from our fellow-creatures, yet those advantages are ultimately to be referred to God, by whose good providence those fellow-creatures are enabled to do us good. And, besides, the good they do us is as much for their sakes as for ours, since the advantages they receive from us, and those we receive from them, are reciprocal. But though our Creator is always doing good to us, we can do none to him, and upon that score he has a title to our obedience, and that

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implicit,

implicit, when once we are satisfied it is he that commands. This makes idolatry to be so crying a sin, because it is a communication of that honour to the creature (whether inanimate or animate it matters not) to which it can have no possible title, and is due to the Creator only. Upon this account also irreligion and atheism are still worse, because they tear up all religion by the roots; and all service and worship is denied to him to whom the utmost service and worship is justly due. This is so plain, that it needs neither enlargement nor proof.

The second degree of offences is of those which are committed against our neighbours. They are equally God's creatures as ourselves, and have an equal title to his protection; and we ought to think that they are equally dear to him. Offences against them may be comprehended under one common title of injustice. And what divines usually call sins against the second table are, if strictly examined, but so many sorts of injuries against our neighbours. The pains, the care, the trouble, and, above all, the love of parents, demand honour from their children; and therefore, when they do not meet with it, they are injured: this shews the justice of the fifth commandment. To take away our neighbour's life is the greatest injury which
can

can be done him, because it is absolutely irreparable. Next to that are injuries done to his bed, and for the same reason too. The goods we enjoy are the means of our subsistence here; and he that against our wills takes them from us does more or less, according to the greatness of our loss, deprive us of our subsistence. This shews the sixth, seventh, and eighth commandments. And since none of those things, to which by the original grant from our common Maker we have a just title, are secure, if calumny and false accusations are once allowed; therefore false-witnessing is also forbidden in the ninth commandment. And since a desire of possessing what is not our own, and what we see others enjoy, will, if encouraged, naturally lead men to as many sorts of injustice, as there are sorts of desires; therefore coveting what is not our own is fenced against by the tenth commandment.

By this detail it plainly appears why I set offences against our neighbours in the second place. When God gave the Ten Commandments, he mentioned no offences but those against himself and our neighbours, and left the sins which are immediately against ourselves (which are properly sins of intemperance) to be forbidden by other laws.

But then, though sins against ourselves ought, with respect to their guilt (which is what I here propose to consider) to be reckoned last; yet it does not follow from thence that they are not sins, and consequently do not deserve punishment. Whatsoever disables us in any measure from doing our duty to God, or our neighbour, is so far an injustice towards them, and robs them of their due, and is so far a crime. I say an injustice, because, as I said before, all faults in my opinion are ultimately to be referred to that: even uncharitableness is injustice, because our common Creator, who has made us all liable to want, and consequently under a necessity of desiring assistance, expects we should be helpful to one another, because he is good to us. And when Aristotle says, in those words that are the motto of this paper, that "All virtues are contained in justice," he states the true notion of good and evil; and it is as applicable to virtues considered in a Christian light, as in a natural one. This then is the first rule by which we are to weigh the different degrees of good and evil.

Tuesday,

N^o 33.

Tuesday, May 11, 1714.

Animum picturâ pascit—

VIRG.

I Went the other day down the river, and dined with some virtuoso friends at Greenwich. The purpose of the gentleman, who invited us, was to entertain us with a sight of that famous cieling in the great hall at Greenwich Hospital, painted by our ingenious countryman Mr. THORNHILL, who has executed a great and noble design with a masterly hand, and uncommon genius. The regularity, symmetry, boldness, and prominence of the figures are not to be described; nor is it in the power of words to raise too great an idea of the work. As well as I could comprehend it from seeing it but twice, I shall give a plain account of it.

IN the middle of the cieling (which is about 106 feet long, and 56 feet wide, and near 50 feet high) is a very large oval frame painted and carved in imitation of gold, with a great thickness rising in the inside to throw up the figures

figures to the greater height; the oval is fastened to a great suffeat adorned with roses in imitation of copper. The whole is supported by eight gigantick figures of slaves, four on each side, as though they were carved in stone; between the figures, thrown in heaps into a covering, are all manner of maritime trophies in metzo-relievo, as anchors, cables, rudders, masts, sails, blocks, capstals, sea-guns, sea-carriages, boats, pinnaces, oars, stretchers, colours, ensigns, pennants, drums, trumpets, bombs, mortars, small arms, granadoes, powder barrels, fire arrows, grappling-irons, cross staves, quadrants, compasses, &c. all in stone colours, to give the greater beauty to the rest of the cieling, which is more significant.

About the oval in the inside are placed the twelve signs of the Zodiack: the six northern signs, as Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, are placed on the north side of the oval; and the six southern signs, as Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricornus, Aquarius, Pisces, are to the south, with three of them in a groupe which compose one quarter of the year: the signs have their attitudes *, and their draperies

* Aries is of a turbulent aspect, with little winds and rain hovering about him, his drapery of a blueish green, shadowed with dark russet, to denote the changeableness of the weather.

are varied and adapted to the seasons they possess, as the cool, the blue and the tender green to the Spring, the yellow to the Summer, and the red and flame-colour to the Dog-days and Autumnal season, the white and cold to the Winter; likewise the fruits and the flowers of every season as they succeed each other.

In the middle of the oval are represented King William and Queen Mary, sitting on a throne under a great pavilion or purple canopy, attended by the four cardinal virtues, as Prudence, Temperance, Fortitude, and Justice.

Over the Queen's head is Concord with the Fasces, at her feet two doves, denoting mutual concord and innocent agreement, with Cupid holding the King's scepter, while he is presenting Peace with the lamb and olive branch, and Liberty expressed by the Athenian cap, to Europe, who, laying her crowns at his feet, receives them with an air of respect and grati-

April, or Taurus, is more mild; May, or Gemini, in blue; June a calm red; July more reddish, and, as he leans upon his lion, veils a little from the sun; Virgo almost naked, and flying from the heat of the sun; Libra in deep red; Scorpio veils himself from the scorching sun in a flame-coloured mantle; Sagittarius in red, less hot; December, or Capricorn, blueish; Aquarius in a waterish green; Pisces in blue. Over Aries, Taurus, Gemini, presides Flora; over Cancer, Leo, Virgo, presides Ceres; over Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Bacchus; and over Capricorn, Aquarius, Pisces, Hyems hovering over a brazen pot of fire.

STEELE.

tude.

tude. The King tramples Tyranny under his feet, which is exprest by a French personage, with his leaden crown falling off, his chains, yoke and iron sword broken to pieces, cardinal's cap, triple-crowned mitres, &c. tumbling down. Just beneath is Time bringing Truth to light; near which is a figure of Architecture, holding a large drawing of part of the hospital with the cupola, and pointing up to the royal founders, attended by the little Genii of her art. Beneath her is wisdom and heroic virtue, represented by Pallas and Hercules, destroying Ambition, Envy, Covetousness, Detraction, Calumny, with other vices, which seem to fall to the earth, the place of their more natural abode.

Over the royal pavilion is shewn, at a great heighth, Apollo in his golden chariot, drawn by four white horses, attended by the Horæ, and morning dewes falling before him, going his course through the twelve signs of the Zodiack, and from him the whole *plafond* or cieling is enlightened.

Each end of the cieling is raised in perspective, with a ballustrade and elliptic arches, supported by groupes of stone figures, which form a gallery of the whole breadth of the hall; in the middle of which gallery, (as though on the stock) going into the upper hall, is seen in perspective the tafferil of the Blenheim

heim

Heim man of war, with all her galleries, port-holes open, &c. to one side of which is a figure of Victory flying, with spoils taken from the enemy, and putting them aboard the English man of war. Before the ship is a figure representing the city of London, with the arms, sword, and cap of maintenance, supported by Thame and Isis, with other small rivers offering up their treasures to her; the river Tine pouring forth sacks of coals. In the gallery on each side the ship are the Arts and Sciences that relate to Navigation, with the great Archimedes, many old philosophers consulting the compass, &c.

At the other end, as you return out of the hall, is a gallery in the same manner, in the middle of which is the stern of a beautiful gally filled with Spanish trophies. Under which is the Humber with his pigs of lead; the Severn, with the Avon falling into her, with other lesser rivers. In the north end of the gallery is the famous Tycho Brahe, that noble Danish knight, and great ornament of his profession and human nature; near him is Copernicus with his Pythagorean system in his hand; next to him is an old mathematician holding a large table, and on it are described two principal figures, of the incomparable Sir Isaac Newton, on which many extraordinary things

things in that art are built. On the other end of the gallery, to the south, is our learned Mr. FLAMSTEAD, *Reg. Astron. Profess.* with his ingenious disciple Mr. THOMAS WESTON. In Mr. FLAMSTEAD's hand is a large scroll of paper, on which is drawn the great eclipse of the sun that will happen on April 1715; near him is an old man with a pendulum counting the seconds of time, as Mr. FLAMSTEAD makes his observations with his great mural arc and tube on the descent of the moon on the Severn, which at certain times form such a roll of the tides as the sailors corruptly call the Higre, instead of the Eager, and is very dangerous to all ships in its way. This is also expressed by rivers tumbling down by the moon's influence into the Severn. In this gallery are more arts and sciences relating to navigation.

All the great rivers, at each end of the hall, have their proper product of fish issuing out of their vases.

In the four great angles of the cieling, which are over the arches of the galleries, are the four elements, as Fire, Air, Earth, and Water, represented by Jupiter, Juno, Cybele, and Neptune; with their lesser deities accompanying, as Vulcan, Iris, the Fauni, Amphitrite, with all their proper attitudes, &c.

At

At one end of the great oval is a large figure of Fame descending, riding on the winds, and sounding forth the praises of the royal pair.

All the sides of the hall are adorned with fluted pillasters, trophies of shells, corals, pearls; the jambs of the windows ornamented with roses impaneled, or the *opus reticulatum* heightened with green gold.

The whole raises in the spectator the most lively images of glory and victory, and cannot be beheld without much passion and emotion.

N. B. Sir JAMES BATEMAN was the first proposer and the first benefactor to this cieling.

*** The Mathematical WATER THEATRE, of the late ingenious Mr. Winstanly, is now opened; and shown for the benefit of his widow, every evening at five of the clock. There is the greatest curiosities in Water-works, the like was never performed before; with several new additions made this spring. And the ingenious barrel will entertain the spectators with several sorts of liquors, hot and cold, suitable to the season, without mixture. The stage will be changed into three different forms, adorned with figures and fountains as proper; all playing of water, and some with fire mingling with water, so fall into great cascades very delightful and fine; with many more curiosities than can be mentioned here, or be expressed, but by being seen. Boxes 2s. 6d. Pit 2s. First gallery 1s. 6d. Upper gallery 6d. This is at the lower end of Piccadilly, towards Hyde-park, and is known by the Wind mill on the top of it. And the house will be made warm in cold weather. LOVER, *in folio*, No. 33.

Thursday,

N^o 34.

Thursday, May 13, 1714.

— Waking life appears a dream. ROSAMOND.

REPROACH is of all things the most painful to Lovers, especially to us of the platonick kind; this makes it excessively grievous to me, that a paper, though a very dull one, called the MONITOR, accuses me of writing obscenely. He is a stupid fellow, and does not understand that the same object, according to the artist who represents it, may be decent, or unfit to be looked at. Naked figures, by a masterly hand, are so drawn, sometimes, as to be incapable of exciting immodest thoughts. I have, in my paper of May the 6th, spoken of an amour that owes its beginning, and makes itself necessary to be lawfully consummated, from an accident of a lady's falling topsy-turvy: upon which this heavy rogue says, "Is this suffered in a Christian country?" Yes it is, and may very lawfully, but not when such auk-

ward tools as he pretend to meddle with the same subject: none but persons extremely well bred ought to touch ladies petticoats; but I aver, that I have said nothing to offend the most chaste and delicate, and all who read that passage may be very innocent; and the lady of the story may be a very good Christian, though she did not in her appearance differ from an Heathen, when she fell upon her head. We who follow Plato, or are engaged in the high passion, can see a lady's ankle with as much indifference as her wrist: we are so inwardly taken up, that the same ideas do not spring in our imaginations, as do with the common world; we are made gentle, soft, courteous, and harmless, from the force of the *belle passion*; of which coarse dunces, with an appetite for women like that they have for beef, have no conception.

As I gave an account the other day of my passing a day at Greenwich with much delight in beholding a piece of painting of Mr. THORNHILL's, which is an honour to our nation; I shall now give an account of my passing yesterday morning, an hour before dinner, in a place where people may go and be very well entertained, whether they have, or have not, a good taste. They will certainly be well pleased, for they will have unavoidable opportunities of seeing

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what

what they most like, in the most various and agreeable shapes and positions, I mean their own dear selves. The place I am going to mention is Mr. GUMLEY's glass-gallery over the New Exchange. I little thought I should ever in the LOVER have occasion to talk of such a thing as trade; but when a man walks in that illustrious room, and reflects what incredible improvement our artificers of England have made in manufacture of glass in *thirty* years time, and can suppose such an alteration of our affairs in other parts of commerce, it is demonstrable that the nations, who are possessed of mines of gold, are but drudges to a people, whose arts and industry, with other advantages natural to us, may make itself the shop of the world. We are arrived at such perfection in this ware of which I am speaking, that it is not in the power of any potentate in Europe to have so beautiful a mirror as he may purchase here for a trifle, by all the cost and charge that he can lay out in his dominions. It is a modest computation, that England gains fifty thousand pounds a year by exporting this commodity for the service of foreign nations: the whole owing to the inquisitive and mechanic as well as liberal genius of the late Duke of Buckingham*. This prodigious effect by the art of man, from parts of nature that are as unlikely to produce

* See SPECT. N^o 509, vol. VII. *Note.*

it, as one would suppose a man could burn common earth to a tulip, opens a field of contemplation which would lead me too far from my purpose, which is only to celebrate the agreeable œconomy of placing the several wares to sale, in the gallery of which I am talking. No imagination can work up a more pleasing assemblage of beautiful things, to set off each other, than are here actually laid together. In the midst of the walk are set in order a long row of rich tables, on many of which lie cabinets inlaid or wholly made of corals, conchs, ambers, or the like parts of matter which nature seems to have formed wholly to shew the beauty of her works, and to have thrown and distinguished from the mass of earth, as she does by great gifts and endowments those spirits and persons of men, and women, whom she designs to make instruments of great consideration in the crowd of her people. When I walked here, I could not but lament to my companion, that this method was not taken up when the Indian kings were lately in England*. The surprize such appearances as these would put them into would have been as great as a new sense added to one of us; to see the things about us so placed, as that three or four persons can to the eye, in an instant, become a large assembly! You cannot move or do any the least indifferent

* See TAT. N^o 171; and SPECT. N^o 50. *Notes.*

action, in any limb or part of your body, but you vary the scene around with additional pleasure: among other circumstances, I could not but be pleased to see a lap-dog at a loss for an instant, for his lady, and beginning to run to the image of her in a glass, until he was driven back by himself, whom he saw running towards him. The poor animal corrected his mistake, by tracing her footsteps by his sense less subject to mistake, and arrived at her feet, to the no small diversion of the company who saw it, and the envy of several fine gentlemen, whom the odd accident diverted from looking at themselves, to behold the beauteous Bellamira.

It would be an arrogance to pretend to convey distinctly by the ear a pleasure that should come in at the eye; but my gentle reader will thank me for many pleasing thoughts he or she had not ever had before, in a place more new than he could arrive at by landing in a foreign nation. About forty years ago it was the fashion for all the gallants of the town, the wits and the braves, to walk in the New Exchange below, to shew themselves. What an happiness have those whose fortunes and humours are capable of receiving gratifications in this place, that such a scene was displayed in their lifetime! The learned have not more reason to rejoice, that they live in the same days with NEWTON, than the gay, the delicate, and the curious

curious in luxury of drefs and furniture have,
that there has appeared in their time my honeft
friend, and polite director of artificers, Mr.
GUMLEY.

N^o 35.

Saturday, May 15, 1714.

—'tis confest,

The men who flatter highelt, please us beft.

Helen to Paris, OVID's Epiftles.

I Shall make the following letters the enter-
tainment of this day, and recommend the
contents of the firft in a more particular manner
to the ferious confideration of all my female
readers.

' Dear MARMADUKE,

' THOUGH you have treated the fair fex
' with an air of diftinction fuitable to the cha-
' racter you bear, I prefume you will make no
' fcruple to admonifh them of any faults, by
' the amendment of which they may ftill be-
' come more amiable. What I complain to
' you of, is from my own experience. My
' cafe is this.

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' MIRANDA

' MIRANDA is in the bloom of sixteen, and
 ' shines in all the beauties of her sex. Her
 ' face, her shape, her mein, her wit, surprise,
 ' and engage all who have the happiness to
 ' know her. MIRANDA is the idol of my heart,
 ' the object of all my hopes and fears. None
 ' of her actions are indifferent to me. Every
 ' look and motion gives me either pleasure or
 ' pain. I have omitted no reasonable methods
 ' to convince her of the greatness of my passion;
 ' yet as she is one with whom I propose to pass
 ' the remainder of my life, I cannot forbear
 ' mixing the sincerity of the Friend with the
 ' tenderness of the Lover. In short, Sir, I am
 ' one of those unfortunate men, who think
 ' young women ought to be treated like rational
 ' creatures. I forbear therefore to launch out
 ' into all the usual excesses of flattery and ro-
 ' mance; to make her a goddess, and myself a
 ' madman; to give up all my senses and reason
 ' to be moulded and informed as she thinks
 ' proper.

' From hence arise all our differences. MI-
 ' RANDA is one of those fashionable ladies, who,
 ' expecting an implicit faith from their admir-
 ' ers, are impatient and affronted at the least
 ' shew of contradiction.

' As she was lately reading the works of a
 ' celebrated author, who has thought fit to re-

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‘ present himself in his writings under the cha-
‘ racter of an old man, she was pleased to ob-
‘ serve, that it was very uncommon to see a
‘ person at fourscore have so lively a fancy, and
‘ so brisk an imagination. I could not help in-
‘ forming her upon this occasion, that I had
‘ frequently had the honour to drink a glass
‘ with the gentleman, and that to my certain
‘ knowledge he was not yet turned of forty.
‘ Instead of thanking me for setting her right
‘ in this particular, she immediately took fire,
‘ and asked me with a frown, “Whether that
‘ was my breeding, to contradict a lady?” You
‘ must know, Sir, this question usually puts an
‘ end to all our disputes. A little while after,
‘ she desired my opinion of her lap-dog; and
‘ I had no sooner unfortunately observed, that
‘ his ears were somewhat of the shortest, than
‘ she roundly asked me, “Whether I designed
‘ that for a compliment?” I took the freedom
‘ from hence, in an honest plain way, to expose
‘ the weakness and folly of being delighted
‘ with flattery, to tell her that ladies ought not
‘ always to be complimented, to enumerate the
‘ inconveniences it often leads them into, to
‘ make her sensible of the ill designs men
‘ generally aim at by it, and the mean opinion
‘ they must entertain of those who are delighted

‘ with it. All this would not do; I could not
 ‘ get one kind look from her that night.

‘ I have told you already, that I have used
 ‘ all reasonable methods to convince her of my
 ‘ passion, and I am sure I have the preference
 ‘ in her esteem to all other pretenders. She
 ‘ knows I love, and, in spite of all her arts
 ‘ to hide it, I know I am beloved: yet, from
 ‘ these little differences, and a certain coquet
 ‘ humour which makes her delight to see her
 ‘ Lover uneasy, though at the same time she
 ‘ torments herself, I have often despaired of
 ‘ our ever coming together. I thought how-
 ‘ ever the following verses, which I presented
 ‘ to her yesterday, made some impression on
 ‘ her; and if she sees you think them tolerable
 ‘ enough to allow them a place in your Paper,
 ‘ I am in hopes they may help to hasten the
 ‘ happy day.

I.

Tell me, MIRANDA, why should I
 Lament and languish, pine and die;
 While you, regardless of my pain,
 Seem pleas'd to hear your slave complain?

II.

Dame EVE, unskill'd in female arts
 And modern ways of tort'ring hearts,

No sooner saw her spark than lov'd,
Confess'd her flame, and his approv'd.

III.

Nature still breaks through all disguise,
Glow in your cheeks, and rules your eyes.
Love trembles in your hands and heart,
Your panting breasts proclaim his dart.

IV.

No more, MIRANDA, then be coy,
No longer keep us both from joy;
No longer study to conceal
What all your actions thus reveal.

' I am, dear MARMADUKE,

' Your most obedient humble servant.'

' Mr. MYRTLE,

' I SEND you the enclosed letter, which I
' have lately received from a young Templar,
' who is my humble servant. I desire you
' would inform me, whether what he asserts
' be law, or equity. His letter runs thus.

" MADAM,

" HAPPENING lately to be in company
" with a venerable lady who has a very large
" fortune, I was so complaisant to ask her if
" she

“ she would allow me to do her the honour to
“ make her a wife? She was so kind to ask me
“ again, whether I was in jest, or earnest? Upon
“ my repeating the question, she returned my
“ civility, and told me, she thought I was mad.
“ But upon my third application she consented,
“ that is, she told me positively she would
“ never have me. This I take for an absolute
“ promise, having been frequently informed
“ that womens answers in such cases are to be
“ interpreted backwards.

“ I have consulted a proctor in Doctors
“ Commons, who seems to be of opinion, that
“ it has the full force of a contract; and that
“ (having witness of it) I might recover half
“ her fortune, should she offer to marry any
“ one else.

“ I mention this, madam, not only to let
“ you see that I can have the same encourage-
“ ment elsewhere which you give me, but to
“ admonish you how much care you ought to
“ take of promising any other man marriage,
“ by declaring positively that you will never
“ have him, except

“ Your most obedient humble servant,

“ TOM TRUELOVE.”

Tuesday,

N^o 36.

Tuesday, May 18, 1714.

Concubitu prohibere vage—

HOR.

I Have heard it objected, by several persons, against my Papers, that they are apt to kindle Love in young hearts, and inflame the sexes with a desire for one another: I am so far from denying this charge, that I shall make no scruple to own it is the chief end of my writing. Love is a passion of the mind (perhaps the noblest) which was planted in it by the same hand that created it. We ought to be so far, therefore, from endeavouring to root it out, that we should rather make it our business to keep it up and cherish it. Our chief care must be to fix this, as well as our other passions, upon proper objects, and to direct it to a right end.

For this reason, as I have ever shewn myself a friend to honourable Love, I have constantly discountenanced all vicious passions. Though the several sorts of these are each of them
highly

highly criminal, yet that which leads us to defile another man's bed is by far of the blackest dye.

The excellent author of "The whole Duty of Man" has given us a very lively picture of this crime, with all those melancholy circumstances that must necessarily attend it. One must indeed wonder to see it punished so lightly among civilized nations, when even the most barbarous have regarded it with the utmost horror and detestation. I was lately entertained with a story to this purpose, which was told me by one of my friends who was himself upon the place when the thing happened.

In an out plantation, upon the borders of Potuxen, a river in Maryland, there lived a planter, who was master of a great number of negro slaves. The increase of these poor creatures is always an advantage to the planters, their children being born slaves; for which reason the owners are very well pleased, when any of them marry. Among these negroes there happened to be two, who had always lived together and contracted an intimate friendship, which went on for several years in an uninterrupted course. Their joys and their griefs were mutual; their confidence in each other was intire; distrust and suspicion were passions they had no notion of. The one was a batchelor; the other married to a slave

a slave of his own complexion, by whom he had several children. It happened that the head of this small family rose early one morning, on a leisure day, to go far into the woods, hunting, in order to entertain his wife and children at night with some provisions better than ordinary. The batchelor slave, it seems, had for a long time entertained a passion for his friend's wife; which, from the sequel of the story, we may conclude, he had endeavoured to stifle, but in vain. The impatience of his desires prompted him to take this opportunity, of the husband's absence, to practise upon the weakness of the woman; which accordingly he did, and was so unfortunate as to succeed in his attempt. The hunter, who found his prey much nearer home than usual, returned some hours sooner than was expected, loaden with the spoils of the day, and full of the pleasing thoughts of feasting and rejoicing, with his family, over the fruits of his labour. Upon his entering his shed, the first objects that struck his eyes were his wife and his friend asleep in the embraces of each other. A man acquainted with the passions of human nature will easily conceive the astonishment, the rage, and the despair, that overpowered the poor Indian at once: he burst out into lamentations and reproaches; and tore his hair like one distracted.

His

His cries and broken accents awakened the guilty couple; whose shame and confusion were equal to the agonies of the injured. After a considerable pause of silence on both sides, he expostulated with his friend in terms like these: "My wrongs are greater than I am able to express; and far too great for me to bear. My wife—but I blame not her. After a long and lasting friendship, exercised under all the hardships and severities of a most irksome captivity; after mutual repeated instances of affection and fidelity; could I suspect my friend, my bosom-friend, should prove a traitor? I thought myself happy, even in bondage, in the enjoyment of such a friend and such a wife; but cannot bear the thoughts of life with liberty, after having been so basely betrayed by both. You both are lost to me, and I to you. I soon shall be at rest; live and enjoy your crime. Adieu." Having said this, he turned away and went out, with a resolution to die immediately. The guilty negro followed him, touched with the quickest sense of remorse for his treachery. "It is I alone, (said he) that am guilty; and I alone, who am not fit to live. Let me intreat you to forgive your wife, who was overcome by my importunities. I promise never to give either of you the least disquiet for the future: live, and be happy

happy together, and think of me no more. Bear with me but for this night; and to-morrow you shall be satisfied." Here they both wept, and parted. When the husband went out in the morning to his work, the first thing he saw was his friend hanging upon the bough of a tree before the cabbin-door.

If the wretches of this nation, who set up for men of wit and gallantry, were capable of feeling the generous remorse of this poor slave, upon the like occasions, we should, I fear, have a much thinner appearance of equipage in town.

Methinks there should be a general confederacy amongst all honest men to exclude from society, and to brand with the blackest note of infamy, those miscreants, who make it the business of their lives to get into families, and to estrange the affections of the wife from the husband. There is something so very base and so inhuman in this modish wickedness, that one cannot help wishing the honest liberty of the "Ancient Comedy" were restored; and that offenders in this kind might be exposed by their names in our public theatres. Under such a discipline, we should see those, who now glory in the ruin of deluded women, reduced

duced to withdraw themselves from the just resentments of their countrymen and fellow-citizens.

N^o 37.

Thursday, May 20, 1714.

What pains, what racking thoughts he proves,
Who lives remov'd from her he loves !

CONGREVE.

MY own unhappy passion for Mrs. PAGE has made me extremely sensible of all the distresses occasioned by Love. I have often reflected what could be the cause, that while we see the most worthless part of mankind every day succeeding in their attempts, while we see those wretches, whose hearts are utterly incapable of this noble passion, appear stupid and senseless amidst the caresses of the fair; we cannot but observe, that the noblest and greatest flames which have been kindled in the breasts of men of sense and merit have seldom met with due return.

As the thoughts of those who have been thoroughly in Love are frequently wild and extravagant, I have been sometimes tempted to think that Providence, never designing we should fix our thoughts of happiness altogether here, will not allow us to taste so large a share of it as we must necessarily do in the enjoyment of an object on which all the passions of our soul have been placed, and to which all the faculties of our mind have been long aspiring.

It is certain, however, that, without having recourse to a superior Power, there are several accidents which naturally happen on these occasions, and from whence we may generally give a pretty good account why the greatest passions are usually unsuccessful. It has been long since observed, by a celebrated French writer*, that it is much easier for a man to succeed who only feigns a passion, than for one who is truly and desperately in Love. The first is still master of himself, and can watch all the turns and revolutions in the temper of her whom he would engage. The latter is too much taken up with his own passion, to attend any thing else; it is with difficulty he can even persuade himself to speak, when he finds every thing he can say so short of what he feels, and

* M. Le Duc de la ROCHEFOUCAULT, "*Reflexions & Maximes Morales.*" Edit. Amst. 1772. Avec des Commentaires; par M. MANZON, 2^{vo}, p. 68.

that his conceptions are too tender to be expressed by words. The fair, generally speaking, are not sufficiently sensible of the value they ought to put upon such a passion, nor consider how strong that Love must be which shall throw the most eloquent into the utmost confusion before them. FLAVIA is an unhappy instance of what I am observing; she was courted at once by TOM TRIFLE, and OCTAVIO; the first could entertain her with his Love, with the same indifference he talked on any other occasion, and with great serenity of mind make a digression from what he was saying, either to play with her lap-dog, or give his opinion of a suit of knots. OCTAVIO, when Fortune favoured him with an opportunity of declaring himself, was often struck speechless in the midst of a sentence, and could for some time express himself no other way than by pressing her hand and dropping a tear. FLAVIA, having duly weighed the merit of both, married TRIFLE. His unkindness to her after marriage, his inability for any thing of business, and carelessness in relation to his fortune, soon plunged her into so many unhappy circumstances, that she had long since sunk under the weight of them, had she not been constantly supported by the interest and assistance of the generous OCTAVIO.

But;

But, besides the reasons I have already assigned for the ill success of the most deserving passions, there is one which I must not omit. It is the unhappiness of too many women of fortune and merit (from a distrust of their own judgment) to submit themselves entirely to the direction of others, and rely too much on those friendships they have contracted with some of their own sex. These female acquaintance either immediately form some design of their own upon them, in order to accomplish which every other proposal is discouraged, or from a spice of envy, too incident to the sex, cannot endure to see them ardently beloved, or think of having them pass their days in the arms of a man who they are sensible would make it the business of his life to oblige them.

I have been led more particularly into the subject of my present Paper by the unhappy passion of poor PHILANDER. PHILANDER, though of an age which the greatest part of our youth think fit to waste in all the excesses of luxury and debauchery, has laid it out in furnishing his mind with the most noble and manly notions of wisdom and virtue. He has not at the same time forgot to make himself master of all those little accomplishments which the polite have agreed to think necessary for a well-bred man; and is equally qualified for the most important affairs, or the most gay conversation.

A perfect knowledge of the world has made him for a long time look with the utmost contempt on that insipid part of the female sex, who are skilled in nothing but dress and vanity. His heart remained untouched amidst a thousand beauties, till a particular accident first brought him to the knowledge of the lovely, the virtuous EMILIA. EMILIA, with a fortune that might command the vanities of life, has shewn that she has a mind infinitely above them. Her beauty serves but as the varnish to her virtues; while, with a graceful innocence peculiar to her, she declares, that, if ever she becomes a wife, she has no ambition to be a gaudy slave, but shall prefer substantial happiness to empty shew. PHILANDER saw and loved her with a passion equal to so much desert: his birth and fortune must have entitl'd him at least to a favourable hearing, had not his love given the alarm to the designs of a she friend. There is something at all times highly barbarous in aspersing the absent, even where the case is doubtful; but the malicious creature, who takes it upon her to be EMILIA's directress, is foolish enough to charge PHILANDER with being deficient in those very things for which he is more remarkably conspicuous: as I am a constant patron to virtuous Love, I am in hopes however, that, should this Paper reach EMILIA, she will be so just to herself

herself, to be her own judge in a cause of this consequence; since, as a celebrated author observes, it is very certain, that a generous and constant passion, in an agreeable Lover, is the greatest blessing that can happen to the most deserving of her sex; and, if overlooked in one, may perhaps never after be found in another.

— *Scribere jussit amor.*

OVID.

I Shall make this Paper consist of one or two letters. The first is from PHILANDER to EMILIA, but was probably intercepted by the good-natured directress whom I mentioned in my last. There is so much Love and Sincerity through the whole, as must have affected the most stubborn temper.

PHILANDER to EMILIA.

‘MADAM,

‘IF you judge of my passion only by what
 ‘I said, when I had last the honour to see you,
 ‘you very much injure a heart like mine, that

‘ is filled with sentiments too lively, too tender
‘ to be expressed. I hardly know indeed what
‘ I said. What I very well remember is, that
‘ I was all Love, and all confusion, that I found
‘ it more difficult to speak before the woman I
‘ was born to admire, than I have formerly done
‘ before the largest assemblies.

‘ At the same time I must confess, I was not
‘ a little amazed at being so often interrupted
‘ by a creature, whom the most common rules
‘ of civility ought to have kept at a much
‘ greater distance. I must own, Madam, I was
‘ perfectly at a loss how to behave myself on
‘ such an occasion; and whether I ought to
‘ stifle my resentments, or give way to them,
‘ while I was so near a person whom I had
‘ rather die than offend.

‘ As to the business of fortune between us, I
‘ have no other proposal to make, but that I
‘ may put my whole estate into the hands of
‘ your counsel, to be settled after any manner
‘ which you think will make you most easy.
‘ I hope I have long since resolved that my car-
‘ riage shall be such, if ever I have the honour
‘ to be called your husband, as shall unite our
‘ interests by the surest tie, I mean that of affec-
‘ tion. Give me leave to assure you, Madam,
‘ with a freedom which I think myself obliged
‘ to use on so serious an occasion, that even as
‘ beautiful

' beautiful as you are, I could never be con-
 ' tented with your person without your heart.
 ' All I desire is, that I may have leave to try if
 ' my utmost endeavours to please and deserve
 ' you, can make any impressi^on on it. I only
 ' beg I may be allowed to explain myself at
 ' large on this head, though at the same time,
 ' to confess the truth, Madam, I cannot help
 ' entertaining a vain hope, that Providence had
 ' a much more than ordinary influence in my
 ' first seeing you, and that I shall act with so
 ' much truth and sincerity in my pretensions to
 ' you, as may possibly move you to think, that,
 ' though I can never fully deserve you, I am
 ' much too sincere to be slighted. Vouchsafe,
 ' Madam, to hear me; and either root out this
 ' foolish notion by a frank and generous denial,
 ' or bless me with an opportunity of dedicating
 ' my whole life to your service, and doing what-
 ' ever the heart of man can be inspired with,
 ' when it is filled at once with Gratitude and
 ' Love. I am, Madam, with infinite passion,

' Your most devoted,

' most obedient, humble servant, &c.'

The next letter was sent me last week by a
 lady whose case is truly deplorable, if it is
 really such as she here represents it. I shall in-

sert it, as she desires, for the sake of the moral at the end of it.

‘SIR,

‘I AM perhaps the most unfortunate woman living. My story in short is this. CINTHIO—
 ‘pardon those tears that will fall upon this Paper at the sight of his name—I would tell
 ‘you that I was long and passionately beloved
 ‘by him—but how can I describe the greatness, the sincerity of his passion! what pains
 ‘did he not take, what method did he omit, to
 ‘shew how much he valued me? I must have
 ‘been the worst, the most foolish of my sex,
 ‘to have been insensible to so much truth, and
 ‘merit. I loved the dear, the unhappy youth,
 ‘with a passion not inferior to his own; but,
 ‘out of a foolish reserve, which our silly sex
 ‘seldom know when they ought to keep up,
 ‘and when lay aside, I rather chose to receive
 ‘his messages, and send him his answers, by a
 ‘female confidante, than to see him myself.
 ‘DORIA (for so I shall call the wretch) had
 ‘long been a common friend to us both; she
 ‘had a thousand times talked to me of CINTHIO
 ‘with all those praises he so truly deserved; when
 ‘one day she came to me, and with a seeming
 ‘anguish of mind told me, that CINTHIO “was
 ‘the worst of men, and had basely betrayed
 ‘me.”

THE LOVER.

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N^o 38.

'me." It would be too tedious to give you
 'an account of the fact she charged him with.
 'I shall only inform you, that there happened
 'at that time to be so many unlucky cir-
 'cumstances, which made what she had told
 'me look like truth, that I could not help be-
 'lieving her. She found the way to work up
 'my passion to such a height, that I made a
 'vow never to see him or receive a message
 'from him more; and within a fortnight after,
 'by her instigation, took a man for my husband
 'whom I could neither love, nor hate. I was
 'no sooner married, than I was fully convinced
 'my CINTHIO had been abused. After I had
 'for some days endured the sharpest pangs of
 'Rage, Despair, Jealousy, and Love, I composed
 'myself just enough to send him word that I
 'was satisfied of his innocence; but conjured
 'him, if he had ever loved, to avoid seeing
 'me. I was this afternoon obliged to go to a
 'near relation's. The first person I fixed my
 'eyes on when I came into the room was CYN-
 'THIO, who immediately burst into a flood of
 'tears, made a low bow, and retired.

'I had much ado to forbear fainting, but
 'am got home, and am this moment enduring
 'such torments as no words can give a notion
 'of. I am undone; but, before my senses are
 'quite lost, I send you this, that it may for the
 'future

‘ future be observed as a constant rule by my
 ‘ unhappy sex, “ Never to condemn a Lover,
 ‘ however guilty he may at first appear, till
 ‘ they have at least given him an opportunity
 ‘ of justifying himself.” I am, Sir,

‘ The most unhappy of women,

‘ J. C.

‘ P. S. I had like to have omitted informing
 ‘ you, that when I sent a letter, in the anguish of
 ‘ my soul, to the wretch above described, to
 ‘ desire I might know why she had ruined me,
 ‘ I received the following answer :

“ Dear JENNY,

“ THE fellow you mention talked so per-
 “ petually about you, and took so little notice
 “ of any body else, that I could at last no
 “ longer endure him. I plainly foresaw, that
 “ if you had ever come together, you would
 “ have been company for none but yourselves;
 “ for which reason, I took care to have you
 “ marry a man with whom, if I am not mis-
 “ taken, you may live as other women generally
 “ do with husbands.

“ I am yours, &c.

Tuesday

Tuesday, May 25, 1714.

*Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus**Interpres* ———

HOR.

SINCE I have given public notice of my abode, I have had many visits from unfortunate fellow-sufferers who have been crossed in Love as well as myself.

WILL WORMWOOD, who is related to me by my mother's side, is one of those who often repair to me for my advice. WILL is a fellow of good sense, but puts it to little other use than to torment himself. He is a man of so refined an understanding, that he can set a construction upon every thing to his own disadvantage, and turn even a civility into an affront. He groans under imaginary injuries, finds himself abused by his friends, and fancies the whole world in a kind of combination against him. In short, poor WORMWOOD is devoured with the spleen: you may be sure a man of this humour makes a very whimsical Lover. Be that as it will, he is now over head and ears in that passion, and, by a very curious interpretation of his mistress's behaviour, has in less than three months

months reduced himself to a perfect skeleton. As her fortune is inferior to his, she gives him all the encouragement another man could wish, but has the mortification to find that her Lover still sours upon her hands. WILL is dissatisfied with her, whether she smiles or frowns upon him; and always thinks her either too reserved, or too coming. A kind word, that would make another Lover's heart dance for joy, pangs poor WILL, and makes him lie awake all night—As I was going on with WILL WORMWOOD's amour, I received a present from my bookseller, which I found to be “The Characters of Theophrastus, translated from the Greek into English by Mr. BUDGELL*.”

It was with me as, I believe, it will be with all who look into this translation: when I had begun to peruse it, I could not lay it by, till I had gone through the whole book; and was agreeably surprized to meet with a chapter in it, intituled, “A Discontented Temper,” which gives a livelier picture of my cousin WORMWOOD, than that which I was drawing for him myself. It is as follows:

* “The Moral Characters of Theophrastus. Translated from the Greek, by Eustace Budgell, Esq.” Second Edition. 12mo. 1714. Dr. Johnson says, “ADDISON has recommended this book, and was suspected to have revised, if he did not write it.” Dr. JOHNSON's “Lives of English Poets.” Vol. II. p. 375, Ed. 8vo, 1781. Probably ADDISON was the author of this Paper of the LOVER, N^o 39.

‘ C H A P. XVII.

‘ *A Discontented Temper.*

‘ A discontented temper is, “ A frame of mind which sets a man upon complaining without reason.” When one of his neighbours, who makes an entertainment, sends a servant to him with a plate of any thing that is nice, “ What,” says he, “ your master did not think me good enough to dine with him?” He complains of his mistress at the very time she is caressing him; and when she redoubles her kisses and endearments, “ I wish,” says he, “ all this came from your heart!” In a dry season he grumbles for want of rain; and, when a shower falls, mutters to himself, “ Why could not this have come sooner?” If he happens to find a purse of money, “ Had it been a pot of gold,” says he, “ it would have been worth stooping for.” He takes a great deal of pains to beat down the price of a slave; and after he has paid his money for him, “ I am sure,” says he, “ thou art good for nothing, or I should not have had thee so cheap.” When a messenger comes with great joy to acquaint him that his wife is brought to bed of a son, he answers, “ That is as much as to say, friend, I am poorer by half to day ‘ than

‘ than I was yesterday.” Though he has gained
 ‘ a cause with costs and damages, he complains
 ‘ that his counsel did not insist upon the most
 ‘ material points. If, after any misfortune has
 ‘ befallen him, his friends raise a voluntary
 ‘ contribution for him, and desire him to be
 ‘ merry, “ How is that possible?” says he,
 ‘ “ when I am to pay every one of you his
 ‘ money again, and be obliged to you into the
 ‘ bargain!”

The instances of a discontented temper which Theophrastus has here made use of, like those which he singles out to illustrate the rest of his characters, are chosen with the greatest nicety, and full of humour. His strokes are always fine and exquisite, and though they are not sometimes violent enough to affect the imagination of a coarse reader, they cannot but give the highest pleasure to every man of a refined taste, who has a thorough insight into human nature.

As for the translation, I have never seen any of a prose author which has pleased me more. The gentleman, who has obliged the public with it, has followed the rule which Horace has laid down for translators, by preserving every where the life and spirit of his author, without servilely copying after him word for word. This is what the French, who have most distinguished themselves by performances of this nature, so often

often inculcate when they advise a translator to find out such particular elegances in his own tongue as bear some analogy to those he sees in the original, and to express himself by such phrases as his author would probably have made use of, had he written in the language into which he is translated. By this means, as well as by throwing in a lucky word or a short circumstance, the meaning of Theophrastus is all along explained, and the humour very often carried to a greater height. A translator who does not thus consider the different genius of the two languages in which he is concerned, with such parallel turns of thoughts and expression as correspond with one another in both of them, may value himself upon being a faithful interpreter; but in works of wit and humour will never do justice to his author, or credit to himself.

As this is every where a judicious and a reasonable liberty, I see no chapter in Theophrastus where it has been so much indulged, and in which it was so absolutely necessary, as in the character of the Sloven. I find the translator himself, though he has taken pains to qualify it, is still apprehensive that there may be something too gross in the description. The reader will see with how much delicacy he has touched upon every particular, and cast into
shades

shades every thing that was shocking in so nau-
seous a figure.

‘C H A P. XIX.

‘A S L O V E N.

‘SLOVENLINESS is such a neglect of a
‘man’s person, as makes him offensive to other
‘people. The Sloven comes into company with
‘a dirty pair of hands, and a set of long nails
‘at the end of them, and tells you, for an ex-
‘cuse, that his father and grandfather used to
‘do so before him. However, that he may
‘out-go his fore-fathers, his fingers are covered
‘with warts of his own raising. He is as hairy
‘as a goat, and takes care to let you see it. His
‘teeth and breath are perfectly well suited to
‘one another. He lays about him at table
‘after a very extraordinary manner, and takes
‘in a meal at a mouthful; which he seldom
‘disposes of without offending the company.
‘In drinking he generally makes more haste
‘than good speed. When he goes into the
‘bath, you may easily find him out by the scent
‘of his oil, and distinguish him when he is
‘dressed by the spots in his coat. He does not
‘stand upon decency in conversation, but will
‘talk smut, though a priest and his mother be
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‘ in the room. He commits a blunder in the
 ‘ most solemn offices of devotion and afterwards
 ‘ falls a laughing at it. At a consort of music
 ‘ he breaks in upon the performance, hums
 ‘ over the tune to himself, or, if he thinks it
 ‘ long, asks the musicians, “ Whether they will
 ‘ never have done ?” He always spits at random,
 ‘ and, if he is at an entertainment, it is ten to
 ‘ one but it is upon the servant who stands be-
 ‘ hind him.’

The foregoing translation brings to my re-
 membrance that excellent observation of my
 Lord RosCOMMON’s *;

None yet have been with admiration read,
 But who (beside their learning) were well-bred.

If after this the reader can endure the filthy
 representation of the same figure exposed in its
 worst light, he may see how it looks in the for-
 mer English version, which was published some
 years since, and is done from the French of
 Bruyere.

‘ *Naftiness or Slovenliness.*

‘ SLOVENLINESS is a ‘ lazy and beastly
 ‘ negligence of a man’s own person, whereby
 ‘ he becomes so sordid, as to be offensive to

* Essay on Translated Verse.

T

‘ those

‘ those about him. You will see him come in-
‘ to company when he is covered all over with
‘ a leprosy and scurf, and with very long nails,
‘ and says, those distempers were hereditary,
‘ that his father and grandfather had them be-
‘ fore him. He has ulcers in his thighs, and
‘ boils upon his hands, which he takes no care
‘ to have cured, but lets them run on till they
‘ are gone beyond remedy. His arm-pits are
‘ all hairy, and most part of his body like a
‘ wild beast. His teeth are black and rotten,
‘ which makes his breath stink so that you can-
‘ not endure him to come nigh you; he will
‘ also snuff up his nose and spit it out as he
‘ eats, and uses to speak with his mouth cram-
‘ med full, and lets his victuals come out at
‘ both corners. He belches in the cups as he
‘ is drinking, and uses nasty stinking oil in the
‘ bath. He will intrude into the best company
‘ in fordid ragged cloaths. If he goes with his
‘ mother to the sooth-sayers, he cannot then
‘ refrain from wicked and prophane expressions.
‘ When he is making his oblations at the
‘ temple, he will let the dish drop out of his
‘ hands, and fall a-laughing, as if he had done
‘ some brave exploit. At the finest concert of
‘ musick he cannot forbear clapping his hands,
‘ and making a rude noise; will pretend to sing
‘ along with them, and fall a-railing at them
‘ to

‘to leave off. Sitting at table, he spits full
‘upon the servants who waited there.’

I cannot close this Paper without observing,
that, if gentlemen of leisure and genius would
take the same pains upon some other Greek or
Roman author, that has been bestowed upon
this, we should no longer be abused by our
booksellers, who set their hackney-writers at
work for so much a sheet. The world would
soon be convinced, that there is a great deal of
difference between putting an author into Eng-
lish and translating him.

— — *Nec tarda senectus*

Debitate vires — — —

VIRG.

THE bosom into which Love enters in-
clines the person who is inspired with it,
with a goodness towards all with whom he con-
verses, more extensive than even that which is
inspired by Charity. I pretend to so much of
this noble passion, as seldom to overlook the
excellences

excellences of other men; and I forgive Mrs. PAGE all the pangs my passion has given me, since, though I am never to have her, all other persons are become more agreeable to me, from the large good-will, the beginning of which I owe to the admiration of her. There are no excellences of mind or body, in any person that comes before me, which escape my observation, and I take great pleasure in divulging my sense of them.

I must confess, entertainments of the neighbouring theatre frequently engage my evenings; I do not take it to be a condescension, that some of my Papers are but paraphrases upon play-bills. I have grown old in the observation of the feats of activity and genius for intelligent movements, which I have always loved in my old acquaintance Jo. PRINCE, who is to entertain us on Monday next with several new inventions, wherein he has expressed the compass and variety of his excellent talent. One of those diversions he calls "The Rattle," from the harlequin, irregular, and comic movements with which it is performed; another, which he hath termed "The Looby," is performed by himself, bearing a prong, and Mrs. BICKNALL managing a rake with as much beauty (though a little higher dancing) as an Arcadian shepherdess. The next dance he will give us is very aptly called "The Innocent," to be performed

formed by Mrs. YOUNGER, a genteel movement, consisting of a farabrand and jig, to represent both the simplicity and gaiety of that character.

The fourth act will be followed by a motion contrived to represent the midnight mirth of linkboys: the dance is very humorous, and well imagined.

His play concludes with what they call a "Figure dance," performed by an elegant assembly of gentlemen and ladies, and is as much different from any of the preceding movements, as the style of a poem is above that of a ballad.

But I must turn my thoughts from this performer to a person who has also diverted many different generations on the theatre, but in a much higher sphere; to wit, in the character of a Poet. The person whom I am about to mention is the celebrated Mr. D'URFEY, who has had the fate of all great authors, to have met with much envy and opposition; but the sagacious part of mankind (as soon as they begin to grow conspicuous) ward themselves against the envious, by representing the nobility of their birth; and I do not know why I may not as well defend the writings of my friend against the malice of criticks, by shewing how ancient a gentleman he is from whom they pretend to detract. I will undertake to show those

who pretend to cavil at my friend's writings, that his ancestors made a greater figure in the world, nay in the learned world, than their own.

MONSIEUR PERRAULT, the famous French Academiſt, in his Memoirs of the Worthies of France, gives this testimony of the house of D'URFEY,

' HONORIUS D'URFEY,' ſays he, ' cadet of the illuſtrious houſe of D'URFEY, in the province of Forreſt, was choſen Knight of Malta, and diſcharged the devoirs of his profeſſion with all the bravery, and all the exactneſs it could require.

' He had two brothers, the eldeſt of which married the heiſes of Chatteumorant; but the marriage afterwards being declared null, by reaſon of his inſufficiency, he became religious, and died Prior of Mount-verdon, and Dean of the Chapter of St. JOHN DE MOUNT-BRISSON.

' The ſecond brother was maſter of the horſe to the Duke of SAVOY, and lived to be above one hundred years old.

' HONORIUS was very much admired for many noble and witty performances; but what principally obliges us to put him into the number

' of

of our illustrious men, was the beauty and fertility which appears with so much splendor in *Astrea*, the romance he has left us, in which are lively pictures of all the conditions of human life, in so genuine a manner, that the idea he gives of them, has not only for above fifty years past, charmed all France, but all Europe.

Whatever veneration we are obliged to have for the admirable poems of Homer, which have been the delight of all ages; yet, I believe, it may be said, that to consider them on the score of invention, manners, passion, and character, Monsieur D'URFEY's *Astrea*, though prose, deserves no less the name of a poem, and is not in the least inferior to Homer's: this is the judgement of very learned men, viz. Cardinal Richelieu, Mr. WALLER, COWLEY, &c. and those, who have been very much prepossessed for the ancients against the moderns.

Of this excellent romance we mention, tho' finished by another (he dying before the last *tome* was written), yet he left enough from his own hand to establish his fame; nor was it found to be merely romance, but an enigmatical contexture of his own principal adventures, before he set out for his noble station at Malta, where he remained several years.

‘ He had conceived a Love for Mademoiselle
 ‘ de Chatteumorant, sole heiress of her family,
 ‘ beautiful, rich and haughty, but of that noble
 ‘ haughtiness which is commonly inspired by
 ‘ great virtues; in his absence, she was married
 ‘ to his eldest brother, more upon a political
 ‘ account than any united affection, as will thus
 ‘ appear.

‘ The houses of D’URFEY and CHATTEAU-
 ‘ MORANT, the two greatest of the whole pro-
 ‘ vince, were always at enmity with one another,
 ‘ and their interests had divided all the nobility
 ‘ of the country, so that the parents on both
 ‘ sides were willing by this alliance to dry up
 ‘ the source of the quarrels and misfortunes,
 ‘ which usually happend every moment.

‘ D’URFEY, at his return from Malta, found
 ‘ his mistress married to his brother, yet still he
 ‘ could not cease to love her; and in all likeli-
 ‘ hood was not ignorant of his secret defect,
 ‘ who, after ten years marriage confessing at last
 ‘ his impotence, was divorced; and then the
 ‘ Chevalier (obtaining a dispensation of his vow)
 ‘ after he had surmounted several difficulties,
 ‘ espoused Mademoiselle CHATTEAUMORANT.

‘ These adventures gave occasion to those of
 ‘ Celadon, Silvander, Astrea, and Diana, who
 ‘ are the mystical images of them; divers affairs
 ‘ of persons of the best quality at court, in his
 ‘ time,

'time, having also furnished matter for the
'ingenious construction of the work.'

So far PERRAULT.

'SEVERINUS D'URFEY, his near kinsman,
'the before-mentioned Chevalier being his great
'uncle, for the extravagancy of his youth, or
'some other reason which has always been a
'secret to those about him, was disinherited
'some time before he came into England;
'where being excellently well gifted in all
'gentleman-like qualities, though undoing all
'by his immoderate vice of gaming, he mar-
'ried a gentlewoman of Huntingdonshire, of
'the family of the MARMIONS, from whom
'descended THOMAS D'URFEY, the ornament
'of this Paper.'

There seems to be no blot in this pedigree,
but that of the insufficiency of the gentleman
who married the heiress of Chatteumorant;
but as he could by reason of that defect have
no descendants, the heralds of Germany, Scot-
land, and Wales, all agree, that insufficiency in a
collateral line cannot affect the heirs general;
so that thus my friend and his writings are safe
against the most malicious criticks in this par-
ticular.

Monfieur MENAGE reports, that the D'URFEYS descended from the Emperors of Constantinople on the father's fide, and the Vice-roy of Naples on the mother's. I fhall put MENAGE's words by way of advertifement at the end of my to-day's work. This long account I have inferted, that the ignorant of Mr. D'URFEY's quality, may know how to receive him, when on the feventh of next month he fhall appear (as he defigns), in honour of the ladies, to fpeak an oration by way of prologue to "The Richmond Heirefs."

That gentleman has fo long appeared in the cities of London and Weftminfter, attended only by one fervant, and him all along under age, that the generality have too familiar a conception of him; but it is to be hoped, that the ladies, for whose fake only he appears in public, will fmile upon him, as if he himfelf were a Knight of Malta, and receive him as if they beheld Honorius and Severinus in their profefled fervant THOMAS D'URFEY. It is recommended to all the fine fpirits, and beautiful ladies, to poffefs themfelves of Mr. D'URFEY's tickets, left a further account, which we fhall fhortly give of his family and merit, may make the generality purchafe them, and exclude thofe whom he moft defires for his audience.

Extract

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Extract from MENAGE.

MESSIRE d'Urfey se nomment Lascuris en leur nom de family, et pretendent etre issus des Anciens Lascuris Empereurs de Constantinople, le dernier Marquis d'Urfey qui avoit epouse une dalegre, disoit a son fils qui etoit exempt des Gardes, Mon fils, vous avez de grands Exemples a suivre tant du Cote Paternel que Maternel : de mon Cote vos Ancêtres etoient Empereurs d'Orient ; et du Cote de vôtre Mere, vous venes de Vicerois de Naples. Le fils repondit, Il faut, Monsieur, que ce soient de pauvres gens, de n'avoir pu faire qu'un miserable exempt de Gardes, d'ou vient qu'ils ne m'ont laissi ni l'Empire ni leur Viceroyaute *.

* Mr. THOMAS D'URFEY had often the honour to be introduced into STEELE'S writings, who made him not unfrequently the subject of his polite raillery, though he discovers on all occasions a friendship for him, and a sincere disposition to serve him, of which D'URFEY appears to have had the most grateful sensibility to the end of his life. See TAT. with Notes, *passim*, particularly N° 43 ; and GUARDIAN, N° 29, N° 67, N° 82, and Notes.

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R E A D E R*.

Nº 1. Thursday, April 22, 1714.

Semper ego auditor tantum?—

JUV.

I AM a man that have READ myself almost blind, and find by a modest calculation of things, that it is as wonderful how the scribblers of this age live, as how the ale-houses subsist, though almost every house is a victualler's. I take this circumstance of the tippling-places to be in some measure attributed to the justices of the peace, who as well to oblige their clerks, who have so much a licence, as to let no one who is a stranger in town want accommodation—

** The READER was published by STEELE, in opposition to the EXAMINER. It was re-printed more than once, with The LOVER, in one volume 12mo.; and a small number of copies were printed in a large 8vo. size, to compleat a set of the author's works; and the same method has been followed on this occasion of its re-publication, with *Notes*, and *Illustrations*.

But

But I have run this simile too far to be like what I was going to liken it to; and shall therefore proceed, without minding that, to give an account to the Public before whom I appear, why I appear at all.

You must know I have a long time frequented coffee-houses and Read Papers, and spent my money upon coffee for the advantage of Reading the Papers; though the coffee and the papers also are meer dryers, and do but hinder my natural capacity by a forced liveliness as to the coffee, and a false gravity as to the Papers; for as to the former, I have afterwards found myself dispirited thereby; as to the latter, misled rather than enlightened.

I humbly therefore desire all who, like myself, have been patient or gentle Readers, to take in me, who set up in behalf of all persons who for some time last past have been imposed upon, I mean from the beginning of the world, which is but an instant in comparison of the succeeding time—. I beg pardon, I am still but a READER and so little used to Writing, that I have made two *parentheses*, if not more; so that I cannot go on, without beginning a new sentence.

I am then to let you understand, that, in consideration that all Readers have a long time been imposed upon, I step out to do all of those
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good people justice, and write things, which, from the observations I have made in the character of a Reader, have most offended that innocent part of the world. It is certain that many become Authors before they have been Readers, which has led them into much error, from the fault of humourful parents, who would have them learn to Write first. But under the character of Reader, I claim the liberty to go out of my way, and lay by what I am about, take a nap, or suspend my attention as I please—: but this careless behaviour to what I met with in public, first vanished from two remarkable circumstances. The “Daily Courant” of April the 15th publishes a declaration of the French king given at Versailles, wherein he renews a prohibition that had been in force for three years; I say, he renews an order which had been so long in force, without such success as not to need the repetition of it, that no new converts to the Roman Catholic Religion should sell their immoveable estates within the three next succeeding years; without the king’s leave, or that of those authorized by him. I remember our papers formerly spoke another thing I am very sorry for, which this good prince insists upon, which implied that his majesty would understand all the children of his Protestant subjects, born within the dominions

dominions of other provinces, to be under the penalties of his inland Protestants. This grieved me more than ordinary, because by the rule of taking from us one generation, and not letting the naturalization of the parents, or birth of the children, denominate those born in other nations subjects of those nations, he may take off, for aught I know, the best men of all other dominions. I am sure he might by that rule undo Great-Britain, by taking from us his greatest opponents, and our best patriots; for some etymologists and heralds say, the illustrious names of Harley, d' Harcourt, and St. Jean, are originally French. But as to the prohibition I was speaking of, to dispose of their fortunes, I took great notice, when I was a private man (like you common Readers) that a worthy prelate, author of "The History of the Reformation," in his sermon preached on last Easter Monday, March 29, has this excellent and reasonable paragraph on the subject of the danger of Popery.

' Here I have given you but a faint description of what you must all look for, when that day comes which our assertors of Hereditary Right are pleading for, and are not afraid to own (so sure, it seems, they think their designs are laid), that even all funds must be at the mercy of the next heir, whom they look

' and

‘and wish for; and if they are at his mercy,
‘let none deceive themselves with this vain and
‘impious thought, that it will cost them no
‘more but the changing their Religion to save
‘all. To those who have none, this will be no
‘hard performance to secure every thing to
‘them; but even in this they may reckon
‘wrong: in France a heavy jealousy hangs still
‘over those who fell in the hour of trial; every
‘step they make is watched, their want of zeal
‘is observed, their children are taken from
‘them, and every information against them
‘brings them into great trouble: so that their
‘lives become a burthen to them, which even
‘their apostacy cannot secure them from. They
‘must either over-do matters, and run into all
‘the excesses of supererrogating superstition,
‘and even of informing against others, or else
‘they will be still under suspicion. The en-
‘riching of shrines and relics, the adorning
‘churches and images, an affected devotion to
‘saints, with the pomp of endowments, will be
‘then the tests by which mens affections will
‘be judged. The bare doing what is com-
‘manded will not serve turn: the wealth with
‘which God blesses any must be applied to
‘the endowing of altars, the founding of per-
‘petual masses, and the redemption of souls out
‘of purgatory. A multitude of holidays must

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‘take men off from their labour; but processions
 ‘will come in place of that, which though they
 ‘impoverish the laity, yet will be turned to
 ‘the enriching those who deal in that traffic.’

As to the new converts mentioned above before the last quotation, I must remark, that a fellow in the coffee-house where I Read that the sale of the estates of New Converts was forbidden, said, we would not care a farthing for that, if the New Converts amongst us were forbidden to purchase. I know not what he meant by that, nor am I responsible to find out his meaning, but am at liberty to fob off my Readers, as I have when a Reader been delayed myself, till time shall discover these matters; and in the interim to say, whether I think it or not, that these matters want confirmation,

The Reader may see with what familiarity of style I treat him; but he will I hope, excuse me, when this is only to recover lost time, by imposing upon others as I have been myself, and desiring of them to bear with me as well as they have done with my predecessors in scribbling. This favour I will deserve, by being an observer upon all that is written by other journalists, and being partial to no author but myself. The Post-boy is a considerable man; the Courant, you see, I have quoted already; the Post-man is a neuter, but against his

his conscience; the Lover is a cheat, for he is a married man; and the Flying-post has abundance of mistakes, which he never commits by little and little, but is wrong or right from the beginning to the end of a Paper.

Besides this, there are abundance of books printed every day, which I shall take notice of, and put myself to the labour of Reading haphazard, without staying till I hear them commended. This, let me tell you, is a great help to men of good estates, who are not obliged to be so exact in their Reading; and I will take care that he who talks after me, shall talk well enough for a man of quality. Let me tell you again, this is a great matter; the rich by my means may adorn themselves by the labours of the poor, and the poor feed by the follies of the rich; which indeed is as it should be.

I must take notice that I have Read the following advertisement twice or thrice repeated.

“Whereas there is a new altar piece or painting put up in the chancel of the church of White Chapel, within the diocese of London (belonging to the rector of the said parish), wherein the traytor Judas (contrary to all figures ancient and modern) is drawn as sitting in an elbow chair, in a priest's gown and band, and other appearances of a dignified clergyman of the church of England: these are to give notice, that if any person or per-

“ sons will discover who was the designer and
 “ director of that impious fancy, they, or either
 “ of them, shall have ten guineas reward im-
 “ mediately paid upon information and evi-
 “ dence so given, in order to prosecute any pro-
 “ phane fellow concerned in it, by me

“ WILLOUGHBY WILLEY.”

What I have to say to this point is, that (if the fact be true) the minister of the church, if privy to it, who suffered it to be erected, has done a thing that is in the highest degree a scandal to his character; and has given the gentleman, whom the unchristian man is said to have caused to be drawn in that tablet, an opportunity of imitating the most sacred character that should be there in his patience, and turning the Judas upon him, who could with that supper before him, project so treacherous and base an assault upon the reputation of his brother, and consequently disappoint the effect of his ministry, which in charity he ought to believe better directed than his own.

Saturday

N^o 2.

Saturday, April 24, 1714.

*Virtus repulsæ nescia sordidæ
Intaminatis fulget honoribus.*

HOR.

THE title of my Paper may sufficiently explain the design of it, which is chiefly to disabuse those Readers who are imposed upon by the licentious writers of this degenerate age. The greatest offender in this kind is the "Examiner." I know many sober and intelligent men are of opinion, that his assertions are so gross, and his falshood so visible, that there is no need of taking any notice of him: but I am of another mind; for all such people as have not temper enough to reflect upon reasoning against him, are satisfied if more words are put into their mouths to vent that rage, which they have not patience to root quite out, or perhaps after having gone some lengths which they are ashamed of, want candour to retract their errors. "The Examiner" has a great while had nothing else to utter but meer words of passion;

and his paper, which came out this 23d of April, is written in this taste. After putting the following words in *Italic* letters, at such distances as he thinks are ornamental to his Paper, *Whigs, Government, Fears, Jealousies, Peace at home, Sedition, Suspicions, Censures, Murmurs, Dreams, Prophecies, Rumour, Report, Ghosts, Apparitions, honourable amends, and Scarecrow*, he begins to be a little understood, and seems to say that those Whigs, a people not yet described by him, but in general revilings, so that it is impossible to tell whom he means; but he says of them, that, instead of making atonement for their past sins, they are “still
 “reviving their own shame and infamy, and
 “ringing over the same chimes in our ears
 “without ceasing, Popery! the Pretender!
 “French Tyranny! Dunkirk not demolished!
 “Toby Butler! the Highlands! swarms of Jacobites! the Catalans! the Peace! Importation of Jesuits! Invasions from Bar-le-duc!
 “all these stale noisy topics are still flying
 “about our ears like wild-fire wrapped up in
 “paper.” Give me leave to observe, this author has put the peace in very bad company; and no one but he would dare to take the liberty to put it, in the most oblique way, on the same foot of being mentioned with the case of the Catalans, and the importation of Jesuits.

But

But after the climax of distresses from the word Popery to the words invasions from Bar-le-duc, he has not thought fit to obviate any arguments heretofore used, that all good men should be alarmed at the growth of power in a superstitious prince, who has been formerly the patron of the Pretender: nay he is so far from doing any thing like this, that he strives to abate the pleasure men take in the hopes of the arrival of a prince from Hanover, who is the third in the succession to the crown after her majesty without issue.

There are many circumstances in this affair which make it improper to mention it at all; but since this gentleman has, or takes, leave to say what he pleases, I shall in behalf of all who Read him, answer what he calls a few “seasonable Questions in this Juncture of Affairs.”

“Would the coming of the young prince demolish Dunkirk more effectually? would TOBY BUTLER’S recruits immediately desert? would it raise the siege of Barcelona? break the peace? change the nature of French tyranny? or reduce the exorbitant power of the Duke of Lorain? I believe they will not venture to say, that a prince, however powerful, yet a subject still, would upon his first landing, interpose so vigorously in public affairs. And if so, then it is plain, from the

“conduct of the whigs themselves, that all
 “these clamours, which they have so long
 “dwelt upon, taking each particular case as
 “their own advocates have stated it, are per-
 “fectly groundless, and the Protestant religion
 “is in no danger from any of these incidents;
 “unless they would loyally and modestly in-
 “sinuate, that the same things which they call
 “grievances under her m——, would cease to
 “be so if any of her Protestant heirs were re-
 “sident among us.”

Here are his questions, and reflections after
 them: to which I answer, that though the
 arrival of the Duke of Cambridge would not
 demolish Dunkirk, yet it would make us less
 fearful of the ill consequences from its being
 undemolished; one of which may be an attempt
 of imposing upon us the Pretender, whose in-
 vasion would be less dreaded, when one who is
 a prince of the blood was ready to fight against
 him, and animate all good subjects in her ma-
 jesty's and his own cause against him. TOBY
 BUTLER's recruits might not, perhaps, desert;
 but it would make Mr. BUTLER's promise to
 them, of seeing their master soon in these do-
 minions, more unlikely than at present, when so
 valourous a prince as the Duke of Cambridge
 was ready to oppose him; the Duke of Cam-
 bridge, who before now has kept the field
 when

when the Pretender fled out of it. His arrival would not raise the siege of Barcelona, but it would animate the besieged, that this instance of the prevalence of the cause of liberty, in so powerful a nation as Great Britain, had this reinforcement. His arrival would not break the peace, but it would make our affairs more confirmed and cemented both in time of peace, and in case of a war. It would not change the nature of a French tyranny, or reduce the exorbitant power of the Duke of Lorain; but it would certainly render them both less formidable to all who are friends to the succession in the house of Hanover. After the questions, he insinuates, in his reflections above, that a busy behaviour would not become his Grace the Duke of Cambridge: and I agree with him that it would not; but his very residence in England would have all the good effects above-mentioned.

But the Examiner discovers, immediately afterwards, that he has exceptions, which he does not think fit to speak out, against his coming at all. I, who have been a careful Reader, have observed that it has been the trick, for some time past, to let drop hints in the Examiner (which I am not to judge who gives the author) of what has been openly avowed afterwards: the way to any unwelcome circumstances

stances has been paved by some received political writers. The words which raise my jealousy are these: "I shall not pretend to speculate upon the motions of this prince, with whom the faction have made so free, nor explain those words in the preamble of the D——'s patent, which seem to cross upon any such early undertaking as the Whigs pretend is in view." It is an hard thing to keep one's temper under this malicious insinuation against both the queen and her successors; but his malice is not to be frustrated by my anger, therefore I shall calmly rehearse the preamble of which he speaks, as I find it translated, and have compared it with the Latin. It runs thus:

' Whereas the most serene electoral house of
' Brunswick Lunenburgh is sprung from the
' royal stock of our ancestors, and in case, of
' our death without issue, ought (according to
' the laws ratified by our authority) to enjoy
' the kingdoms of their progenitors; yet, as
' we earnestly desire that the said most serene
' house should no less be tied to us by friend-
' ship than by blood and alliances, we, accord-
' ing to our singular affection towards the same,
' have decreed to grace with the highest hon-
' ours our most dear cousin GEORGE AUGUSTUS,
' son to the most serene elector. And although
the

'the only son of so great a prince cannot go
 'out of his native country without the utmost
 'danger, especially at this time, when the
 'neighbouring states are tossed with such vio-
 'lent tempests : to the end nevertheless, that,
 'as much as possible, he may by the authority
 'of his name and dignity, though absent, be
 'in a manner present in our parliament and
 'councils, we have ordered him to be added to
 'the number of the peers of this realm. This
 'will be to him an earnest of that supream
 'dignity, to which (according to ours, and
 'the wishes of all our subjects) he is destined ;
 'that being henceforth adorned with the titles
 'of this most noble kingdom, which the princes
 'of the blood royal have always courted, he
 'may be proud to be ours. You therefore the
 'Barons, Viscounts, Earls, Marquisses, and
 'Dukes, congratulate with yourselves, that a
 'prince of so great hopes, the ornament and
 'darling of Germany, the defender of our most
 'holy religion, and the assertor of the public
 'liberty, one that is hereafter to govern you,
 'and till then is one of you, should now de-
 'light to be vested with the same honours with
 'you, &c."

I see no imperfection in this preamble ; and
 it is a most disloyal insinuation to say there is
 any thing in it which seems to cross the ex-
 pectation

pectation of seeing the Duke of Cambridge in England. All that is said, that gives the least pretence to his stay abroad, to wit, the importance of his person where he is, and passing through nations troubled with war, are fully answered, in that we are now in peace; and most cogent reasons for his coming are implied in the matter which form the Examiner's questions. The insinuation from this preamble is as frivolous as it is malicious; for if the preamble were what we may call the constituting or enacting part of a patent, what would become of peers whose patents have no preambles at all? The Duke of Cambridge is as good a peer as any in England, and is by a subsequent act of parliament the first of the English nobility: and whenever he is pleased to visit England, he has a right to precedence to all our nobles, and to assist or instruct himself at their councils. However he is qualified for the former, he will improve as an Englishman, by being observant of pleadings at the court of judicature wherein is our last appeal. He may learn our laws of persons who have come into that house through their merit in knowledge of them, and from such as are fit to converse with and inform princes (without a servile awe of their quality) how to be blessings to mankind, and how to scorn any power over men but such as God uses, a power

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which rejects any obedience but what flows from their years and affections, and no other sovereignty can be looked upon as of right divine.

This Examiner has one honest line: "We hope that the vacancy of the throne is at a great distance off." This is what every good subject will join with him in. But he goes on to say, "We have not yet heard of any refig- nations; and we are confident, that an active faction, and a passive government, will not always be the case." Will not always be the case! where, or how is it now the case? I cannot but urge this sentence upon the Examiner, and must own as a Reader, that he never offended me more in his life than in this last sentence. The government, under which the Examiner writes, might very well demand of him what government he means. If it may be presumed he means the government of that kingdom in which the language wherein he writes is spoken, he has called it despicable; for no one will deny that a passive government can be any other.

But this man has the least judgement of any creature in the world, except those who, if they have it in their power, do not silence, or bring him to justice.

While

While he is tolerated, or any other that scribble to the disadvantage of my country, I will, in justice to all my countrymen their Readers, explain their sophisms, and bring them to the examination of reason and justice. This will I certainly do with firm resolution; and now I name the word resolution, I must say something proper for the theme at top of my paper, which ornament is become a great fashion. I will go on secure of a reward, as needing none; for virtue (says my author) will shine with unblemished honour, in spite of all the repulses it can meet with. There is a manuscript, which I had not out of the same library from which the Asserter of Hereditary Right borrowed his quotations, but I will not say where. The story is this; (it runs mightily upon the word certain) ' There was a certain husbandman, in a
' certain kingdom, who lived in a certain place
' under a certain hill, near a certain bridge.
' This poor man was a little of a scholar, and
' given to country learning, such as astrological
' predictions of the weather, and the like. One
' night, in one of his musings about his house,
' he saw a party of soldiers belonging to a
' prince in enmity with his own, coming to-
' wards the bridge: he immediately ran and
' drew up that part which is called the draw-
' bridge, and calling all his family, and getting

‘his cattle together, he put his plough, behind that his stools, and his chairs behind them, and by this means stopped the march till it was day-light, when all the neighbouring lords and gentlemen saw the enemy as well as he. They crowded on with great gallantry to oppose the foe, and in their zeal and hurry throwing our husbandman over bridge, and his goods after him, effectually kept out the invaders. This accident (says my author) was the safety of that kingdom; yet no one ought to be discomfited from the public service for what happened to this rustick, for though he was neglected at the present, and every man said he was an honest fellow, that he was no one’s enemy but his own, in exposing his all, and that nobody said he was every one’s friend but his own, the man had ever after the liberty, that he, and no other but he and his family, should beg on that bridge in all times following.’

Monday,

N^o 3. Monday, April 26, 1714.

Qui Bavium non odit amet tua carmina Mævi. VIRG.

IN my last I took notice of that sublime writer "The Examiner." The next to him among the journalifts in dignity and order is "The Post-Boy:" this writer is excellent in his kind; but presenting them both to my imagination at one view, makes me turn to a paſſage of a Paper published in the volume of Medleys, called "The Whig-Examiner." There the Author, ſpeaking of a Paper entituled, "A Letter to the Examiner," finds it neceſſary to conſider the nature of Nonſenſe: and afterwards very pleaſantly, exquisite pleaſantly, repreſents to us the difference we ought to make between HIGH NONSENSE and LOW NONSENSE. A Reader cannot ſee any thing any where that has more wit and humour in it, nor that is more neceſſary to prepare him for the Reading the authors of whom I am ſpeaking. A page or two of his will make up for many a page of mine, therefore I ſhall

rehearse him. "The Whig-Examiner," N^o 4. has it thus.

'HUDIBRAS has defined Nonsense (as COWLEY does wit) by negatives. Nonsense (says he) is that which is neither true nor false. These two great properties of Nonsense, which are always essential to it, give it such a peculiar advantage over all other writings, that it is incapable of being either answered or contradicted. It stands upon its own *basis* like a rock of adamant, secured by its natural situation against all conquests or attacks. There is no one place about it weaker than another, to favour an enemy in his approaches: the *major* and the *minor* are of equal strength. Its questions admit of no reply, and its assertions are not to be invalidated. A man may as well hope to distinguish colours in the midst of darkness, as to find out what to approve and disapprove in Nonsense. You may as well assault an army that is buried in intrenchments. If it affirms any thing, you cannot lay hold of it; or if it denies, you cannot confute it. In a word, there are greater depths and obscurities, greater intricacies and perplexities, in an elaborate and well-written piece of Nonsense, than in the most abstruse and profound tract of school divinity.

X

' After

' After this short panegyrick upon Nonsense,
 ' which may appear as extravagant to an or-
 ' dinary reader as Erasmus's Encomium of
 ' Folly; I must here solemnly protest, that I
 ' have not done it to curry favour with my an-
 ' tagonist, or to reflect any praise in an oblique
 ' manner upon the "Letter to the Examiner:"
 ' I have no private considerations to warp me
 ' into this controversy, since my first entering
 ' upon it. But before I proceed any further,
 ' because it may be of great use to me in this
 ' dispute to state the whole nature of Nonsense,
 ' and because it is a subject entirely new, I must
 ' take notice that there are two kinds of it, viz.
 ' *High NONSENSE* and *Low NONSENSE*.

' *Low NONSENSE* is the talent of a cold phleg-
 ' matic temper, that in a poor dispirited style
 ' creeps along servilely through darkness and
 ' confusion. A writer of this complexion gropes
 ' his way softly amongst self contradictions, and
 ' grovels in absurdities: *Videri vult pauper, &*
 ' *est pauper*: he has neither wit nor sense, and
 ' pretends to none.

' On the contrary, your *High NONSENSE* bluf-
 ' ters and makes a noise; it stalks upon hard
 ' words, and rattles through polysyllables. It
 ' is loud and sonorous, smooth and periodical.
 ' It has something in it like manliness and force,
 ' and makes one think of the name of Sir HER-

CULES

‘CULES NONSENSE, in the play called “The
 ‘Nest of Fools.” In a word, your *High Non-*
 ‘SENSE has a majestic appearance, and wears a
 ‘most tremendous garb, like Esop’s Afs cloathed
 ‘in a Lion’s skin.

‘When Aristotle lay upon his death-bed, and
 ‘was asked whom he would appoint for his
 ‘successor in his school, two of his scholars
 ‘being candidates for it, he called for two dif-
 ‘ferent sorts of wine, and, by the character
 ‘which he gave of them, denoted the different
 ‘qualities and perfections that shewed them-
 ‘selves in the style and writings of each of
 ‘the competitors. As rational writings have
 ‘been represented by wine, I shall represent
 ‘those kinds of writings we are now speaking
 ‘of by small-beer.

‘*Low NONSENSE* is like that in the barrel,
 ‘which is altogether flat, tasteless, and insipid.
 ‘*High NONSENSE* is like that in the bottle, which
 ‘has in reality no more strength and spirit than
 ‘the other, but frets, and flies, and bounces,
 ‘and by the help of a little wind that is got
 ‘into it, imitates the passions of a much nobler
 ‘liquor.

‘We meet with a *Low Groveling NONSENSE*
 ‘in every Grub-street production; but I think
 ‘there are none of our present writers who
 X 2 ‘have

‘ have hit the Sublime in Nonsense, besides Dr.
 ‘ S——l in divinity, and the author of this
 ‘ letter in politics ; between whose characters
 ‘ in their respective professions, there seems to
 ‘ be a very nice resemblance.

‘ There is still another qualification in Non-
 ‘ sense which I must not pass over, being that
 ‘ which gives it the last finishing and perfec-
 ‘ tion. This is when an author without any
 ‘ meaning seems to have it, and so imposes
 ‘ upon us by the sound and ranging of his
 ‘ words, that one is apt to fancy they signify
 ‘ something. After having perused such writing,
 ‘ let the reader consider what he has learnt from
 ‘ it, and he will immediately discover the deceit.’

As this excellent discourse was admirably
 suited to the day or time on which it was pub-
 lished, *viz.* October 5, 1710* ; so, like all things
 that are truly good, it is still new and useful,
 and will prove very serviceable to persons who
 would be criticks in the modern writings, es-
 pecially those of the journalists. The Ex-
 aminer began with that sort of spirit which is
 described by “ High Nonsense ;” but of late
 has used that kind only which was last described,
 as putting off no meaning “ by the sound and
 ranging of words.” Give me leave therefore
 to express, as a Reader, what sentiments arise in

* See Whig-Examiner, N^o 4 ; with this motto, “ *Satis elo-*
quentiæ, sapientiæ parum.”

SALLUST.

me,

me, and what temper I am left in by the perusal of the Examiner, and Post boy. The chief aim and purpose of these authors are Defamation, which both carry on with security. The Examiner escapes punishment by being concealed; the Post-Boy by being below resentment. There was about the time of the Revolution a natural fool they called *Job* in one of the colleges of Oxford. The wags of that time used to teach him scandalous verses, which he had memory enough to repeat, though not wit enough to understand. The Post-Boy is thus made use of by our dabblers in politicks; he is the vent for their crudities, before they appear in themselves, and the Examiner is to argue them into reputation. Both these good works are carried on by the vehicle of Nonsense. The Nonsense of the Examiner is composed of Malice and Impudence; that of the Post-Boy of Ignorance and Stupidity. The Examiner is a criminal which is not yet taken; the Post-Boy an accessory that we know could not of himself have entered into the guilt. The Examiner flies from the law; the Post-Boy need not fly, because he is exempt from it as an idiot. But as this is really the state of the case, I must own I cannot but be highly surprized why several of the good subjects of these realms are afflicted or exalted at any of the Nonsense

uttered by those authors; for no one ought to hold himself commended or disparaged by those who do not themselves stand in the view of mankind, under the same rules of examination as to their own actions with the rest of the world. I therefore, by the force of natural justice and reason, pronounce all the Nonsense which the Examiner ever has, or ever shall utter, let it be *never* so sublime, or *never* so mischievous in itself, to be of no effect of any moment, with regard to life, limb, honour, or fame of any of her Majesty's subjects, because no one knows who he is; and I pronounce the same of the Post-Boy, because every body knows who he is.

Indeed I could not but wonder how the Post-Boy should grow so very famous in this nation as he has, ever since I was shewed the man's person; for he is a personage of a very considerable figure for one that makes so much noise in the world; whereas all others who have risen by Nonsense have had something overbearing and arrogant, and have had usually robust figures and lofty language to set themselves off. But I shall do my endeavour in my future lectures to explain to the world how it has happened that Nonsense has been so prevalent at sundry times in these kingdoms; but I cannot go into that matter till I have made the force of

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of Nonsense in general a little better understood,
and shewed from Machiavel how by two kinds
of perplexity, which he calls in the Italian,
“Nonsense to the Understanding, and Nonsense
to the Conscience,” he could, for the use of
the ambitious, make the terms Honour, Justice,
and Truth, meer words, and of no other signifi-
cation, but what shall serve the self-interest of
him who shall utter them for his own private
emolument.

N^o 4. Wednesday, April 28, 1714.

— *Nefas animam præferre pudori.*

Juv.

AFTER I had in my last Lecture considered
HIGH NONSENSE and LOW NONSENSE, I
proceeded in my discussion to a second division
of it, from a manuscript of the great MACHI-
VEL, to wit, into NONSENSE to the Understand-
ing, and NONSENSE to the Conscience. That fa-
mous politician avers, that to carry consider-
able points, especially in assemblies (next to the
hardness of caring for nothing else but carrying
it),

it), the main matter is to find out persons whom he calls in the Italian *Almoxarifasge*, which, as far as we can reach it in the English, signifies "Wrong Fellows;" men who have the same right from fortune to be orators and give their suffrage, but differ in the gifts of nature. These Wrong Fellows have in them something like sense which is not sense, but enough to confound all the sense in the world. They are from being incapable of conceiving right at first, also incapable of being set right after they have vented their perplexities. He recounts you a famous instance of this among the Guelfs and Ghibelins, the parties of Italy. There was, said he, among them a person of the first quality, whom no one in the world ever did or could possibly like, that was in nature both in mind and body a puzzle, from head to foot hideously awkward, from his first conception to the utmost extent of his judgement ridiculously absurd. This animal, the leader of the Ghibelins, used to put others upon saying what he thought fit to interrupt business, or break into what he was ashamed, or believed improper to begin himself. This person was master of that Nonsense, which was called above "Nonsense to the Understanding." What he said every body could observe had nothing in it, and at the very best, which happened but seldom,

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seldom, was but like the truth; but how to break in upon him, perplexed all the great orators of the Guelfs. Thus he stood impregnable, and the leader, instead of having compunction for such a piece of humanity, to the disgrace of our nature, standing in an illustrious assembly casting forth blunders and inconsistencies, used to sit sneering to observe how impregnable his fool was, and exulting in himself that it was not in the compass of all the sciences either wholly to aver he had uttered nothing to the purpose, or to bring him to it. Many others the chieftain of the Ghibelins had to support each other against the first assaults of Sense and Reason; and brought Nonsense so far into fashion, that they who knew better would speak it by way of triumph over those who went upon the rules of logick. Wrong Fellows were his orators, but this could not do only, without persons who were as much masters of that kind of Nonsense, which my author calls "Nonsense to the Conscience."

NONSENSE to the Conscience, is when the party has arrived to such a disregard to reason and truth, as not to follow it, or acknowledge it when it presents itself to him. This is the hardest task in the world, and had very justly the greatest wages from the chieftain: for indeed, if we were to speak seriously, this is the lowest

lowest condition of life that can possibly be imagined; for it is literally giving up life, as it is human, which descends to that of a beast when it is not conducted by reason, and still is worse when it is pushed against reason. Now all those parties of the species which we call Majorities, when they do things upon the mere force of being such, are actuated by the force of Nonsense of Conscience; by which MACHIAVEL meant, that the doing any thing with Nonsense, that is without sense of the honour and justice of it, was what he called pushing things by the Nonsense of Conscience. But that arch politician proceeds, in the manuscript I am speaking of, to observe, that Nonsense was not to be used, but as an expedient; for it would fail in the repetition of it, and the Understanding would so goad the Conscience, that no potentate has revenue enough to pay reasonable men for along series of Nonsensical service. They will, quoth he, occasionally, and now and then, give into an enormity, and pass by what they do not approve, and laugh at themselves for so doing: but there is something latent in the dignity of their nature, which will recoil, and raise in them an indignation against herding for ever with the half-witted and the absurd; and being conscious that their concurrence is an aggravated transgression, in that it is the

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the support of those who in themselves are incapable either of the guilt or shame of what they are managed to promote.

My author further adds, that the use of Nonsense of Conscience will fail also in process of time, not only from the defection of the numbers of those who act under it, but also from the little effect it would soon have upon all the world, besides those numbers; for which reason he advises, that now and then they should be put upon something that is good to satisfy the multitude. For, says that sagacious man, the people are always honest; you lead them into wrong things but as long as you keep up the appearance of right; for which reason he advises never to forbear the use at least of *verisimilitudes*; and indeed, he says, it was by neglecting that, all the sensible men, both Guelfs and Ghibelins, came together out of mere shame; and receive one another without making explanations or expostulations upon what had happened when they differed, when they could end in nothing but how sillily you acted! how contemptibly you suffered!

The most excellent authors of this our age, as to proficiency in Nonsense, are those who talk of faction, and pretend to tell others that they are spreaders of false fears, and jealousies. The Examiner of the 26th says, 'We have a
' faction

'faction in our bowels, who, when it comes to
 'their turn to submit, make no difference be-
 'tween liberty and power, that all their business
 'may be only to squabble about the profits.'—
 Now he says this either as an incendiary or an
 informer; if the latter, let him name who are
 in this faction; if he will not do that, we are
 to set down the word Faction among the rest of
 his jargon of High Nonsense, and dismiss him
 with an inclination only, not power, to do more
 mischief. But as I conceive, he had a younger
 brother born to him the same day of my first
 appearance, and is named the MONITOR. He
 begins with the old trick of the pickpockets,
 who commit a robbery, and join in the cry
 after the offender. The purpose of his paper,
 if it is not to pass into the realms of Nonsense
 also, is to lay a foundation for making excep-
 tions against a certain prince's behaviour who
 is expected in England. He lays before us,
 'That the Duke of GUISE was an hot and am-
 'bitious prince, who took ill courses and un-
 'did himself. Had the king, says he, with a
 'timely severity, taken care to have caused
 'those libels, however trifling and however in-
 'significant, to be suppressed, or by solid rea-
 'son and good evidence to have been detected
 'and exposed, the fatal effects which they pro-
 'duced had been in a great measure avoided.

Then

Then for application he says of libelling, ' See-
 ' ing then the same evil, and that with too
 ' much success, is already begun among us, and
 ' the same neglect of it appears in our govern-
 ' ment as did in France, thinking them not ca-
 ' pable of doing so much mischief as they
 ' really did; why may we not apprehend con-
 ' sequences, though not so extraordinarily fatal,
 ' yet sufficiently dangerous, and such as call for
 ' a timely redress?' I find there is no help for
 it, this writer must be passed upon the foot of
 the Nonsensical also: does he tell a govern-
 ment they are guilty of neglect, and call any
 other men libellers? he must name his offen-
 ders, and bring them before justice, or he is
 one himself. It is strange want of skill (in the
 Examiner, and such imitators of him as this
 same Monitor begins to shew himself) in the
 choice of tools, to make use of creatures that
 say things, in which it would be a fault to
 tolerate them, if they were not employed by
 themselves.

But I shall take upon me to keep a strict eye
 upon their behaviour, and scribble as fast as
 they: for when they give up all rules of honour
 and conscience to hurt and betray the liberties
 of mankind, I shall sacrifice smaller considera-
 tions, and venture now and then to write Non-
 sense for the good of my country—

A D.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Faction is humbly desired to read carefully the following Satyr against Sedition in the EXAMINER, and amend their lives if they understand it.

‘ What a noble opportunity would the same
 ‘ CERVANTES have, to improve his art, and
 ‘ carry this way of writing much further; were
 ‘ he now alive, and as conversant in our affairs,
 ‘ as in the humours of his own country? The
 ‘ same Martial Madness is broke out among
 ‘ us; a distemper more raging and violent, and
 ‘ productive of more ridiculous, and far more
 ‘ dangerous effects. Instead of touching here
 ‘ and there a weak head, or reaching only to a
 ‘ few frolicksome individuals, it has infected
 ‘ whole bodies and societies of warlike *Enthu-*
 ‘ *siasts*: the party is almost as strong as the de-
 ‘ lusion with which they are animated; and our
 ‘ *Romantic Madmen* march up and down in troops
 ‘ and squadrons: the regularity and resem-
 ‘ blance of their frenzy creates order and dis-
 ‘ cipline. We have our *books* and *legends* of
 ‘ *Chivalry*, containing the feats and adventures
 ‘ of *Errant Saints*, of *Holy Almanzors* and *Draw-*
 ‘ *cansirs*, bound by strict vow, and assisted by
 ‘ *Sages*

‘*Sages and Magicians* : who destroyed nations,
 ‘made whole kingdoms do homage and pay
 ‘*Tribute* to their mightiness ; tamed the *Beast*,
 ‘and kept the great *Whore* under ; trod upon
 ‘the necks of *kings*, and kicked *crowns* and
 ‘*sceptres* before them ; relieved the distressed
 ‘by changing their condition ; freed mankind
 ‘for their own use ; and turned the world, as
 ‘artificers whirl about the *globe*, to prove the
 ‘regularity of its motion. Some of these
 ‘knights were by birth gentle and of low de-
 ‘gree ; so called from the *pestle*, the *Golden*
 ‘*Fleece*, the *truncheon*, or the *brazen helmet* :
 ‘others had been *Pages*, *Dwarfs*, and *Squires*,
 ‘and many of them were forced to go a great
 ‘way in search of their parentage : and yet the
 ‘honours they acquired, the spoils they won,
 ‘and the dominions they conquered, vastly sur-
 ‘passed the lesser acquisitions of a *Mistress’s*
 ‘*Scarf*, a *Saladin’s Daughter*, a *Sett of Armour*,
 ‘a *Cupboard of plate*, won at some *tournament* ;
 ‘a *Castle*, a *Palace*, or even than the rich pos-
 ‘sessions of the islands of *pinos*, *battara*, or of
 ‘*forced-meat balls*.’

N^o 5. Friday, April 30, 1714.

Ingentia cernes

Mania, surgentemque novæ Carthaginis Arcem. VIRG.

I Take upon me, as a Reader, among other things, to make my plain observations upon the papers as they come out; and the news I Read yesterday has given occasion to the following letter, which, out of zeal to my country, I *writ* to my Lord Mayor's gentleman of the horse, who I think ought to send us scribblers when we are saucy, to the Green-yard, as well as unruly hackney-coachmen and other transgressors in the streets of London. But all I can do is only to take notice of things, and leave the redress to the proper officers.

' To the Sword-bearer of London.

' S I R,

*' THOUGH I have not the honour to be
' acquainted with you, yet I have always with
' great*

VIRG.

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' great delight and satisfaction, beheld you
' carry that awful weapon which you have the
' honour to bear before the chief magistrate of
' this renowned and wealthy city. The many
' fears and jealousies which are with much care
' and diligence spread among the multitude,
' only because some people have not as much
' courage as others, have been apt to intimidate
' me, among many other well-meaning good
subjects. Those rumours are chiefly about the
Pretender, and the demolition of Dunkirk; as
if the French King, who has done us no man-
ner of harm ever since the time was expired
in which he should have demolished that place,
would do it now. This is being suspicious
out of meer humour and temper of mind, not
from reason. It is true indeed, he has de-
stroyed the works of the town, but that was
since it was an English garrison; and though
he is obliged in honour not to hurt us, who
can blame him for not leaving it in our power
to hurt him? Dunkirk then is demolished as
it is an English garrison; but is it not yet in
being as it is a French harbour? and now
when things are in this condition, I think we
cannot enough applaud his most Christian
Majesty, in that we have not received any
manner of hurt from him, though so much
is in his power. Therefore I must needs say,

Y

' and

‘ and I say it from a great respect to his Ma-
‘ jesty’s faith and honour, that I am of opinion
‘ he will not send the Pretender amongst us;
‘ but if ambition should come into the thoughts
‘ of so pious a prince, after the disbanding so
‘ many of our forces, and that the few we have
‘ left lie in parts so distant from each other, I
‘ place great confidence, let me tell you, Sir,
‘ in you, and hope that on such an occasion
‘ you will exert yourself according to your
‘ office. Be pleased, Sir, to remember, that a
‘ Lord Mayor of London, in the reign of King
‘ Richard, dispatched Wat Tyler at the head
‘ of his followers. He did it, as the history
‘ says, with a dagger: how much more, Sir, is
‘ it expected of you to cut off the Pretender
‘ with that great sword which you bear with so
‘ much calmness, which is always a sign of
‘ courage? Let me tell you, Sir, in the present
‘ posture of affairs, I think it seems to be ex-
‘ pected of you; and I cannot but advise you,
‘ if he should offer to land, or indeed if he
‘ should so much as come up the river, to take
‘ the water-bailiff with you, and cut off his
‘ head. I would not so much, if I were you,
‘ as tell him who I was, till I had done it. He
‘ is outlawed; and I stand to it, that if the
‘ water-bailiff is with you, and concurs, you
‘ may do it on the Thames; but if he offers to
‘ land,

land, it is out of all question you may do it
by virtue of your post, without waiting for
orders. It is from this comfort and support,
that in spite of what all the malcontents in
the world can say, I have no manner of fear
of the Pretender.

Stocks rise meerly upon reports to the dis-
advantage of the Pretender; you may easily
imagine how much they will rise, if you will
be so good as to cut off his head. To tell
you the truth, what makes me press the matter
so much is, that one of the news-papers of
yesterday has it thus:

“LONDON, *April 29.*”

“YESTERDAY arrived letters from Dun-
kirk, dated the 22d of April. They advise,
that on the Friday following, fifteen battalions
were expected there, to begin to cut the new
harbour designed to be made at Mardyke,
which it was judged will be more commodi-
ous than ever that of Dunkirk was: that
two hundred carpenters are employed, to take
up and save the timber of the jetties of the
harbour of Dunkirk, that it may be used in
the new-intended harbour. They add, that
men were going hard to work to fill up that
part of the harbour of Dunkirk next the
town, and therefore all the shipping in that

“ part of the harbour were ordered to fall down
 “ to the haven port in three or four days at
 “ furthest.”

‘ I beg of your Serenity to be upon your guard,
 ‘ for I am one of those that hate to have it in
 ‘ any one’s power to do me a mischief. Sup-
 ‘ pose these fifteen battalions should have a mind,
 ‘ and get leave to come for England with the
 ‘ Pretender, if you do not look sharp and do
 ‘ your office like a brave man and a worthy
 ‘ citizen, how do you know but we might be
 ‘ undone before we could get fifteen battalions
 ‘ together against him; but it seems those bat-
 ‘ talions are brought down only to work at a
 ‘ new harbour in the neighbourhood of that
 ‘ which they have now at Dunkirk. You may
 ‘ be sure that must be a jest; for sure the French
 ‘ could not have the impudence to do such a
 ‘ thing! I swear to you, I think that would be
 ‘ using us worse than forbearing to abolish the
 ‘ harbour they have already. This would
 ‘ be an injustice to our Properties, but that
 ‘ would be an insult also upon our Understand-
 ‘ ings. We should be the shame of nations to
 ‘ be put off with so palpable an evasion. But
 ‘ if there should be any such attempt as coming
 ‘ upon us, I earnestly recommend it to your
 ‘ Serenity

'Serenity to draw that dead-doing blade, and
'you will be had in everlasting honour by,

'SIR, your great admirer,

'and most humble servant,

'ENGLISH READER.'

'*Extract from a pamphlet, called, "The Importance of Dunkirk considered."*

'That the British NATION *expect* the immediate demolition of it.

'That the very common people know, that, within two months after the signing of the peace, the works towards the sea were to be demolished, and within three months after it the works towards the land.

'That the said peace was signed the last of March, O. S.

'That the British nation received more damage in their trade from the port of Dunkirk, than from almost all the ports of France, either in the Ocean, or in the Mediterranean.

'That the Pretender sailed from thence to Scotland; and that it is the only port the French have till you come to Brest, for the whole length of St. George's channel, where any considerable naval armament can be made.

‘ That the situation of Dunkirk is such as
 ‘ that it may always keep runners, to observe
 ‘ all ships sailing on the Thames and Med-
 ‘ way.

‘ That whether it may be advantageous to
 ‘ the trade of Holland or not that Dunkirk
 ‘ should be demolished, it is necessary for the
 ‘ safety, honour, and liberty of England, that it
 ‘ should be so.

‘ That when Dunkirk is demolished, the
 ‘ power of France, on that side, should it ever
 ‘ be turned against us, will be removed several
 ‘ hundred miles further off of Great-Britain than
 ‘ it is at present.

‘ That the demolition of Dunkirk will re-
 ‘ move France many hundred miles further off
 ‘ from us.’

A C A V E A T.

THE paper called “The Monitor” is im-
 pudent and traitorous: he dared yesterday to
 print words hereafter recited. He is a follower
 of the Examiner, a tool who like him, under
 pretence of vindicating her Majesty’s servants,
 suggests things against her honour and dignity,
 which it is criminal to mention, but to remind
 those in power to vindicate her sacred name and
 character from his scurrility. His words are
 these:

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‘How can it but be uneasy to her Majesty,
 ‘to have a people whom she has done so much
 ‘for, and whom, with so much justice, moder-
 ‘ation, clemency, and goodness, she has go-
 ‘verned, whose safety has been so much her
 ‘care, and to whom she never denied any
 ‘thing, now fall upon her administration as
 ‘dangerous to the nation, and reproach her
 ‘with designs to betray them to the Pre-
 ‘tender?’

N^o 6.

Monday, May 3, 1714.

“The Constitution in Church and State must be the
 “measure and standard of every public person’s
 “character, the sum of his pretensions, the mark
 “of his conversion or steadiness, and the tenure of
 “his greatness, and authority.”

EXAM. Numb. 44.

A READER that has any understanding is na-
 turally a Commentator. This is a most
 remarkable sentence, which I have taken out
 of the last Examiner: it occasioned me to
 turn to some assertions in an half-sheet, in-

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titled,

tituled, "A Letter to Sir Miles Wharton concerning occasional peers." The writer of that letter says, 'When I consider the danger of making occasional lords, and lay before the world this fatal novelty, as it affects the Queen's most excellent Majesty, the House of Peers, and the whole people of England; I assert, that the numerous creation of peers is the greatest wound that can be given to the prerogative. A peer and his heirs are checks in the legislature to the Queen and her heirs; that part of the legislature which is in the Queen, is apparently diminished by so much as she gives out of it from her own into other families. This is equally destructive with relation to the merit of the persons on whom honour is conferred; if they happen to be men who are barely unblameable, without talents or high qualifications, they do but crowd that illustrious assembly, and, like all other crowds, they are serviceable and hurtful but just as they are inspired by those who have skill to lead them. As to the House of Peers, it is visible that the power of each lord is so much less considerable as it is repeated in other persons; but the great hardship to that great and awful body, whose privileges have so often been a safety and protection to the rights of us below them; I say, the great hardship to these noble patriots is, that, when they are prepared with

the most strict honour and integrity to do
 their duty in relation to their prince and
 country, all their determinations may be
 avoided by a set of people brought in the mo-
 ment before they come to a question. Now
 when we come to consider the introduction
 of "Occasional Lords with regard to the peo-
 ple," what can be more plain, than that it is
 doing all that is necessary to take from them
 both liberty and property at once: for from
 the very moment a man has a patent, and is
 introduced into the House of Peers, men ap-
 peal to him from the decree of all the judges.
 Besides this, the Lords are perpetual legislators,
 and have an hand in the repealing as well as
 making laws; by which means the whole con-
 stitution may be subverted by this one inno-
 vation. And it is plain, that the prince who
 should place so entire a confidence in his
 ministry, as to give peerage upon their re-
 commendation, would enable them by that
 power in the legislature, joined to the execu-
 tion of the regal authority as ministers, to give
 that prince and nation to the next potentate
 who should be powerful enough to receive
 and maintain so vast a present*.

The Examiner has of late a second, who sets
 out as hardened in iniquity as himself, who is

* STEELE owned, in 1715, that he was the Author of this Letter,
 dated Jan. 1711. 12. See STEELE'S "Letters," vol. II. p. 349.

an old sinner; I mean the MONITOR. He has the same heavy endeavour to be witty, the same choler corrected by the same phlegm. This author says, his business "is not much with the authors of pamphlets, but with the design of them." He does not stick to this declaration, which (as the lyes of his abettors are only for one day) was to serve but for that page. At the beginning of the next page, without regard to any decency in the world, he owns he falls upon a gentleman, who is a man of dignity. "We begin, says he, with a man of character, lately become a scribe without doors, the well known BULLYMANDRA. A man of great words he had long been, but confined himself to the speeches occasionally made in public assemblies; till of late finding it needful to speak more extensively, he listed in the roll of libellers, and became a proficient in most of their talents, especially that of *arrogance* and *lying*."

This stupid doggrel term of BULLYMANDRA is given to turn an open behaviour and honest countenance, a noble elocution, and many other qualities which render the gentleman the object of respect and love to all that know him, into burlesque. But these little tools may well endeavour to debase those excellences and endowments which render their pitiful shifts and artifices useless. This gentleman is a perfect master

master in business, and has so clear an head, that he communicates his thoughts as perspicuously as they are placed in his own mind. For this reason every wily blockhead, whose brain dribbles crude conceptions, on a tongue that hesitates in the representation of them, looks with envy at a capacity that at once both exposes and confutes him. A manly resolution to persist in the right in an honest cause, and qualities to make that cause shine in the midst of all that iniquity and craft can invent to oppress it, are never to be forgiven. It has been ever the custom of these tools, to turn all the insinuations which they believe may affect Courtiers upon her Majesty. After he has in a caviling way fallen upon this worthy gentleman as no less than a liar, for saving Dunkirk was not demolished, and that the completion of that work would be deferred to Christmas; he has the impudence to take no notice that it is not yet done, and to add, "notoriously false! "for it was begun when her Majesty thought "it proper, and the compleating it not limited "to any time." After this barbarous insinuation against our sovereign, that gentleman may well rest satisfied with his share of slander from him. It is worthy repetition; this man says "the demolition was begun when her Majesty thought "it

"it proper, and the compleating it not limited
"to a time."

This Author forms himself upon the Examiner in the practice of impudence, scandal, and prevarication; and goes on in his paper to attack a much less considerable man than the former, against whom indeed he has the vote of the present sitting House of Commons. But there is nothing in that vote which authorises any man to call Mr. STEELE a liar for what he has said about Dunkirk. The heavy displeasure of the Commons of Great-Britain would have been a protection from insult with a man of any humanity, rather than have given occasion to add to the distress. It would have become a good subject and an honest man, rather to have lamented this misfortune of a Commoner of Great-Britain expelled from his seat, and have made arguments in behalf of himself and all his fellow subjects, that the like penalty for less offences may not befall better men in future parliaments. Put the case that any great man should at any time lay a design of removing a man he did not like out of the House of Commons, and should be able to effect it upon accusations of him for the errors of his former life: now I say supposing this, and granting that the Crown can make Lords when it pleases, Lords added by half dozens, and Commoners removed

removed one by one, would quickly invert the constitution, and destroy the British GOVERNMENT.

The dull rogue accusing STEELE of writing lies, and speaking of the Crisis, says, "Yet here also palpable falshood is apparent;" and then quotes these words, "The most important article between France and England is the demolishing of Dunkirk." "That is false in itself," says the Monitor; and naming other circumstances, among which is the renunciation of Spain by France, and France by Spain, he avers of them, that they are more important than the demolition of Dunkirk. Why it may be so, and yet STEELE may have spoken very honestly. Suppose I should say adultery is the greatest of all sins, can you reckon me a liar because you think idolatry a greater? but it is endless to talk to these muddy, perplexed, malicious, blundering rogues; they cannot distinguish between what a man says by way of opinion, and what he relates as a representation of a fact.

But I am glad to hear, now I am speaking of Mr. STEELE, that he is turning his thoughts to services which may be of greater use to the public, and less exceptionable with regard to himself, than controversial writings can possibly be from a man against whom there is formed so strong

strong a prejudice. There are, I am informed, in his custody, proper materials for the history of the war in Flanders; and it seems the relation will commence from the date of the Duke of Marlborough's commissions of Captain-general and Plenipotentiary, and end with the expiration of those commissions. I doubt not but he knows well enough how much a partizan he is thought, and will therefore produce sufficient authorities for what he shall write. It is not doubted but this history, formed from the most authentic papers, and all the most secret intelligence which can be communicated with safety to persons now living, and in the confidence of foreign courts, will be very entertaining, and put the services of her Majesty's ministers at home and abroad in a true light. The work is to be *in folio*, and proposals for the encouragement of it may be seen at Mr. TONSON's, bookseller, in the Strand *.

* The following note occurred to recollection too late for insertion in its proper place. READER, N°. 1, *ad finem*.

** A celebrated Italian painter is said to have served a dig-nitary of the Romish church the same waggish trick. In a painting of Hell-torments for an Altar-piece, he drew Judas with all the *pontificalias*, in the striking likeness of a Prior, to whom he bore some grudge. The Prior complained of the im-pious painter to the Pope; but his Holiness, happening to be a man of humour, said coolly, "Sir, I could and would have taken you out of *Purgatory*, but HELL is out of my juris-diction."

Wednesday,

N^o 7. Wednesday, May 5, 1714.

"Men engaged in ill designs must suit their tools to
 "their work, and make choice of agents fit to do
 "the business that is assigned them."

EXAM. May 3, 1714.

THERE can be no greater commendation to
 an author, than that he acts and comes
 up in his practice to the maxims which he lays
 down for the instruction of others. The Ex-
 aminer ought therefore to be justly celebrated
 for making the above apology in behalf of those
 who employ him, and of himself, who has per-
 formed to his utmost ability the work in which
 he was employed. The professed, or at least
 apparent design of this author since he first be-
 gan, has been to villify an administration which
 rendered the kingdom of England the terror of
 its enemies, and the refuge of its friends; and
 he has done as much in this good work as the
 cause would bear, which could not possibly be
 promoted but by two methods, the one to keep
 up

up popular prejudices, the other to disparage men of great reputation on the contrary side.

This is so truly his character, that there is no one paper of his which does not afford us examples of this practice. As to the point of general prejudice, he says of those whom he calls the Whigs, 'If they could not find men
' either more zealous for a single family than
' for the constitution, or who were in possession
' of some principles prejudicial either to the
' rights of the Crown or the Church, or who
' had given proofs of their preferring the in-
' terests of their party to the laws religion, and
' liberties of their country: if they could not
' meet with persons at least indifferent in their
' sentiments of loyalty and regard for the
' Church, rather than want tools, or hazard
' their cause in the hands of honest men, they
' would resort to the open implacable enemies
' of both, and lavish their favours upon professed
' Republicans, Free-thinkers, Deists, Socinians,
' Occasional Conformists, both by themselves
' and all their acquaintance.'

This long accusation alludes to no one circumstance in the world, nor was there ever one man of that character preferred under the late ministry. And this great master in tautology, who has said the same thing ten thousand times with the most impudent falshood, has never produced

produced one single instance of such a misapplication of the public favour. In this particular therefore the tool has very well acquitted himself of the employment to which he was assigned.

Now as to the disparaging men of great reputation, he has abused every man that was conspicuous in the late war for the liberties of mankind, from the Emperor of Germany to a disbanded subaltern. But I shall not run back to his former great exploits, but consider only his last paper, with principal regard to his assertion which I have placed at the head of this. He says, 'Lesser ills must be supported by greater; and Providence hath so ordered it for the good of mankind and peace of societies, that ill principles and ill conduct naturally go together. But still I insist, that, in general, the design of these men to strengthen themselves, to find out and to distinguish what they called *Merit* and *Service*, to keep their body closely and firmly united, and to crush all opposition in its earliest attempts, was a proof of their excelling in prudence and worldly wisdom; and they thereby shewed themselves to be at least as *wise in their generation* as those who came after them.'

This is a very plain declaration, that "these leaders of the Whigs excelled in prudence and

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worldly wisdom." One would have thought worldly wisdom would never have been mentioned as a subordinate character in men of business; but it seems those of that character now, according to this assertion of the Examiner, are Babes of Grace: the innocents are averse to the wiles and stratagems of the wicked, and they are too pious for the affairs of this world. They, alas! good men, carry the Christian instruction of forgiving their enemies to an excess that is to be allowed to men abstracted from all the temptations of this life; and know that whatever can happen, it must go well with the saints.

The Examiner has plainly shewn, that the chief imputation against the late *Leaders* in the fashion of the world, was their sinfulness; and the weakness of the present, their too much piety. Speaking of the former and the latter, he says, "They shewed themselves to be at least as wise in their generation as those who came after them." This godly phrase of "as wise in their generation," though it may aptly fit the wicked of whom he speaks it; yet there is a transposition of persons and things, which makes it approach very near to what we call Nonsense. It is an odd way of speaking, to compare a man's carriage to that of those who come after him; but at the same time I

acknow-

acknowledge it a favour that he allows them as wise though they had not the advantage of their example. But, alas! when we consider that they were only as wise in things of this world, we must by that circumstance account, that what good they were capable of doing had a duration accordingly, and could not possibly be so lasting and effectual, as those which are done by saints and new converts.

If men take things as we ought, and with the cheerfulness this good man the Examiner advises, upon the "thorough Reformation which is now openly talked of," and, our author says, "some steps have been taken towards it;" the saints are contriving for the edification of some people, who perhaps, for want of a spiritual cast, may take it for an affliction to lose an employment. Our author exhorts them against temptation in the following comfortable words: 'Their dismissal, which was only a right before, would then become an act of justice, highly safe and necessary, if they should assume a new spirit of turbulency and uneasiness at their going off; and their very friends, instead of pitying their misfortune, would then be more ready to wonder why it happened no sooner.'

This righteous author speaks this as a churchman, and has his eye only upon the goods of

the spirit : he prepares therefore all such as are to receive disgraces and afflictions, not to mistake them as things not meant for their good. An action is always to be understood and interpreted by the character of the person who does it. Let no one therefore take an injury that is done him by a saint, or new convert, to proceed from ill-will. How could a sanctified person lay a greater obligation upon another, than by being the instrument of begetting in him the virtue of patience ? suppose a soldier should have passed through ten campaigns under a commander that had reduced his heart to the love of the vain pomps and vanities of this world, by leading him through a continual scene of triumph, what could a new convert do for him better than to send him a-starving ? this would be the true way for those who are above worldly wisdom to distinguish " Merit and Service." Such must be the treatment of mankind from those who are but comparatively " wiser in their generation," to those who are exposed in another scripture phrase as " delighting in war."

The Monitor of the day following, to wit, on the instant of my present writing, May 4, after abusing his brother-scribblers, which we do not meddle with, as having it in themselves to revenge, abuses a Reverend Divine in dog-

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grel, and then proceeds to an account of a written libel, giving an invitation to the Duke of Cambridge to come over into England. He takes occasion to tell a very silly discourse in the flattest manner imaginable, between a country farmer and a neighbouring townsman, and ends it with leaving amongst us this question, "What would they have him (to wit, the Duke of Cambridge) come hither for, if it is not to make him a king?" I see no danger in answering the question, which is, to make him a good king when it comes to his turn. But the Examiner, who is as wise in his generation as the Monitor who comes after him, has been inquisitive about this matter before; he asked, "Would the coming of the young Prince demolish Dunkirk more effectually? would TOBY BUTLER's recruits immediately desert? would it raise the siege of Barcelona? break the peace? change the nature of French tyranny? or reduce the exorbitant power of the Duke of Lorrain? I believe they will not venture to say, that a prince, however powerful, yet a subject still, would, upon his first landing, interpose so vigorously in public affairs. And if so, then it is plain from the conduct of the Whigs themselves, that all these clamours which they have so long dwelt upon, taking each particular case as their own

“ advocates have stated it, are perfectly ground-
 “ less, and the Protestant religion is in no dan-
 “ ger from any of these incidents; unless they
 “ would loyally and modestly insinuate, that
 “ the same things which they call grievances
 “ under her Majesty, would cease to be so if any
 “ of her Protestant heirs were resident amongst
 “ us.” And I answered, though the arrival of
 the Duke of Cambridge would not demolish
 Dunkirk, yet it would make us less fearful of
 the ill consequences from its being undemo-
 lished; one of which may be an attempt of im-
 posing upon us the Pretender, whose invasion
 would be less dreaded, when one who is a prince
 of the blood was ready to fight against him,
 and animate all good subjects in her Majesty’s
 and his own cause against him. TOBY BUTLER’S
 recruits might not, perhaps, desert; but it
 would make Mr. BUTLER’S promise to them,
 of seeing their master soon in these dominions,
 more unlikely than at present, when so valorous
 a prince as the Duke of Cambridge was ready
 to oppose him; the Duke of Cambridge, who
 before now has kept the field when the Preten-
 der fled out of it. His arrival would not raise
 the siege of Barcelona, but it would animate
 the besieged, that this instance of the prevalence
 of the cause of liberty in so powerful a nation
 as Great Britain had this reinforcement. His
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arrival would not break the peace, but it would make our affairs more confirmed and cemented both in time of peace and in case of a war. It would not change the nature of a French tyranny, or reduce the exorbitant power of the Duke of Lorrain; but it would certainly render them both less formidable to all who are friends to the Succession in the House of Hanover. After the questions, he insinuates in his reflections above, that a busy behaviour would not become his Grace the Duke of Cambridge: and I agree with him that it would not, but his very residence in England would have all the good effects above-mentioned.

I shall add to these answers, that I am convinced the Court thinks it an argument of safety against the Pretender, that the Duke of Cambridge is coming; and I attribute to an intelligence of it, before the publick knew it, that a proclamation against the said Pretender was thought unnecessary.

N^o 8.

Friday, May 7, 1714.

Refinata bibis vina, falerna fugis.

MART

THE following letter, written in that style the praise of which is simplicity, may be useful to that part of the world who are never quite drunk or sober, but go to bed mellow every night. I believe, as it is written by a vintner, he designed it particularly for the use of some good club that use his house, and who he fears might be succeeded by a more temperate generation, if they should drop off; besides that, it is remarkable, sets of tipplers go fast one after another, when one of their number is taken from among them.

‘ To the R E A D E R.

‘ S I R,

‘ THE Love, which by your Paper you seem to have for your country, gives a good example for others to follow, and prompts me

‘ in particular, to represent to you a conver-
‘ sation I have had of late, in which some things
‘ passed, which, I think, are not improper to
‘ be communicated to the English Reader.

‘ I live in a part of Great Britain which has
‘ formerly traded much to France, Spain, and
‘ Portugal, and in a town where we have (not-
‘ withstanding all the contrasts occasioned by
‘ elections) still so much humanity left among
‘ some of us as to meet now and then at a
‘ tavern.

‘ Not long since some of our merchants, hav-
‘ ing their doctor with them, meeting there,
‘ the master of the house, according to order,
‘ brought up one bottle of claret, and one of
‘ red-port, and assured the company upon his
‘ honour, they were both neat, and flowers in
‘ their kind.

‘ You know, Sir, the honour of this sort of
‘ men is very great when they are vending their
‘ own goods; and that it is common with some
‘ of them to pawn their salvation, after such a
‘ manner as if they thought we had reason to
‘ doubt them.

‘ Well, Sir, a glass of each sort was drunk
‘ round to the Queen. The French merchants in
‘ the company liked the flavour of a wine they
‘ had formerly, with much pleasure, drunk
‘ in that country; but at the same time owned
‘ it

‘ it was somewhat low, and not so cordial as
‘ heretofore in France. To which it was re-
‘ plied, “ That this was the effect of their age
‘ (which wanted a stronger liquor), and not of
‘ the wine which they now drank; and that,
‘ to take off this inconvenience, the quantity
‘ should be enlarged, and, instead of one bottle
‘ apiece, they should drink two.

‘ The vintner, who stood by, smiled at this,
‘ and could not forbear saying, “ That gentle-
‘ man was much in the right, and he was of the
‘ same opinion.”

‘ The Doctor (who all this while seemed to
‘ amuse himself with his pipe), being observed
‘ to prefer the port, was desired to give his
‘ opinion of these two sorts of wine in general:
‘ upon which he replied, “ Gentlemen, I will
“ do it readily; but must, by way of preface
“ to my discourse, desire only to know, whether
“ you would drink wine for pleasure or for
“ health? if you say for pleasure, I shall be apt
“ to reply, You are then better friends to the
“ men of my profession, than to yourselves and
“ your own families. I think it would be un-
“ pardonable in me to advise any man to drink
“ or eat to his prejudice. Which of these two
“ sorts of wine, Port or Bourdeaux, is fittest
“ for the common draught of England, will
“ evidently appear from the following consider-
“ ations.

ations. Let a man drink of Port, it shall in
a small quantity answer the design of wine,
and neither injure his pocket nor his consti-
tution. One, two, or three glasses, at or
after dinner, and the like quantity before he
goes to bed, makes him digest his meat
well, sleep kindly, and wake refreshed the
next morning. This man has seldom any
sour risings, or any sickness at stomach the
next day. Indeed, if he happens to drink to
an excess over night, he may, from the
generosity of the liquor, complain of his
head, but rarely of his stomach. It is a very
rare thing to see a man disgorge after drink-
ing good port wine; and when it does hap-
pen, it is scarce ever known to be with those
ill symptoms which often attend a debauch
on claret. In the former case, the matter
thrown up is seldom offensive; in the latter,
little better than verjuice. And for the truth
of this observation, I appeal to all the old
stanch drunkards of these two sorts of wine
in town and country.

And now, gentlemen, (to go on a little
further in the way of my profession, and build
upon the foundation I have laid), as you can-
not but have heard, that many chronical dis-
tempers, and not a few of the acute, do, in
the opinion of the best physicians, take their

" rise, in a great degree, from indigestion, you
 " cannot but allow, that where there is so much
 " indigestion, as of course must follow from
 " the drinking of French wine habitually, the
 " ill effects of it must be very great : and ac-
 " cordingly we find among the toppers of greatest
 " reputation, who survive those who have been
 " long dead-drunk, and are troubled with the
 " gout, stone, rheumatism, much more of
 " these diseases may, upon a fair computa-
 " tion, be imputed to French, than to Portugal
 " wine."

" But," says a French merchant then in
 company, " do we not find by experience,
 " that French wine exhilarates beyond all other
 " sorts imported into this island? do not our
 " great wits, and men of the best conversation,
 " prefer it to all others? are not deep councils
 " and great dispatches owing to this wine?
 " and is not the best society chiefly kept up
 " by it?

" Sir," replied the doctor with something
 of warmth, " I do not find but that men
 " among us who have drunk little or none of
 " the French wines, have had as much wit,
 " and wisdom too, as any of those who have
 " drunk most of them. Mr. Shakespear, I
 " dare say, drank but little claret; old BEN's
 " wine was Canary; Mr. WALLER was not
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“fond of any wine, only now and then (as I
“am credibly informed) enough to wash his
“head and temples with. There is no man-
“ner of doubt but that Spain, Italy, and
“Greece, have produced as great wits as any
“nation in Europe; and is this owing to French
“claret? did Homer, Aristophanes, Horace,
“Virgil, and Miguel de Cervantes, drink French
“claret?”

“But, Sir, (because I will be easy to you in
“the argument) grant that French wine will
“make an Englishman chearful and pleasant,
“and fit him to write a song, a poem, or a
“play; or to tell his story, and make his ad-
“dress with an air extraordinary; is this an
“argument why this wine should be made a
“national drink? let the men of wit have their
“proportion of this wine (if they must have
“it), and take the inconveniencies of it; but
“shall we set up for a *nation of wits*? let us
“endeavour at a little discretion, and drink of
“such wines, in such proportions, and at such
“times, as shall answer the design of this great
“blessing to mankind; that is, so as to make
“it most conducive to our health; which, I
“positively aver, in English constitutions,
“generally speaking, is better preserved by
“a proper use of Portugal than of French
“wines.”

‘ This

‘ This argument of the Doctor’s made the
 ‘ greater impresson on the company, for that
 ‘ we knew him to be no way concerned in mer-
 ‘ chandize ; and that, as his age and profession
 ‘ had given him opportunity to make observa-
 ‘ tions of the matter he spoke of; so the entire
 ‘ love he has for his country will not suffer
 ‘ him to advance any proposition, which he
 ‘ thinks is not for the good of it.

‘ Sir, I am the more ready to communicate
 ‘ to you the sum of this conversation, for that
 ‘ I remember about thirty years since, when
 ‘ London claret (as it was then called) was in
 ‘ fashion, the master with whom I then lived
 ‘ in the city, with many others, made that
 ‘ wine, by mixing Bourdeaux with red of the
 ‘ Spanish grape, which gave a composition more
 ‘ grateful to the palate, and less injurious to
 ‘ the stomach, than the French wine was of it-
 ‘ self. These hands of mine have thus brewed
 ‘ many a ton.

‘ I hope it may not be amiss if I endeavour,
 ‘ as far as in me lies, to set forth in a proper
 ‘ light this great error in our liquors, and from
 ‘ good and undeniable arguments beat down
 ‘ that impetuous, humourfome, unreasonable,
 ‘ overweening love for claret, which, to the
 ‘ great prejudice of the English nation, does
 ‘ so much prevail among us; and shew that

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'we act in this, as in too many other particulars, as if our welfare and happiness were the least part of our care.

'I have heard a very experienced Vintner say, that he had observed great difference between the tempers of his claret and port-customers. The old age of the claret-drinker is generally peevish and fretful; that of him who uses port, calm, and at the worst dull. The blood of a claret-drinker grows vinegar, that of your port-man, mum. The effect of claret is to make men restless, of port; to make them sleepy. But port, moderately used, had all the good effects which can come from the best claret, and none of the ill effects which flow from the immoderate use of itself. I am, Sir,

'Your most humble servant,

'RUBURB HEARTY.'

Monday,

N° 9.

Monday, May 10, 1714.

Nefas animam præferre pudori.

Juv.

I HAVE found by following the whispers of the town, that my Paper Number 4, which bore at the top of it the same piece of Latin which I have affixed to this, has very much revived a sort of feeling, which for some time had been utterly lost among many people, and is commonly called the testimony of a good conscience. My discourse on that day was taken from a hint of MACHIAVEL, and explained that state of mind which that great politician calls "Nonsense to the Conscience." The description I gave there is this, "Nonsense to the Conscience is when the party has arrived to such a disregard to reason and truth, as not to follow it, or acknowledge it when it presents itself to him." All the impudent, to a man, are masters of this great qualification for rising in the world. Whoever is the author of the paper called "The Weekly Packet," let him look to it; for he has

printed

printed a speech as if spoken by his Sicilian Majesty, which begins with a paragraph in the most sublime degree formed from Nonsense of Conscience. The said packet of April the 24th has it thus :

‘ On the 22d of March, the States of Sicily
‘ met, and the King being seated on the
‘ throne, made the following speech to them.

‘ THE ardent desire we had to provide for
‘ the necessities and advantage of this faithful
‘ kingdom, the dominion whereof we acknow-
‘ ledge we have received at the hand of God,
‘ made us very willingly disregard, not only the
‘ difficulties of the voyage, but also the other
‘ motives, which the condition of the rest of
‘ our dominions might have furnished for in-
‘ ducing us to retard our coming, and defer the
‘ satisfaction we have in this assembly.

‘ Our pleasure of seeing the representatives
of the kingdom here assembled, is so much
the greater, in that we have found you full
of zeal and affection towards us, and con-
vinced of the assurance you ought to have of
being looked upon with a fatherly love.’

It is certain this was never spoken, for if it
had, it had been the most solemn banter that
ever was put upon any assembly of people.

A a

All

All the world knows that the contingencies in the interests of European princes produced that allotment of empire to the Duke of Savoy; and no man can suppose that a prince of his good understanding, without regard to facts so notoriously known, would slap dash put his "Divine right and fatherly love" upon a crowd of reasonable creatures, who knew well enough who made him their king, and that he was become their father without their adoption. No man shall make me believe this speech was ever spoken; for if it had, it had been a stroke of passive obedience in the subject to the divine right of Sicily, not to have laughed-out in the presence of their new-made monarch. There is something so great in the nature of men, that they are not to be ruled but upon the principles of reason and justice; and absolute power cannot possibly subsist without the extirpation of arts and sciences, without the strictest administration of justice, to which if a monarch ties himself, it is for his ease and glory to govern by laws of his people's own making. All demagogues keep themselves in fashion by the force of Nonsense to the Conscience; but politicians know they are undone when they are reduced to it. Shame and confusion for hard usage of their fellow-creatures, arising from a deference they owe to them as rational,

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rational, would disable their progress upon any manifest false step in which they should be detected. But demagogues are never confounded by their errors, but from their Nonsense of Conscience, go on in committing more, under the manifest dislike of all the world, and are insensible of any thing that is criminal which passes with impunity. Men of such coarse and insensible spirits, can fancy themselves in an happy condition as long as they can deceive the vulgar; and would prefer a power over a crowd of Barbarians, to the applause and approbation of a few polite Athenians.

From this Nonsense of Conscience proceed all the evils which can possibly betide mankind; for it naturally brings men to be satisfied with appearances instead of things, and is apt to make an ill man believe that he is not wicked, because nobody dares tell him he is so. For this reason I have done an act of charity, by sending a couple of letters to two certain persons by messengers who were very proper to carry them. If the gentlemen concerned will read them, it may be of very great use; if not, I have done my duty, and they are safe by their impregnable armour, the Nonsense of Conscience. One of these epistles I have sent by the Examiner, the other by the Monitor. The first is as follows.

A a 2

‘ I am

' I am told there is of late such a liberty
 ' taken in opening letters, that I would not
 ' send this by any but the bearer, who loves you
 ' at his soul, and has hazarded it for your ser-
 ' vice. The inclosed, called "A Letter to the
 ' Examiner," is what you ought to give him
 ' instructions to answer, and not desert the poor
 ' man, who has done nothing but repeated the
 ' word *Faction* for some weeks last past. The
 ' writer of the letter bids him examine the
 ' methods of negotiating the peace by the 8th
 ' article of the grand alliance; and desires him
 ' to shew, that the part acted in the field,
 ' while the peace was transacting, was the most
 ' effectual way to second what was doing at
 ' Utrecht.

' That the scheme of a general peace agreed
 ' between us and France, is better than that
 ' designed by the preliminaries of 1709.

' That the peace was general at the time we
 signed.

' That the settling of the Spanish monarchy
 ' in the house of Bourbon, is no addition of
 ' strength and power to France.

' That it can be no prejudice to us, that
 ' France is permitted to trade to the West In-
 ' dies, which they never were before.

' That it would have been the same thing to
 ' the trade of Great Britain, to whomever
 ' Spain and the Indies had been given.

' That

‘ That King Philip will not favour France
‘ more than England, nor the French undersell
‘ us in their markets.

‘ That Portugal is in no danger of becoming
‘ a province to Spain.

‘ That the Catalans are not an unfortunate
‘ people from their adherence to the common
‘ cause.

‘ That the method taken in the demolition
‘ of Dunkirk agrees with the letter of the
‘ treaty.

‘ He adds abundance of other questions, which
‘ he knows in his own Conscience need no an-
‘ swer, the justice of what he excepts against
‘ being visible to all the world. But, however,
‘ since there are some specious odd insinuations
‘ in the book, I beg of you to speak intelligibly
‘ to the bearer, and furnish him with answers;
‘ otherwise the man must go on in an empty
‘ triumph, from the Nonsense of Conscience,
‘ which renders him unable to do you any fur-
‘ ther service, to the great grief of all your
‘ well-wishers, who are enumerated in the fol-
‘ lowing blank.’

My second letter, carried by the MONITOR, is as follows.

‘ THE bearer I send to you, because I know
 ‘ you have a respect for one of the persons con-
 ‘ cerned in his following expression in the
 ‘ MONITOR of Saturday. “ Fears and appre-
 ‘ hensions of remote slavery, and of a con-
 ‘ temptible destitute Pretender, are contrary to
 ‘ all reason.” This is plain disrespect to the
 ‘ Duke of Lorrain, to call a man destitute and
 ‘ contemptible, who is under his protection.
 ‘ Just after the pardon granted to Mr. BED-
 ‘ FORD*, he has the impudence to arraign her
 ‘ Majesty

* HILKIAH BEDFORD, son of a mathematical instrument-maker in Hosier-lane, was born July 23, 1663; and in 1679 was admitted of St. John’s college, Cambridge, the first scholar on the foundation of his maternal grandfather William Plat. He was afterwards elected fellow of his college, and patronized by Heneage Finch earl of Winchelsea; but being deprived of his preferment (which was in Lincolnshire) for refusing to take the oaths at the Revolution, kept afterwards a boarding-house for the Westminster scholars. In 1714, being tried in the court of King’s-bench, he was fined 1000 marks, and imprisoned three years, for writing, printing, and publishing “ The Hereditary Right of the Crown of England asserted, 1713,” folio; the real author of which was George Harbin, a Nonjuring clergyman, whom his friendship thus screened; and on account of his sufferings he received 200l. from the Lord Weymouth, who knew not the real author. His other publications were, a translation of “ An answer to Fontenelle’s History of Oracles,” and a Latin

“ Life

‘ Majesty of being guilty of mercy to a fault,
 ‘ in these words; “ This nation is at present
 “ under the blessing of a pacific reign under
 “ a Queen whose personal behaviour is un-
 “ tainted with crime (except that of too much
 “ clemency), a Queen who is a pattern of vir-
 “ tue and piety.”

‘ I hope you will take the proper methods
 ‘ for doing justice in this case, by sending the
 ‘ bearer to the stocks; for being exalted to

“ Life of Dr. Barwick,” which he afterwards translated into English. He died Nov. 26, 1724. — By his wife Alice, daughter of William Cooper, Esq; he had three sons; 1. William, educated at St. John’s college (appointed physician to Christ’s hospital 1746, and Register of the College of Physicians, London, of which he was fellow and censor, and died July 11, 1747, leaving by his second wife an only daughter Elizabeth, married 1778 to John Claxton, Esq; of Lincoln’s-Inn, and of Shirley near Croydon, Surrey, F. A. S) 2. Thomas, a divine. And, 3. John, physician at Durham, who used to sign himself “ John Bedford, M. D. “ Univ. Patav.” About the year 1761 he retired from practice, and lived remarkably recluse. John was thrice married; died in 1776, very rich; and left a son, Hilkiah, who was entered in the summer of 1768 of St. John’s college, Cambridge; became a fellow of that college, and a counsellor; and died at York, whilst attending the circuit, in 1779. — Dr. John Bedford had also two daughters; one of whom died single in 1765; the other (born in 1748) was married in 1766 to Mr. Hill, formerly a linen-draper, but retired from trade with a plentiful fortune, which he left to his widow. — The first-mentioned Hilkiah had also three daughters, of whom Christian the eldest married George Smith, Esq; of Burnhall; Elizabeth married 50 years to the Rev. Mr Gordoun, who died advanced in years within a week after her, Oct. 1779; Mary married to Mr. John Soleby, druggist, in Holbourn.

‘ public view and a higher pedestal, is a distinction which he has known already ; and is so little the better for it, that he calumniates the clemency which he has since known by a pardon for subsequent offences.

‘ If you, who are a justice of peace, let these things pass, I can only say with Mr. BAYES, *‘ I’ll write no more.’*

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